LORD OF THE MYSTERIES

by Cuttlefish That Loves Diving

WEBNOVEL
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LORD OF THE MYSTERIES

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- BOOK 12 -

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[Atlas Studios (Webnovel)]

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CHAPTER 1106
MAKING CONTACT

Returning to the real world, Klein immediately took out a pen and paper and wrote a short letter:

"Investigate the nameless island which led to the deaths of Grimm, William, and Poli. This can be done through the descendants of Edwards, Benjamin Abraham, and the descendants of the three deceased."

This was a letter to Queen Mystic Bernadette, so Klein didn’t write the reason. He believed that she would understand what this meant.

After folding the letter, Klein casually found a candle and began the summoning ritual.

After completing the setup, he placed the letter on the altar, took two steps back, and recited in ancient Hermes:

"I!

"I summon in my name:

"An invisible creature that roams the upper realms, a strange spiritual body that is friendly to humans, a messenger that belongs solely to Bernadette Gustav."

The moment he said that, Klein’s spiritual perception was triggered. He instinctively activated his Spirit Vision with a mere thought.

However, he didn’t see anything.

Then, he discovered that the letter placed on the altar had disappeared.

Queen Mystic's messenger is very special… Next time, I'll switch to using my Spirit Body Threads vision… Klein was stunned for a second before he sighed inwardly.

In the evening, under the illumination of the street lamps that lit up one after another, a carriage drove to the intersection of the Backlund Bridge area and East Borough and stopped by the side of the streets.

Wearing a long dress and a dark cloak, Fors paid the fare of three soli before alighting from the rental carriage. She walked slowly along the shadows of the street, preparing to make a large detour to escape from her imaginary stalker.

At the end of the previous Tarot Gathering, she had swiftly overcome her laziness, packed up, and went out to visit her former teachers, classmates, and colleagues.

As for the reason, there was no need for a special reason. It was very normal to care about friends and acquaintances after an air raid.

And the reason why it wasn't last week was because, in the eyes of the ordinary citizens, the situation in Backlund was especially tense. There could be a new round of attacks at any moment, so everyone naturally tried their best not to leave the house.

During the visit, Fors had originally planned on diverting the topic onto the strange tales at the hospital, but to her surprise, there was no need for her to do so at all. Her former teachers, classmates, and colleagues would usually chat about such matters on their own accord after some idle chatter, making one convinced that such illusions happened at every hospital.

No, Fors knew that it wasn't an illusion, so she inexplicably felt horrified, suspecting that she would have nightmares at night.

I don’t have to make any major changes at all. As long as the patients’ miraculous recoveries are changed to them having their physical wounds healed, only to have them go bonkers, it would make for an excellent horror story. Furthermore, it happens in a city that everyone is familiar with and also in the hospital that people often come into contact with in the city but exudes a terrifying atmosphere. It will result in perfect immersion. I can almost foresee another best-selling novel about to be bom. I just don’t know if I can write this genre well…

Uh, the only problem is that this story will lack sufficient emotion… A female patient passionately kissing a face that’s covered in mushrooms and weeds? Isn’t that way too outlandish… Fors walked as she thought, entering a creative state of mind.

At this moment, her vision blurred. She saw a figure walk out from the shadows in front of her where the gas lamps couldn’t illuminate.

The figure wore a black trench coat and a half top hat. He had a deep-set face with cold facial features. Apart from his gold-rimmed glasses, he looked identical to the crazy adventurer of the Five Seas, Gehrman Sparrow.

Although Fors knew that Mr. World wouldn’t hunt her and was here to fulfill the contract, she couldn’t help but tense up. It was as though she had met her strictest teacher from back in her school days.

"Uh, good evening." Her footsteps slowed down, but she still continued moving forward and greeted him.

Klein nodded without a word. He turned around and walked into a secluded alley to the side. The gas lamps inside were already damaged so it was dark.

Despite the dark environment, Fors similarly didn’t say a word. She lowered her head slightly and followed behind Gehrman Sparrow at an adequate pace.

When they reached the depths of the alley, Klein looked around and said in a deep voice, "Help me ask your teacher if he knows of this person—Benjamin Abraham. If he knows him, I want all his information and all the text and pictures he left behind."

"Uh… Okay, okay." Fors was nervously waiting for Mr. World to "Teleport" her somewhere else, but she never expected him to mention something else for no reason. She nearly failed to react.

She didn’t ask why and quickly nodded in agreement, as though she couldn’t wait to do it.

Then, she took a deep breath and continued waiting for Gehrman Sparrow to approach her. He grabbed her shoulder and began "Teleporting."

But after a few seconds, nothing happened.

Fors looked up in shock, only to see Mr. World still standing in front of her, looking at her.

She then heard him say in a deep voice, "Write it now."

Write it now… Fors didn’t ask why as she subconsciously said, "I didn’t bring any paper, a pen, envelope, or stamp with me."

Before she could finish her sentence, the four items were thrown at her.

Fors caught the items and took a few steps out. Using the gas lamps at the end of the alley which opened up to the roads and the hard wall, she quickly wrote the letter to her teacher, Dorian Gray Abraham.

With both hands in his pockets, Klein waited patiently without any signs of impatience.

In fact, he had long been lurking around Miss Magician without showing himself.

According to the address Fors provided, he had been secretly monitoring her from the moment she left home in the afternoon. His monitoring was done by getting his marionettes to pray to Sea God Kalvetua from time to time while his actual body stayed above the gray fog, using the prayer light dots to observe the situation around the Magician.

With the help of his "true vision," Klein was currently certain that Zaratul hadn’t targeted Miss Magician; thus, it was safe to make contact with her.

After knowing that Miss Magician had met Zaratul’s marionette, how could he be at ease and be daring enough to meet her and take her "Traveling"?

Now, he was certain that Zaratul had been attracted by the Abraham family’s Sealed Artifact or Saint of Secrets Botis. As for a mere Sequence 6 like The Magician, she wasn’t worthy of notice. Hence, she wasn’t exposed.

A few minutes later, Fors finished writing. She used a sticky herbal powder she carried with her to seal the envelope and pasted the stamp.

"Do I throw it into the mailbox now?" Fors glanced at the cover of the letter with her teacher’s address and real name and asked hesitantly.

She felt that she had to do it herself. She couldn’t hand it over to The World, or it might bring danger to her teacher.

Of course, if Gehrman Sparrow insisted, Fors felt that there was nothing she could do. Even if she tore the letter apart, there was still a possibility of her being hypnotized or having her spirit channeled.

Klein nodded indiscernibly.

"Return after you’re finished posting it."

Phew… Fors let out a long sigh of relief. Turning around, she ran towards the street and found the mailbox.

After finishing all of this, she returned to the dark alley. Without waiting for Gehrman Sparrow to speak, she handed over the fountain pen and the remaining two stamps. She very quickly said, "One was enough."

Klein gave Miss Magician a look before he took the stamp and pen and calmly said, "This means that your teacher’s residence is less than 100 kilometers from Backlund."

Fors’s expression froze.

What’s the big deal? I also know that your teacher lives in Pritz Harbor, and there’s a high chance that he hasn’t moved away yet… As for why I gave you three stamp tickets, of course it was intentional… Klein muttered to himself before taking a few steps forward to stand in front of Miss Magician.

He then reached out his left hand that was wearing a transparent glove and grabbed the lady’s shoulder.

Fors subconsciously lowered her head again.

The surrounding colors immediately became saturated and layered while countless, indescribable figures flashed. When the things and colors she saw returned to normal, Fors instinctively raised her head to thank him.

However, Gehrman Sparrow had already disappeared!

Fors sized up her surroundings in a daze and realized that she was standing in an empty corner. In front of her was a door, and a din and the smell of alcohol were emitted from beyond the door.

Fors pulled at her cloak and walked out the door with a hint of fear, only to see many men dressed as pirates.

They had scimitars and guns, either hanging or lodged by their waist. While drinking hard liquor, they discussed the strengths of the fleets of Feysac and

Loen in high spirits. Quite a number of beautifully dressed women were amongst them, like dancing butterflies.

She was wearing a long, dark-colored cloak in a Backlund style. Her brown hair was long and slightly curled. She had a rather mature temperament, but her expression of fear made it seem like Fors was a lamb that had barged into a wolf pack. It was so disharmonious and eye-catching, and it quickly attracted the attention of many.

She felt a little familiar with what those people had said to her. It was as if they were part of a language branch she had learned, but she couldn’t understand them immediately.

Where am I, what am I doing, who are they… As Fors was at a loss, a plump man squeezed over and said in broken Loenese, "10 soli, one night!"

Fors had been involved in many of the Beyonder circles over the years. Although she didn’t know where she was, she knew very well what kind of situation she was in. The light in her eyes flickered strangely before they converged into one point.

An indescribable aura emanated from her body, making the people around her subconsciously avoid her gaze.

This was the authority of a Judge, a qualitative change in the ability of an Arbiter.

Berserk Sea, Theros Island.

Danitz hid in the shadows, watching the intelligence peddler, Bartz, in a serious manner.

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CHAPTER 1107
RELAX

As a Hunter who had Shadow Cloak, Danitz’s hiding and monitoring abilities were always pretty good. Back then, he had even helped Gehrman Sparrow lay an ambush for Steel Maveti. At this moment, he didn’t show any traces of himself, but he felt a little bored. He was eager for Anderson to switch with him as soon as possible.

When will such a life end? Vice Admiral Ailment, hurry up and appear. No, no, not now. It’s better to wait until Anderson arrives… Danitz did some introspection and rationally ended his "prayer."

He was worried that a pirate admiral at Vice Admiral Ailment Tracy would discover that he was hiding in the dark, and he lacked the courage and confidence to deal with her.

Of course, if he wore the boxing glove, everything wouldn’t be a problem.

As long as he made the decision fast enough, fear and apprehension wouldn’t be able to catch up to him!

"You seem very troubled?" Suddenly, a voice rang beside Danitz’s ear.

Danitz jumped out of the shadows in shock as an orange flame quickly formed in his hand.

At the same time, he cast his gaze to the source of the voice. He saw Anderson hiding in the woods. There were green vines stuck to his head that seemed to meld him with the environment.

“…Dogsh*t!" It was unknown if Danitz was cursing Anderson or himself. After venting his anger, he asked, "When did you come?"

Two minutes ago," Anderson replied with a smile. "You hid well. I didn’t manage to find you immediately, so I followed your hiding habits and casually asked you a question."

Danitz was momentarily unsure if he should be proud or angry. He asked with mixed feelings, "If I had remained calm just now, would you have failed to discover me?"

"In theory," Anderson said with a smile, completely unfazed. "But as an experienced Hunter, there can’t be only one way."

Just as Danitz was about to ask what other solutions there were, he suddenly saw Bartz extinguish the candle and prepare to sleep.

Minutes later, the figure of intelligence peddler, Bartz, appeared by the window in the darkness. With a nimble leap, he landed into the shadows outside the house.

That was where Danitz had been hiding. Having re-entered the shadows, he was almost stepped on by his target.

Bartz walked towards the sea under the cover of the shadows.

…Dogsh*t! Only then did Danitz appear, giving Bartz the middle finger.

Anderson also left the woods. As he pulled out the branches from his head, he smiled at Danitz.

"I think we’ll hit the jackpot tonight."

Danitz glanced at the strongest hunter in the Fog Sea and nodded vigorously.

"I hope it’s Vice Admiral Ailment."

He used the shadows that were everywhere at night and immediately took the lead in following the intelligence peddler, along with Anderson. They maintained a perfectly adequate distance.

"Not too stupid…” Anderson observed for a moment before chuckling.

Danitz scoffed inwardly but didn’t respond.

He knew very well that this wasn’t an occasion where they could afford to mock and provoke each other!

Fifteen minutes later, Bartz arrived at the beach and stood there, staring at the dark blue sea under the crimson moonlight.

He didn’t wait too long. In the darkness of the sea, a huge outline appeared, gradually forming a black ship with a white flag fluttering in the air.

On the flag, two ghostly-blue flames "burned" within a pitch-black skull.

The Black Death!

Vice Admiral Ailment Tracy’s flagship, Black Death!

Danitz instantly became excited. If not for his shadow form, his pupils definitely would’ve dilated in a bid to draw in more light to see every detail of the ship.

He subconsciously moved a distance forward, hoping to confirm if Vice Admiral Ailment Tracy was on the ship.

As the gigantic sailboat approached, the two people in the shadows could see sailors busy on the deck.

Is there a dock for docking here? Or will they just give Bartz a dinghy and get him to row himself over? Just as these thoughts flashed through Danitz’s mind, he heard Anderson say with a suppressed voice, "Leave."

Ah? Danitz’s greatest strength was that he was good at following the instructions of an authoritative figure. Be it in front of Edwina Edwards or Gehrman Sparrow, he would follow the instructions to a tee, apart from grumbling at most. At that moment, although his face was filled with puzzlement, with the intention to retort and persist in his own plans, he still used the shadows to silently leave the beach.

When they could no longer see the Black Death and could only hear the vague crashing of the waves did Danitz leave the shadows and appear in the forest. He hurriedly asked, "Aren’t we going to confirm if Vice Admiral Ailment is aboard?"

Anderson sized up Danitz and chuckled.

"Never underestimate a Beyonder who’s very famous at sea but has lived to this day. Every pirate admiral is a target you must be careful against. You must never be careless."

Danitz subconsciously replied, "Admiral of Blood Senor, Admiral Hell Ludwell…”

They were all pirates who were easily killed by a particular crazy adventurer.

Anderson was momentarily at a loss for words to rebut Danitz with. After a few seconds, he said, "So, isn’t Vice Admiral Ailment Tracy worth paying more attention to considering how she survived Gehrman Sparrow’s attack? ^^

After careful thought, Danitz inexplicably felt that Anderson’s words made sense. Just as he was about to speak, his throat suddenly felt itchy as he coughed.

After coughing a few times, his throat began to swell in pain, and he could taste metal.

"Look, I told you to be careful." Anderson clenched his fists and held them to his mouth. He coughed lightly, but it wasn't as serious as Danitz's. "Tracy must've spread all kinds of ailments around the ship. Once anyone approaches it, they'll quickly be infected with it and be exposed. Heh, with this wide of a range, it means that she has completely digested the Sequence 5 potion and has a chance of advancing to Sequence 4."

"Why couldn't it be that she has already advanced to Sequence 4?" As he was far from the source of the infection, Danitz quickly recovered and instinctively retorted.

"If that were the case, you are either on the Black Death, or you have a victim of the Black Death disease and are on your deathbed." Anderson half-turned his body and cast his gaze towards the obstructed beach. "Tracy must've used some sort of trick. It's unlikely for her to only be able to maintain the target area of the ailments to be at the front and not the other three directions. Instead, she used the wind to spread the ailments to affect the people on the shore."

With that said, Anderson clapped his hands and smiled again.

"Isn't our encounter proof that Vice Admiral Ailment is on the ship? You can inform Gehrman Sparrow."

Danitz didn't hesitate any further. He immediately set up a ritual and summoned the messenger. Using the excuse of guarding the area to prevent any accidents, Anderson walked out of the forest.

It was three in the morning in Backlund's East Borough. Apart from the moonlight and starlight, it was pitch black.

Wearing cotton pajamas and a sleeping cap with a protective hairnet, Klein sat on the bed and received the letter from Reinette Tinekerr without asking

anything.

Opening the letter, he calmly got out of bed, took out a pen from his pocket, and wrote on the back of the letter: "Return to the port city and await further instructions."

After watching Miss Messenger leave, he calmly changed into his shirt, put on his vest, tied his bow tie, and put on his black trench coat.

Then, he took four steps counterclockwise and went above the gray fog. Using the topaz spirit pendulum to divine the danger level of this operation, he received almost no revelations.

Without any hesitation, he returned to the real world and stood in front of the mirror. He picked up his half top hat and wore it above his head.

On the bunk bed in the room outside, Qonas and Enuni opened their eyes.

In an empty room on the Black Death, a figure quickly outlined itself. He had black hair and brown eyes with cold and hard facial features. He was none other than Gehrman Sparrow.

Under the dim crimson moonlight, Klein swept his gaze and casually found a chair to sit down as he admired the sea vista outside.

In the captain’s cabin one level away, Vice Admiral Ailment Tracy, who was dressed in a white blouse and beige pants, watched Bartz leave the room in disgust. She pulled at her collar out of reflex, and her expression turned livid.

She had just learned that Blazing Danitz and the Strongest Hunter Anderson had been staying in Theros Island recently with unknown motives.

They’re all related to Gehrman Sparrow… Is that fellow looking for me? Tracy narrowed her eyes as she walked towards the window without any

hesitation. She was prepared to instruct the sailors on the deck to steer the ship away from these waters.

At this moment, her thoughts suddenly turned sluggish. It was as if she had sunken into a state where she knew she was in a dream but was unable to extricate from it no matter how hard she struggled.

Not good… Black flames abruptly emerged from the surface of Tracy’s body, attempting to burn away any external influences.

However, while the flames were initially able to "flow" smoothly, they later began to turn intermittent as they kept falling to the ground like withered petals.

A strong sense of despair surged within Tracy as her thoughts turned increasingly slower.

Desperate, she quickly condensed a layer of crystalline ice around her body, retracting the invisible threads towards her and wrapped herself in layers.

At that moment, the door to the captain’s cabin creaked open. Wearing a silk top hat and black trench coat, Gehrman Sparrow walked in.

Then, he politely closed the door.

With a light cracking sound, the entire captain’s cabin instantly became extremely quiet. The sound of crashing waves was no longer present, as though they had been separated from the real world.

As for the invisible spider webs that entangled Tracy, they seemed to misunderstand the order that was given as they tightly bound Vice Admiral Ailment up, preventing her from moving or using her Beyonder powers.

Distortion!

As her thoughts returned to normal, her brain no longer felt frozen.

"W-what do you want to do?" She couldn’t hide her fear as she watched Gehrman Sparrow slowly approach.

What she couldn’t understand was why the other party would give up on the attempt to make a marionette even though she had clearly lost her ability to resist.

The reason why Klein did so was because he was worried that Vice Admiral Ailment and the Demoness of White were related by blood. This way, Tracy’s death would cause the demigod who was good at hexes to sense something and take measures ahead of time.

Tap. Tap. Tap. Klein stopped in front of the Demoness.

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CHAPTER 1108
MESSED UP FAMILY

Gehrman Sparrow’s silence made Tracy’s heart sink, as though she had fallen into an ice cavern.

When he saw despair surface on Vice Admiral Ailment’s face, Klein took out a piece of paper from his pocket. With a flick of his wrist, he made it fly forward like a poker card.

With a whoosh, the slip of paper cut through a tiny portion of the invisible spider webs like a piece of metal. It tore open the translucent ice crystal and lacerated Tracy’s left arm, causing blood to splatter.

The surface of the paper was quickly dyed with a bright red tinge before it boomeranged back from the trapped Demoness into Klein’s palm.

Tracy originally imagined that the piece of paper would come at her throat, but she never expected it to only target her arm. She was momentarily stunned. Only when Gehrman Sparrow folded the piece of paper and placed it into an iron cigar case did she suddenly realize something. She asked, "Your true target is Katarina?"

Klein placed the iron cigar case back into his pocket without answering her. He calmly asked, "You are her descendant?"

Upon hearing this, Tracy, who was still trapped by the ice crystal and spider silk, suddenly let out a low laugh.

"I’m not just a descendant. I’m her child."

Child… Daughter… As Klein rejoiced over his caution in not recklessly killing her, causing Demoness of White Katarina to sense something, he subconsciously analyzed whether Katarina was the mother or father of the Ailment Maiden.

If Katarina was also formerly a male, it’s possible that she’s Tracy’s father, but the problem is that she was already a Sequence 4 demigod during the Pale Disaster that was at the end of the Fourth Epoch. And for the Assassin pathway, a man will change into a woman at Sequence 7 Witch…

In other words, if Katarina is Tracy’s father, Tracy needs to be at least l,300 years old. However, it’s impossible for a Sequence 5 Beyonder to live for so long. Even most Sequence 4 and Sequence 3 saints aren’t capable of that!

There’s only one answer, and that is that Tracy was borne by Katarina. Also, it happened in the past few decades… An advanced maternal age of more than a thousand years… Klein nodded slightly and confirmed without any change in expression.

"She’s your mom?"

Tracy’s expression suddenly turned odd.

"No, my mother."

Just as he was about to ask what was the difference between that and mother since it was essentially a more formal and eloquent manner of speech. Tracy sneered and said, "My mom is another person. She used to be my father."

…You Demonesses have messed up families… But that isn’t the reason why you spread catastrophes to the world… Klein used his Clown powers to control his facial muscles as he continued looking at Ailment Maiden, his face impassive.

Tracy, who was already in a dire situation, was now beginning to abandon herself to despair. Without waiting for Gehrman Sparrow’s response, she sighed and gave a self-deprecating laugh.

"Maybe it was all a mistake since I was born.

"Abnormal parents, abnormal family relationship, abnormal sect members. They sculpted me and harmed me. At the age of 8,1 found out that my father, who I had always admired as a role model, had suddenly become a woman. He was becoming like a dainty flower by the day, becoming more and more adept at using his charms. Later on, he even found a male friend and gave birth to my younger brother. Can you imagine that kind of feeling?

"After I ran away from home and came to the sea, I finally found a normal sense of self-recognition and a social identity after many years of hard work. I finally understood what I really wanted. Then, a potion bottle turned me into a woman. Heh, a woman…”

After listening quietly, Klein said without changing his tone, "Your instigation skills are pretty good."

Tracy turned agape, but in the end, she only sighed and smiled with a complicated expression. "I admit that I was trying to win your sympathy. Everyone wants to live. Isn’t that right? However, I didn’t lie. That was my life experience."

She stopped exaggerating her pain and sadness and paused.

"Before you kill me, I would like to ask you a question. It’s a question that won’t put you in a difficult spot."

"What is it?" Klein looked at the Demoness and asked.

Tracy hesitated for a moment before finally asking, "Before you came to assassinate me the previous time, did Helene know about this?"

Klein was silent for a moment before he said, "She didn’t know what would happen."

Tracy’s face suddenly glowed.

"Really?"

Before Gehrman Sparrow could respond, she revealed an extremely complicated expression.

"Before I die, can I ask you for another favor? If you can see her again, tell her that I feel very guilty about what happened in the past, but I don’t regret it."

At this point, Tracy tried to shake her head, but failed thanks to the restriction provided by the crystalline ice and invisible spider webs.

She could only laugh at herself.

"Forget it, there’s no need to tell her. Let’s leave it at that.

"You can do what you were here for."

With that, Tracy closed her eyes.

After a few seconds, she didn’t feel the pain she expected. Instead, she heard Gehrman Sparrow say in a deep voice, "Say this: No one is to disturb me."

Tracy was surprised as she felt perplexed, and it showed on her face.

However, since she was already facing death, such a small matter wasn’t worth nitpicking about. She opened her mouth and said, "No one is to disturb me."

As soon as she said the statement, the same voice echoed on the Black Death, greatly amplified.

The pirates didn’t have any doubts about this. It was as if they were following a specific pattern. They instinctively avoided the captain’s cabin and continued their work.

Since the captain said not to disturb her, they naturally wouldn’t seek her out!

At the same time, Tracy saw Gehrman Sparrow take off his top hat and press it to his chest. He bowed slightly at her, as though he was bidding her farewell.

Then, she felt as though she was isolated from the entire world. There was silence. Even the crazy adventurer was gone.

She had obtained the environment of "not being disturbed" just as she wanted.

The "Magnify" and "Distortion" powers of the Lawyer pathway!

The layer of ice on Tracy’s body began to melt, but the invisible spider webs continued to bind her firmly, preventing her from doing anything. She couldn’t even change her center of gravity.

Hence, she could only stand there like a lifelike wax statue.

He didn’t kill me… Tracy looked ahead blankly, momentarily in disbelief.

She didn’t believe that Gehrman Sparrow hadn’t taken action because he pitied her. This crazy adventurer had killed many pirates, and there had never been a situation where he showed mercy. As for Tracy, although she believed that she wasn’t the typical Demoness and didn’t live up to her status as a Demoness, how could she not have done anything bad as a pirate? She was experienced in both the slave trade and in plundering ships.

Similarly, Tracy didn’t believe that Gehrman Sparrow was moved by her beauty and her experiences, and had ended up coveting her, because his cold gaze was like he was looking at a dead person.

There must be other factors… A thought flashed through her mind as she made connections with matters she might be involved in. She quickly came to a conclusion. It’s likely because of my blood relationship with Mother. As for Demonesses, they’re all good at hexes. Once I die, Mother will immediately notice it. When she discovers that there’s a problem here, she will make preparations ahead of time, preventing Gehrman Sparrow from finding his target during his subsequent actions. That’s why he allowed me to live but made it impossible for me to contact anyone else… From the looks of it, regardless of the outcome of his operation targeted at Mother, he will return to kill me… And if I want to continue living, I have to succeed in saving myself before that happens.

In Tracy’s heart, she didn’t have much of a relationship with her mother, Katarina. This Demoness of Unaging had lived for a long time, and most of the time, she had maintained her youthful state of mind by dating young men. She was passionate about the occasional children that she had whenever she found it novel to have one. At other times, she was mostly indifferent.

However, as she grew older, Katarina’s evaluation of Tracy was that she resembled her past self more and more.

Hence, she was doted on her and provided more help.

However, Tracy didn’t want such attention. It only served to make her lose her original gender, putting her into a painful situation that she couldn’t shake off.

Phew… Although I hate her and blame her, I still unknowingly rely on her, hoping that she can respect my opinion more… I h-hope that she can escape Gehrman Sparrow’s pursuit… Tracy once again began to struggle in an attempt to escape her bound state.

On the one hand, she was trying to save herself. On the other hand, she wanted to inform her mother to be careful of Gehrman Sparrow as soon as possible!

Of course, Tracy found it questionable that Gehrman Sparrow, who had likely advanced to Sequence 4 recently, would be able to harm her mother. She was, after all, someone who had survived since the Fourth Epoch, and was a Demoness with the title of "Unaging." However, she didn’t only pin this belief on hope alone. This was because Gehrman Sparrow had helpers, such as the Death Consul who even her mother feared!

Plop!

Tracy finally collapsed on the ground and tried to roll towards the desk. But no matter how hard she tried, she was unable to roll her body.

The person she was fighting against was none other than herself, she who had been "Distorted" and "Magnified"!

Above the gray fog, Klein had already taken his seat in the high-back chair of The Fool. He placed the paper stained with Vice Admiral Ailment Tracy’s blood on the surface of the long, mottled table.

Following that, he conjured a pen and paper and wrote a divination statement:

"Vice Admiral Ailment Tracy’s mother, Katarina’s current location."

Putting down the pen, he held the two pieces of paper and leaned back into his chair. He closed his eyes and repeated the words he had written.

After repeating it seven times, he entered a dream. He saw a tall and towering gothic bell tower appear in the gray world.

Around the bell tower, the white-robed Katarina stood in the shadows of a few houses. She observed the surroundings with a heavy expression, as

though she was searching for something. As for the crimson moon hanging high in the sky, its position was identical to what he had seen before entering the gray fog.

This meant that Demoness of White Katarina was still in Backlund. She was in West Borough, in search of a particular target.

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CHAPTER 1109
PATIENCE

After ending the divination and returning to the real world, Klein walked to the room outside the rental flat. There, he pondered for nearly a minute while looking at the crimson moon in the night sky.

Perhaps, there's still another chance for digesting the potion… he muttered silently as he ultimately rummaged for something. He took the two marionettes and disappeared into the shadows.

In Backlund, he no longer dared to use Flaming Jump, afraid that it might catch Zaratul's notice. After all, it was impossible for him to always have an opportunity to ignite Will Auceptin's paper crane to protect himself. This was a sign of disrespect towards the Snake of Fate, and it was easy for Dr. Aaron's family to be targeted if he kept visiting them.

In the blink of an eye, Klein appeared at the back of the tall, gothic-styled bell tower in his dream. He hid in the shadows—one formed by the Bell of Order, a symbol of Backlund.

Immediately following that, he and his two marionettes split apart, each occupying different hidden spots.

After doing all of this, Klein quickly turned a rat into a marionette, allowing it to run to the edge of the range of his control. It opened its mouth and softly chanted an honorific name:

"The great God of War, the symbol of iron and blood, the ruler of chaos and strife. Demoness of White Katarina is in this area…"

Since Klein was fulfilling his agreement with the Red Angel evil spirit, he also hoped that this high-level creature would step into a trap that might possibly be for him. At the same time, he had some doubts about Sauron Einhorn Medici’s true intentions. He had no intention of urgently getting help from the Church of Evernight or Queen Mystic. He planned on watching from the sidelines to confirm the situation, lest he implicated others into springing a trap.

Just as the prayer ended, the gray rat suddenly twitched and fell quietly beside the rubbish bin.

It had already lost its life and was no longer Klein’s marionette.

This was a way to prevent himself from being marked by the Red Angel evil spirit.

As for him, after giving up on that rat marionette, he immediately left the area where the Bell of Order was located with Qonas and Enuni. He also made "the Winner" pray to Sea God Kalvetua a few kilometers away.

After the prayer, the two of them continued to retreat, widening their distance.

Then, Klein hid in a storage room in a particular house, took four steps counterclockwise, and went above the gray fog to sit at the position of The Fool.

He then beckoned for the Sea God Scepter. With the help of the prayer light of "the Winner," he expanded his scope and observed the target area.

At the same time, with his other hand, he held the piece of paper that was stained with Vice Admiral Ailment Tracy’s blood.

With a medium like this, and a general scope, it didn’t take long under his "true vision" before he found the hidden Demoness of White Katarina.

The black-haired, blue-eyed woman was dressed in a pure white robe. She looked like a weightless feather, and she was gently drifting across the streets and alleys. Even if the patrolling policemen looked in the right direction, they were unable to detect her presence.

If it wasn’t for the gray fog’s help, Klein could only use Spirit Body Threads to see through the invisibility to a certain extent.

Taking a deep breath, he patiently waited for the Red Angel evil spirit to appear. He also observed Katarina, wanting to know what she was looking for.

He suspected that the Demoness of White was targeting Trissy Cheek.

Seconds changed to minutes as the crimson moon gradually tilted to the side. Having wandered around the Bell of Order for a while without finding anything, Katarina revealed a slightly frustrated and disappointed expression. She looked as though she was about to leave that area at any time.

And the Red Angel evil spirit never appeared!

This… Sauron Einhom Medici was just lying to me. He really didn’t have the Demoness of White as his goal? No, that’s not necessarily the case. If that happened, then "His" condition would be meaningless… The Red Angel evil spirit has actually arrived at the scene, but has chosen not to immediately take action like me? "He" is waiting for the battle between Katarina and me and my companions to reach its most intense state before suddenly appearing to reap the greatest benefits… Klein’s thoughts wandered as he came up with a guess:

He suspected that the Red Angel evil spirit was as cautious, careful, and staid as he was. "He" hoped to be the fisherman pulling in the net and not that net.

This is really troublesome… Next, it will depend on who's more patient… Klein muttered silently as he continued to observe the situation around the Bell of Order through the prayer light.

Tick. Tick. Tick. The second hand was beating at the same pace in the quiet night. Demoness of White Katarina's expression turned increasingly gloomy.

Suddenly, she cast her gaze on the glass window of a building.

The dim night was like a mirror reflecting the things in front of them.

Katarina's beautiful blue eyes sparkled slightly as the surface of the mirror instantly turned dark, as though there were countless objects and layers of space hidden within.

The glass window seemed to have become a passageway to an alternate world!

With a thought, together with the various Beyonder powers that Demoness Trissy had showcased, he suspected that Katarina was about to use the mirror world to leave this place and end her "hunt" tonight.

How can the Red Angel evil spirit still endure this? Klein tensed up as he instinctively wanted to put down the Sea God Scepter and return to the real world. He wanted to act against the Demoness of White and prevent her from leaving.

As this thought flashed through his mind, he ultimately didn't move.

He felt that he could still wait a little longer because even if Katarina left the surrounding area of the Bell of Order, he could still locate her again as long as she didn't discover that something had happened to her daughter. When the time came, he could first summon Arrodes to ask about the target's actual abilities and items. Then, he could either seek the help of Queen Mystic Bernadette or the Church of Evernight to borrow a Grade 1

Sealed Artifact. He could then make the scales of victory tip towards him before taking action.

I deliberately didn’t hide my operation this time. If I were to borrow a Sealed Artifact and the archbishop assents to it, that means that the Goddess’s true attitude towards George III is: "She" doesn’t like the king becoming the Black Emperor, but "She" can only accept it silently. If someone is willing to disrupt the ritual, "She" is willing to provide some help… Klein calmed his slightly anxious feelings, allowing his observation to become more relaxed.

At that moment, Demoness of White Katarina’s expression returned to normal. She floated to the glass window and entered without any corporeal form.

The layers of illusory worlds within the mirror converged as though they were constantly moving away.

At this moment, using his "true vision" to observe the area underneath, Klein seemed to hear a shrill female scream. This cry seemed to come from another world. It contained extreme fear and disbelief.

None of the residents in the surrounding area were jolted awake. No one heard anything.

That was Katarina’s scream? What exactly happened to her… Klein’s gaze froze as he thought of something:

The Red Angel evil spirit is also an evil spirit, and it’s also capable of using Mirror Blink; thus, using this medium.

In other words, "He" is no stranger to the mirror world!

Could it be that Sauron Einhorn Medici had been hiding in the "mirror" all this time, waiting for the Demoness of White to throw herself into a trap?

As his pupils dilated, the darkness and gloominess in the glass window disappeared.

The "mirror" had lost its unique characteristics and returned to its original state.

A few seconds later, the bottom of the glass window slowly bled, forming a liquid that slid down.

In the areas that the liquid passed, the surrounding grayish-white tint spread, covering its original pale yellow color. It was like a newly embedded stone.

Drip! Drip! Drip!

The drops of liquid landed on the ground, dyeing it bright red like blood, beautiful like flowers.

Upon seeing this scene, the muscles on Klein’s face twitched slightly before he forced himself to use his Clown powers to control his expression.

This ending was really unexpected.

A powerful and senior Sequence 3 saint, one who had lived for more than a thousand years, was unable to put up any resistance in front of the Red Angel evil spirit’s trap. There was only silence left.

As for Klein himself, even if he counted the two marionettes and the Sealed Artifacts he possessed, he was still a little weaker when compared to Katarina’s strength. He needed to make up for this gap through prior preparations.

This also meant that, if he were to face the Red Angel evil spirit, he would probably not end up any better. He would similarly be powerless and puny, slowly sinking in the torrent that followed.

Is this what a former King of Angels is? Even though "His" strength has yet to recover to its peak state, it still leaves one in such despair… Seeing the blood seeping out from the glass window gradually lessen, he took a deep breath and returned to the real world.

Following that, he and Winner Enuni exchanged positions as he "Teleported" to the glass window.

When Bizarro Sorcerers switched positions, they could only choose two swapping their bodies or bodies and external objects. However, it was impossible to be too precise at his current level, so Klein wasn't able to leave behind whatever he wanted. He could only choose to leave everything or not leave anything behind.

Enuni, who wore Gehrman Sparrow's appearance, said to the glass window in a deep voice the moment he materialized in front of it, "I have already fulfilled my promise."

A figure suddenly appeared on the glass window.

He was wearing a long black robe with red stripes. He casually wore a hood, revealing a soft outline. His skin was brown, and he had a pale face. He was the Gatekeeper who had been possessed by Sauron Einhorn Medici.

"Well done," the young man walked down from the window and said with a smile.

Upon hearing this, Klein took out something from his pocket. The corners of his mouth curled up as he happily replied,

"You did well too."

As he spoke, he blew at the monocle in his hand and wore it on his left eye. Sauron Einhorn Medici's smile froze.

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CHAPTER 1110
"SPIRIT" CHANNELING

For a moment, the cold night became abnormally scorching hot, as though invisible lava was surging within it.

However, everything quickly returned to normal.

The Red Angel evil spirit sized up Klein and smiled as if nothing had happened.

"I'll say it again. You have talent in being a Provoker.

"Back when Zaratul digested the Bizarro Sorcerer potion, even 'He' didn't dare to pretend to be Amon in front of me."

There wasn't a hint of anger in his tone. He didn't mention why Zaratul didn't dare to do so, but with his gaze sweeping across Klein, it was as if he had fallen deep inside a glacier, his body freezing in the process.

This was how his actual body felt. Even though he was separated by a marionette, the back of his neck and back still had goosebumps.

Without needing Sauron Einhorn Medici to say anything else, Klein understood the hidden meaning behind his words:

Anyone who dared to use such a method to scare "Him" would suffer the punishment of steel and blood on the spot!

Looking at the Red Angel evil spirit in front of him who had a converged aura but was giving off a feeling of an extremely high level of superiority,

Klein couldn’t help but inwardly mutter, If it wasn’t for the fact that the Bizarro Sorcerer potion had been digested to a certain extent, I would’ve thought that your willpower was as strong as steel and that your strength has returned to the level of at least a Sequence 1. And now, I can basically confirm that, under your calm demeanor, you’re hiding a strong fear towards Amon. This also means that your current level is at most at Sequence 2…

Besides, I was already mentally prepared to lose a marionette. In order to quickly digest the potion, I had to take the risk…

If Danitz was here and he was given the opportunity to shout out "coward" twice, he could probably quickly digest the Provoker potion even if he had drunk four or five bottles…

Without further agitating the Red Angel evil spirit, Klein smiled and took off the monocle.

"Back in the Solomon Empire, Zaratul should already be an angel. How would he still need to digest the Bizarro Sorcerer potion?"

"I’m talking about the young Zaratul," Sauron Einhorn Medici said casually.

This is consistent with the description from the grandpa in Leonard’s body… Klein nodded indiscernibly and focused on the main topic at hand.

"You’ve already finished off the Demoness of White?"

"What do you think?" The Red Angel evil spirit laughed and said, "Also, one must be polite. Since Katarina calls herself the Saintess of White, then you shouldn’t call her a Demoness anymore."

Polite… A Hunter emphasizing manners with me… At that instant, the corners of Klein’s mouth twitched, expressing the ludicrousness of the matter, but he ultimately held back.

From the looks of it, "provoking" isn’t limited to ridiculing and cursing others. Uh, Danitz, who only knows how to curse using one word, is a disgrace to Hunters… As he thought, Klein said, "I’ve already fulfilled my promise. I think you don’t mind giving me a small reward."

"Reward?" the Red Angel evil spirit scoffed and asked.

Klein ignored "His" attitude and continued, "I wish to communicate with the Demoness of White. I want to ask her something."

"Just this request?" the Red Angel evil spirit asked in amusement.

Klein nodded.

"That’s right."

"No problem." Sauron Einhorn Medici raised his right hand and grabbed at his glabella. From there, a blurry figure was pulled out. It was none other than Saintess of White Katarina, whose facial expression was filled with horror.

"Can we have a private conversation?" Seeing this, Klein looked around.

The Red Angel evil spirit immediately laughed and said, "Do you need a room where the two of you can be together?

Think about it with that brain of yours. Even if you want to hide the questions you would like to raise from me, I can still find out through Katarina’s spirit. That is, of course, unless you don’t plan on returning her to me? Or are you a little boy who needs things to follow a ritual?"

Klein made the marionette reply with a deadpan expression, "I have a way to make her forget my questions."

This was both the truth and a lie. The truth was that he could use Hvin Rambis’s Manipulator’s Beyonder characteristic to complete the job.

However, it was relatively difficult, and the chance of failure was very high. Furthermore, the negative effects weren’t minor. The reason why he lied was because he had no intention of doing so. This would expose many important matters. He only had one purpose in saying this: to make the Red Angel evil spirit suspect that the answers obtained weren’t the truth and that there were key hidden parts beneath the surface. From that, "He" would ignore the value of the answers obtained on the surface. This worked wonders on people who were highly suspicious.

Of course, there was no hope of success. After all, the entity opposite him was the Red Angel who was master of "conspiracies."

"Not bad." After Sauron Einhorn Medici heard Klein’s reply, "His" body suddenly vanished, projecting itself onto the glass window.

Klein glanced at the blood that had already coagulated on the gray stones, feeling somewhat wistful as he brought the somewhat muddle-headed Demoness of White Katarina far away from the glass and into a dark alley.

He then took out candles, essential oils, and herbal powders. He set up an altar and prayed to the Evernight Goddess, hoping that he could use ritualistic magic to complete the mediumship.

This was a skill he had mastered when he was still a Nighthawk.

As the ritual was completed, an immense and terrifying power descended from an indescribable height, causing the surroundings to become unusually quiet.

Klein’s eyes instantly darkened, as it was like the dark night was compressed.

He then saw more things around Katarina’s spirit—flickering light and blurry mind storms.

He easily passed through those obstacles and faced the Demoness of White’s Body of Heart and Mind.

"Has the cooperation between the Demoness Sect and George III come to an end?" Without being careless, Klein began from a less sensitive question to observe Katarina’s condition.

The dazed and confused look on Katarina’s face faded a little as she nodded with a pure smile.

"Yes."

"Then why are you still in Backlund?" Klein asked further.

Katarina replied solemnly, "I’m in pursuit of Trissy. She took an important Sealed Artifact from us."

"What’s the Sealed Artifact?" Klein suddenly recalled the sapphire ring that Demoness Trissy had once worn on her hand. It was intricately made.

Demoness of White Katarina said with a pious expression, "It has something to do with the awakening of Primordial. Apart from its high level at Grade 0, it doesn’t have any special abilities."

Indeed, it has to do with the Primordial Demoness… You people even changed Trissy’s name to Trissy Cheek… Klein didn’t reveal that he knew the true name of the Primordial Demoness. Instead, he asked, "Do you know where the other eight mausoleums of George III are?"

Katarina frowned slightly and answered in a manner meant to garner sympathy, "They’re separately located in the southwest suburbs of Backlund, Awwa County, East Chester County…”

This Demoness of White first gave a simple account of the locations of the eight mausoleums before introducing their specific locations and situations in detail.

"The eight mausoleums have already been repaired. They temporarily deactivated the teleportation tunnel. Even if they have the corresponding charms, there’s no way to open them again. It’s almost impossible to find them directly from the outside world…

"Other than Prince Grove, Duchess Georgina, the two angels of the royal family, and George III, no one else can enter…”

Well, some of those places were places where Qonas Kilgor often went hunting, so it matches my guess. This means that the Demoness of White isn’t lying… I’ll make a confirmation above the gray fog later…

If this is really the case, it would be quite troublesome… With the current situation, be it Prince Grove or Duchess Georgina, they would definitely be in the sights of the angels…

The biggest hurdle is entering the ruins. Once entry is gained, what follows won’t be that dangerous. War has already broken out, and there’s a need to fight against the Feysacians. Demigods are a limited resource, so there’s no way George III can have every ruin be guarded by a saint, with the option of an angel to provide reinforcements… As Klein’s thoughts raced, he first posed a question:

"The royal family has two angels?"

"In fact, that’s not the case. It’s very likely that George III is also one," Katarina replied honestly. "One of those two angels is the Founder of the Loen Kingdom, Protector William I who has survived since the Fourth Epoch. ‘He’ is a Sequence 1 Hand of Order of the Arbiter pathway, while the other is the former Duke of Southville, Dlink Augustus. ‘He’ is a Sequence 2 Balancer… As for how many Grade 0 Sealed Artifacts the royal family has, I’m not sure."

The Founder on the ten-pound note is still alive? I have the feeling that history has seeped into reality again… After some thought, he nodded and asked, "Why are you working with George III?"

"For a Conqueror Beyonder characteristic. It’s already in our hands." Katarina’s expression became a little excited. Conqueror was the name of the Red Priest pathway’s Sequence 1 potion!

"Then, will it belong to the Primordial Demoness, or belong to the upper echelons of your sect?" Klein asked thoughtfully. "Who are the higher-ups of your sect?"

"It will be sacrificed to Primordial. However, we have to find the Sealed Artifact that Trissy took away first. Currently, it has been kept by the Saintess of Black… All the higher-ups of our sect have colors as their code names…” Katarina answered truthfully.

After understanding more details, Klein terminated the spirit channeling, cleaned up the altar, and allowed the Demoness of White’s spirit to return to the glass window from before.

As for himself, his body suddenly turned transparent. With the help of "Teleportation," he disappeared from this region, rendezvousing with his actual body and his other marionette.

After watching Gehrman Sparrow leave, the gloominess and confusion on Katarina’s face suddenly vanished as her expression became extremely astute.

She then entered the glass window which had turned dark again.

A few seconds later, Sauron Einhorn Medici and Demoness of White Katarina walked out of the "mirror" together. The latter’s figure was clear and filled with flesh. She showed no signs of death!

"Are you saying that he was asking about the other eight secret mausoleums of George III? The power of the spirit channeling came from Evernight?" The Red Angel evil spirit stroked "His" chin and turned to ask Katarina.

The Demoness of White nodded slightly and said, "That’s right."

"Heh." The Red Angel evil spirit immediately laughed. "So he doesn’t want George III to become the Black Emperor." Katarina’s eyes darted around as she revealed a smile.

"But it’s impossible to succeed. No matter how fast he advances or how much help he receives, there’s no way he can resist the combined forces of the royal family, the military, and that organization. No, if it’s just the Augustus family, with his level and strength, he won’t be able to do anything, unless Evernight personally descends."

Having said that, this Demoness of White asked in a seemingly casual manner, "I’m very puzzled. Why didn’t you kill me directly after grasping the absolute advantage over me?"

The Red Angel evil spirit glanced at her as the corners of "His" mouth slowly curled up.

"Do you think you have the right to be my true target?"

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CHAPTER 1111
"POKER EXPERT"

Upon hearing the Red Angel evil spirit’s reply, Demoness of White Katarina’s expression instantly froze, unable to contain her anger.

Sauron Einhorn Medici laughed and continued, "You must’ve become a demigod at the end of the Fourth Epoch. It’s been more than a thousand years, but you haven’t become an angel. Don’t you feel inferior?

"As for that fellow just now, he had to rely on Azik Eggers to face you head-on in the beginning. He was as weak as a chick that had just hatched. But now, in less than a year, he has already advanced to Sequence 4 and obtained godhood. He has the ability to match your strength. Don’t you have any thoughts about this? Didn’t you think that the past thousand years were a waste? Even a dog might open the gates to angelhood after living for more than a thousand years.

"I know what you’re thinking. You’re very jealous, and on the other hand, you also have a twisted desire. You want to prove yourself by sleeping with him. You Demonesses are really laughable. On the one hand, you insist that you were originally men so as to prevent yourself from losing yourself, thus, resulting in you losing control. On the other hand, you have to showcase the charm of a woman and try your hand at extreme pleasure and intense love. But we Hunters have no such problem. Regardless of what gender we were in the beginning, all we need to do in the future is war, war, war!

"Primordial really is a twisted fellow. Letting a pure woman take the path of a Demoness would be so much better; however, generation after generation,

you pass the damage down. And for what? Isn’t the main goal merely to seek revenge on fate?"

Every word of the Red Angel evil spirit was like an arrow that stabbed into the heart of the Demoness of White. It made her beautiful and exquisite face twitch, and her smooth, raven-black, long hair seemed to grow thicker.

Sauron Einhorn Medici glanced at Katarina and immediately chortled.

"Don’t tell me that you’re losing control because of my provocation?

"What a nostalgic feeling."

The Red Angel evil spirit paused for a moment before saying:

You can leave now. If there’s anything, then remember to recite my honorific name. Of course, I will come to you directly if I have to."

Demoness of White Katarina’s expression returned to normal. She frowned slightly and asked in disbelief, "You’re letting me leave, just like that?"

The Red Angel evil spirit chuckled.

"Why? Do you want to sleep with me? It’s not impossible if the timing is right, but there’s something very important that needs to be done right now.

"Don’t worry. Since you’ve already recited my honorific name and given me a drop of your blood, you’ll be under my watch, and you can be affected by me at any moment.

"Have you already forgotten the differences between an angel and a saint? Don’t you know how powerful a real high- level figure is?

"Heh heh, unless you directly pray to Primordial and receive a response; otherwise, you’ll never be able to free yourself from my gaze. Well, in normal circumstances, an angel can do such a thing, but that’s only limited

to the situation of you only chanting my honorific name. If you don’t believe me, I’ll let you seek the help of an angel."

Demoness of White Katarina listened with a gloomy expression before finally smiling.

"I’ll keep your teachings in mind, Lord Medici."

Sauron Einhorn Medici’s eyebrows twitched.

"You don’t seem so compliant. I can even imagine how you were when you faced Gehrman Sparrow, but I don’t care.

"Ah, I forgot to tell you. It’s best if you immediately confirm the condition of your bloodline descendants. Don’t you find it suspicious that Gehrman Sparrow managed to find you so easily?"

Katarina’s face turned slightly pale, but then it grew serious. She slowly nodded and said, "I understand."

With that said, she immediately retreated and entered the glass window again. It was unknown where she was headed for in the illusory, stacked mirror world.

With the Demoness of White disappearing, a bloody gash suddenly appeared on the left side of the Red Angel evil spirit’s left cheek and made a sound:

"What an excellent actress. She made it seem like she wasn’t good at controlling her expression, showing her restlessness and lack of intelligence as though it was easy for her ulterior motives to be discovered."

"That’s right. That way, there’s a high chance that we would belittle her and let our guard down against her." The Red Angel evil spirit’s right cheek also cracked open in a hideous manner.

"Tsk, Demonesses are indeed very cunning. However, I’ve never underestimated any prey." The Red Angel evil spirit used "His" normal mouth to say, "She wants to desensitize me and make me belittle her, but it’s impossible."

The bloody gash on "His" left cheek opened and closed and replied, "Then why were you captured by Alista Tudor?"

"That’s because of the two of you." The personality that belonged to Medici pouted and said, "It had nothing to do with belittlement and desensitization."

The blood-colored crack on his right snorted and said, "How does it feel like to become someone else’s prey? The mighty God of War, the Red Angel beside the Creator?"

"Not bad." Medici’s expression darkened a little, but "His" words seemed to contain some self-complacency.

The personality that belonged to Sauron said with the left cheek, "You really like to bluff in order to achieve your goals. Back then, Alista and company managed to see through your lies, which was why they managed to seize the opportunity.

"And just now, you were bluffing Katarina. You’re only capable of releasing your aura, relying on traps and surprise attacks to bring about a certain amount of damage. There was no way you could quickly finish her off, but you pretended that you had returned to your Sequence 1 state, tricking her into reciting your honorific name and handing over her blood."

Medici pouted again and said, "A bluff is also a normal playstyle in poker. The effect is pretty good, isn’t it?"

At this point, the Red Angel chuckled and said, "Furthermore, it’s not just a bluff. What I’m most fond of is to mix in a truth or two every few bluffs, allowing me to wait for fellows who think they’ve seen through my

disguise to step into a trap. It’s just like the mistakes you two idiots made back then."

"But you were the first to die!" The two sides of the Red Angel evil spirit’s face cracked at the same time.

Without any hesitation, Medici said, "That means I’m the strongest, worthy of having the most attention!"

With that said, the three personalities of the Red Angel evil spirit fell silent at the same time. After a few seconds, the blood-colored crack that represented Einhorn opened and closed.

"Gehrman Sparrow’s connection with Evernight is tighter than I imagined. He should’ve noticed Katarina’s true state just now."

Medici chuckled and said, "It’s alright. This is something ‘She’ has tacitly allowed in the first place.

"Back when the Great Smog of Backlund happened, the ones who participated in the operation are all gone. Only that Demoness named Trissy is still alive. Isn’t that enough to explain something?"

Sauron and Einhorn didn’t speak further as they allowed the bloody crack on the cheeks to wriggle and heal.

The Red Angel evil spirit then reflected "Himself on the glass window and disappeared from the area around the Bell of Order.

Above the grayish-white fog, inside the ancient palace.

Looking at the spinning topaz pendant in his hand, Klein nodded indiscernibly.

He had already used spirit dowsing to confirm Katarina’s answers, and he came up with a concrete conclusion.

Right on the heels of that, he began his dream divination based on what he knew of the eight secret mausoleums. He saw the corresponding areas and their blurry states.

This made him understand that entry was impossible via normal methods. Even the process of prying without interference had difficulties in locating the interior of the mausoleums.

This is very troublesome… Also, when I was channeling the Demoness of White girl's spirit, it was quite different from the time when I did it for Qonas Kilgor and Hvin Rambis. She had too many expressions, and her answer was more proactive… Is this something special about Demonesses, or is it due to other factors? With a thought, he beckoned with his hand to draw out a piece of paper that was stained with Vice Admiral Ailment's blood. He wrote down the corresponding sentence and made a dream divination to search for his target.

In the blurry world, Klein saw Tracy, who had escaped from her spider webs, looking out the window.

There was a dark and illusory storm around there, making it impossible for him to know where it was.

Tracy has escaped… She doesn't look sad. She only feels a certain amount of anger and confusion… Her relationship with the Demoness of White is so terrible? Or could it be… Just as he was feeling puzzled, he saw a black flame suddenly ignite and melt his dream away.

He opened his eyes and confirmed that he could no longer use the blood in his hand to divine the location of Vice Admiral Ailment Tracy. This meant that a demigod powerhouse had used a mysticism technique to sever the connection between the two.

Could it be that the Demoness of White Katarina isn't dead yet? This… Right, when the Red Angel evil spirit answered me, "He" was using rhetorical questions. He didn't admit it at all… I was channeling the spirit

of a living person! Klein was instantly enlightened as he hurriedly made another divination. Finally, he confirmed that the Demoness of White really was still alive.

Indeed, the Red Angel evil spirit's true target isn't the Demoness of White… Also, combined with the feedback from the progress of my potion's digestion, is it right for me to say that the Red Angel evil spirit is weaker than I imagined? "He" hasn't even recovered to the level of Sequence 2, and he was unable to quickly finish off the Demoness of White. "He" could only rely on other means to subdue her? After pondering for a moment, Klein realized he couldn't come to a conclusion.

He quickly reined in his thoughts and stopped considering the problem. This was because he had already obtained the information he needed from Demoness of White Katarina.

Klein put down the piece of paper that was stained with Vice Admiral Ailment's blood and suddenly chuckled.

Severing the connection between the blood and the body, preventing powers of divination and prophecy from using it as a medium?

I wonder if it will work when rubbing it on the surface of Groselle's Travels?

After looking at the piece of paper for a few seconds, Klein temporarily gave up on the idea of testing it, because there was no need for it.

His focus quickly shifted to the other eight mausoleums of George III.

Ordinary lines of thought shouldn't work. The things that I can come up with are definitely things that the angels and saints under George III can figure out as well…

If it wasn't for the fact that the gods have already tacitly allowed this matter, exposing this matter by printing it on flyers might've been

effective…

Hmm, teleportation nexus… the Tudor Ruins… This…

As he thought about it, a thought suddenly came to his mind. He had an idea.

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CHAPTER 1112
TRAVELING NOTEBOOK

In the magnificent palace above the gray fog, Klein stretched out his right hand and tapped the edge of the long, mottled table as he muttered silently, The five large family clans of the Tudor Dynasty are Amon, Abraham, Antigonus, Jacob, and Tamara… The one who helped Alista Tudor become Blood Emperor were the Kings of Angels, Adam, Amon, and Abraham…

Can it be inferred that, during the time of the Tudor-Trunsoest United Empire, there were the consuls, Amon and Abraham standing beside Alista?

If that's the case, Blood Emperor Alista Tudor didn't have plans on switching paths in the beginning. When he secretly constructed the mausoleums, he likely would've sought the help of one or more of the following: Amon, Abraham, and Antigonus. As for Bethel Abraham, he's Mr. Door, and he grasps the Apprentice pathway. When it comes to "Teleportation," even a true deity might not be as good as "Him"…

So, could the teleportation nexus in the Tudor ruins be set up by Bethel Abraham?

There's a high chance of that!

Yes, only important figures like Mr. Door can enter and exit a secret ruin at such a level. Even my divination above the gray fog is unable to pinpoint its location. Likewise, it's difficult for an angel who wields Concealment to enter it directly…

Amidst his thoughts, Klein was leaning more and more towards his own guess being closer to that of reality.

I wonder if Mr. Door left behind any relevant information to provide accurate coordinates or methods of entry? This would require Miss Magician to ask her teacher again…

Sigh, I really hope that Miss Magician can become a Traveler as soon as possible. That way, she wouldn’t need to rely on writing letters to contact her teacher. She could "Teleport" over directly. Yes, she can do it now, but the act of being able to "Record" so many "Traveling" spells would scare her teacher and arouse suspicion. It’s really troublesome…

If there are no records left behind by the Abraham family, do I have to attempt to converse with Mr. Door? Not only is this troublesome, but it’s also dangerous… Most importantly, Miss Magician isn’t even Sequence 5 yet. She hasn’t been able to clearly hear, much less respond to Mr. Door. It’s impossible for me to turn her into my marionette or descend onto her body… Early on, Klein had seriously considered communicating with Mr. Door through Miss Magician when he first pulled her above the gray fog. Later, after he came to learn more, he grew increasingly apprehensive about the idea, and he didn’t dare take the risk.

Furthermore, the level he was at now lacked the measures that spelled sufficiency and security.

As his thoughts churned, he suddenly sighed and said a word, "Patience…”

At sea, on an island with relatively high pirate activity.

Fors raised her glass and took a sip of the transparent and colorless liquid in anticipation.

Her face scrunched up as if she had tasted something hard to swallow.

Pfft, isn’t this Lanti Proof too inferior? Why are they having so much fun drinking this? Fors put down her cup, raised her right hand, and fanned her mouth. She softly muttered, "Apart from the alcohol content, it doesn’t have any other strengths. Oh right, it’s also cheap!"

After drinking a mouthful of cold water from another cup, Fors picked up a fountain pen and wrote in a rather poor quality notebook:

"The pirates here are only in pursuit of strong liquor while keeping an eye on the price. To them, being drunk is more important than anything else.

"Three pirate friends that I know have told me that this port city was built by them. At first, they only docked their ships here to hide their loot and settle their families. Later on, the bankrupt, adventurers, and tax fugitives came to this place and settled down. They also ploughed the lands on the island and built houses. Finally, an entrepot market was formed, and the merchants at sea swarmed over like sharks smelling blood."

At this point, Fors looked up at the three pirates curled up in a corner.

"Do you have anything else to say?"

The three burly pirates trembled at the same time and said with a mournful expression, "No, really. We have nothing."

…I have to say that it feels pretty good to imitate Mr. World's attitude when it comes to dealing with pirates… Fors sighed and shook her head. She retracted her gaze and continued writing:

"There's a liberal mood here. If the women are interested in any man, they can, like the men, offer a price. Similarly, it works when a man catches the eye of another man, or when a woman catches the eye of another woman. According to my three pirate friends, due to the long periods of repression and boredom while drifting out at sea, it's inevitable for some people to experiment with certain forbidden taboos. In this aspect, they've been very honest and even described their experiences…

"In addition, they informed me of things that I never dared believed: Pirates actually advocate the concept of democracy and justice.

"This has completely overturned my understanding. But on careful thought, it doesn’t seem difficult to understand. At least they didn’t say that they were pursuing justice.

"The explanation from my three pirate friends is that when a person with his weapons doesn’t have absolute, overwhelming strength, it’s always the case of there being tyranny from the majority on a pirate ship. Furthermore, a large ship requires a lot of people to run it… When these factors are combined, it makes the pirate crew very particular about democracy. There will always be a captain who will be voted by his or her crew now and then to be banished or even killed.

"I believe that if a captain possesses absolute strength, the pirate crew would definitely develop another style of governance."

At this point, Fors looked out the window again and saw that, under the blue sky and white clouds, buildings made of wood and rocks formed a dense circle around a market. From time to time, she could see a few children in tattered clothes skipping past.

Upon hearing the extremely lively commotion, Fors wrote again:

"There’s no urban planning here at all. Everyone casually builds their houses and expands their borders. As a result, many roads only allow for one person to walk through. There’s no sunlight at all…

"My first reaction is that once a fire breaks out, the outcome will be extremely terrifying. Backlund once had a similar tragedy. However, my three pirate friends told me that this isn’t something worth worrying about, because it’s humid and often rains here. People with special powers never keep it under wraps…

"This place is still under the influence of war. Although it’s chaotic, it gives people a sense of tranquility.

"Also, what they’re most afraid of isn’t the King of the Five Seas, Nast, or all sorts of horrifying legends, but rather of the crazy adventurer, Gehrman Sparrow. Every pirate is warned by their peers not to drink too late into the night.

They shouldn’t take a walk in the middle of the night or use small alleys. That’s because it might lead to them going missing. And the murderer is rumored to be that gentleman…

"Is this a form of ‘hunting’?"

As she wrote, Fors’s expression gradually turned solemn. She hurriedly pulled out another stack of paper and added on the content:

“…There’s a unique coldness that wafts through the hospital at night, and the darkness outside the window is much thicker than other places…

“…No one knows why that young lady who lives in a single ward gets her family members to bring her mushrooms and weeds. No one knows where these things end up. In short, there were no signs of any fires in the ward, and there’s no abandoned junk outside. This makes the nurses suspect that the patient is secretly eating mushrooms and weeds…”

Standing in front of the mountain, Afternoon Town, which was divided into three regions of the top, middle and bottom, had a camp set up by the City of Silver.

Derrick Berg clasped his hands and placed them in front of his mouth, softly chanting, "The Fool that doesn’t belong to this era…”

After piously chanting, he stood up and picked up the ancient bronze cross that was covered with sharp spikes, walking towards the bonfire outside.

As the Unshadowed Crucifix couldn’t coexist with other mystical items, his giant hammer named Thunder God’s Roar could only be temporarily left to Haim and Joshua to carry with them.

As the City of Silver’s expedition team gathered, Klein, who was in Backlund, had already arrived above the gray fog. He picked up the Sea God Scepter and, with the help of one of the crimson star’s burgeoning and contracting, he saw the situation in Afternoon Town, and he expanded his vision towards the Giant King’s Court.

If he didn’t use the prayer light and the Sea God Scepter, Klein was unable to expand his field of view by relying only on the crimson stars.

As his gaze moved, a beautiful but deep dusk gradually appeared in his eyes.

In the area where dusk was frozen, there were countless palaces, countless towers, and many majestic city walls. They were magnificent and opulent, resembling a miracle found in myths and legends. Furthermore, they were frozen in time.

The Giant King’s Court!

As he tried to zoom in with his vision, Klein realized that he was unable to see the exact situation beneath the dusk.

As expected of the divine kingdom of an ancient god, and it’s not the kind that has been abandoned or hidden… It’s no wonder that the Kings of Angels chose this place for a secret gathering… I hope that Little Sun’s prayer after entering the Giant King’s Court will help me see it more clearly… Klein nodded thoughtfully.

At the same time, he focused a portion of his attention on Shepherd Elder Lovia. He discovered that this lady had an illusory silver armor covering her entire body.

This should be the evil spirit she "Grazed”…I haven’t seen any effects from the True Creator yet… Klein slowly let out a breath and patiently waited for the subsequent developments.

After a while, under the lead of Chief Colin Iliad, the nine-men expedition team, including Derrick Berg, left the Afternoon Town camp. They followed the stairs paved with gray stones and walked towards the peak of the mountain.

They were at least Sequence 6 Beyonders, and most of them belonged to the Warrior pathway. They moved at relatively fast speeds, clearing a few waves of monsters that were mainly rotten giants. Finally, they arrived at the region shrouded by dusk. They were shocked by the grand and epic building, and no one spoke for a short period of time.

This was also the first time they had encountered a place where there were no flashes of lightning, a place that was illuminated by "natural" light!

Demon Hunter Colin narrowed his eyes. He took out a small metal bottle and drank the liquid inside.

After their evolution over the many generations, they were more accustomed to the dark environment with frequent lightning. They were instinctively afraid of such a situation that was in a state of frozen twilight.

It was both a point of hope and fear.

After drinking the prepared potion and mentally preparing himself, Colin Iliad and Shepherd Lovia led the members of the expedition team as they stepped into the region illuminated by the sunset.

Before Derrick could sense anything, he saw the Unshadowed Crucifix in his hand drop, revealing a corporeal form formed from pure light.

However, the light emitted by the corporeal body was no longer pure. It was tainted with an orange-red color unique to dusk.

Right on the heels of that, Derrick felt his condition plummet. It was as if he was at the weakest point of the "day," ready to welcome the approaching "night."

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CHAPTER 1113
POWERFUL GUARDIAN

The towering building stood quietly in the frozen dusk. There wasn't any sound in the area, as though it was just an oil painting.

After passing through such an environment, Derrick Berg became even more high-strung than when he had explored the depths of the darkness. The hair on his back stood on end.

After entering a place shrouded in dusk, the entire exploration team, including Chief Colin Iliad and Shepherd Elder Lovia, couldn't help but show signs of exhaustion and looking worn out. It was as if they had reached the end of their lives. And as they proceeded forward, rotting giants ran out of different buildings in increasing numbers and increasing strength.

With one side weakened and the other side strengthened, it became difficult for them to advance. After several intense battles, the City of Silver's expedition team finally broke through the "lockdown" and "barricades" of the monsters and came to an extremely quiet area. There wasn't any sound at all, and that only served to leave their scalps tingling.

With regards to this, Demon Hunter Colin Iliad had no choice but to break the silence and remind everyone, "This means that we have truly entered the Giant King's Court and are about to approach the core region. The danger level will only increase and not decrease."

Upon hearing this, a few members of the expedition team began to waver due to the influence of the "twilight." From their point of view, although they didn't dare to stay in one place in the earlier stages most of the time, afraid that they would be surrounded by the rotting giants, they had

ultimately eliminated all the monsters in a tiny area. They felt that they could rest for a while and obtain many Beyonder characteristics, mystical ingredients, and potion formulas. This expedition could be said to have been very fruitful, leaving them no reason to continue delving deeper. What they should do was seek out a suitable building and set up an advance camp to make preparations for a second expedition.

Faced with such a suggestion, Colin Iliad didn't say much. He only emphasized that the objective of this exploration was to figure out the general situation of the Giant King's Court as much as possible, so as to accumulate sufficient information for the subsequent operations.

Then, he let one of the members named Antiona to "Placate" those who had wavering wills.

As the Shepherd Elder Lovia also supported the Chief, a small number of the members of the expedition team quickly adjusted their mindset and quietly followed the Chief forward.

After a while, they saw a huge stone staircase. It was entirely grayish-white, but it was dyed with an orange-yellow glow. It was gorgeous and silent.

Every step of the staircase was relatively high. If it were any ordinary human, they would definitely find it very difficult to walk. Fortunately, the shortest member of the expedition team, Elder Lovia, was nearly 1.9 meters tall, and she could muster strong winds.

On the huge staircase, it was so majestic that one had to look up to see the city walls at the top. There were many signs of burn marks and damage on the walls, and some places were impaled with arrows that were as thick as ordinary trees. The several-meter-long arrows had even caused some rocks to crumble.

In the middle of the city wall was a door that was tens of meters tall. Its color was closer to grayish-blue, and there were golden nails embedded in

it. There were two guards standing outside that exuded an extremely oppressive stance simply by looking at them.

They were five to six meters tall, wearing exquisite, sturdy silver full-body armor. One of them held a great sword, while the other held a greataxe towards the ground. Behind the armored visor, there was a ball of orange light that looked like a single eye.

"Silver Knight…" Demon Hunter Colin raised his right hand and swung his sword horizontally to stop the members of the expedition team behind him.

He had long removed the two swords on his back and applied different concoctions on them.

Silver Knight... Derrick Berg's eyelids twitched as he felt his heart palpitate.

He had recently come into contact with information that only the upper echelons of the City of Silver knew about. He knew that the Giant pathway's Sequence 3 was called Silver Knight. He also knew that the City of Silver lacked the correct potion formula, but it had the corresponding Beyonder characteristic.

What horrified Derrick was that the guards of the Giant King's Court core were actually two Sequence 3 demigods. This was a level higher than the City of Silver's strongest combat force!

This was only the area of the royal court's entrance. So it was questionable what they would encounter if they ventured deeper.

After the initial shock, Derrick couldn't help but feel a sense of anticipation.

Perhaps, he could find the potion formulas after the Giant pathway's Sequence 4 in the Giant King's Court.

That way, the Chief could become a Silver Knight and greatly increase the strength of the City of Silver. When the time came, they could explore the

Giant King's Court at a deeper level, find more potion formulas, hunt more monsters, and obtain even higher level Beyonder characteristics and magical materials.

Subconsciously, Derrick looked around and discovered that the reactions of the other members of the expedition team, such as Joshua, Haim, and Antiona, were basically identical to his. They were both nervous and fearful, but also somewhat hopeful.

At this moment, Shepherd Elder Lovia took two steps forward and stood beside Colin Iliad. She looked up at the gray-blue door and the two Silver Knights who were in an unknown state and said, "If there was only one, then we would have a chance of finishing it off."

What she really meant was that, now that there were two Silver Knights, even if they were willing to suffer heavy casualties, they were unable to clear the enemies. After all, even if the Chief could control his Mythical Creature form and normally battle a Sequence 3, the environment here didn't permit him to make similar attempts—the decadence that the twilight had brought might make something that could previously be resisted into something impossible to withstand.

Colin Iliad nodded and glanced at both Lovia and Derrick Berg before observing the area ahead.

"From the looks of it, as long as we don't get close to that door, the two guards won't attack us."

"Perhaps we can try to lure one of the Silver Knights away to finish it off?" The female warrior named Antiona suggested after some deliberation.

She had long, wine-red hair, and her facial features weren't considered exquisite. However, when combined together, she looked extremely elegant and beautiful.

In this expedition, her main mission was to rely on a Sealed Artifact she wielded to treat her teammates' psychological problems and fight against enemies of the psyche domain.

Her exact thoughts were to wait for the members to lure one of the Silver Knights away before using the terrain and their combined efforts. As for the Chief and Elder Lovia, they could work together to deal with the remaining one as soon as possible.

This was a textbook solution that the City of Silver had used in situations they had encountered.

"Even if there's only one Silver Knight, it will be very difficult. Furthermore, there's no guarantee that the Silver Knight you lure away won't directly reveal its Mythical Creature form." Demon Hunter Colin firmly rejected her suggestion.

Ignoring the fact that the Silver Knight had powerful Beyonder powers, as long as it revealed its Mythical Creature form, most of the members of the City of Silver's expedition team wouldn't be able to look at it directly and would be affected. There was no way they could run circles with it.

Without waiting for the rest of the team members to speak, Colin Iliad looked back and said, "Let's take another path.

"Derrick found some information in the world of reflections in Afternoon Town. It recorded a tunnel behind the Giant King's Court."

Shepherd Elder Lovia cast her gaze on Derrick Berg. She was indifferent, calm, and without any emotions.

Derrick subconsciously raised the "Unshadowed Crucifix" higher, restraining his indescribable shivers.

"Alright." Lovia agreed with Colin Iliad's suggestion.

Hence, the expedition team retreated from the huge stone staircase and headed left.

Before long, they saw a rugged trail. On the right was a towering cliff, and on the left was a bottomless chasm that was tainted with the glow of the sunset.

Of course, it was only a trail for giants. To the members of the City of Silver's expedition team, it was still relatively spacious.

As they proceeded forward, Derrick and company's spiritual perception were triggered as they subconsciously looked to the side.

At the edge of the cliff, grayish-blue swollen palms stretched out from the orange clouds and grabbed onto the ground. They were densely packed and difficult to count.

If they were all giants—even if they were Sequence 7 or 6 giants—they were able to destroy the City of Silver's expedition team here relying on sheer numbers.

Just as Colin Iliad was about to swing his sword, Derrick suddenly had a strange, subtle feeling. He quickly raised the Unshadowed Crucifix higher and pressed one of his fingers onto a particular thorn, causing bright red blood to seep out.

The pure cross emitted a bright twilight glow as though it had returned to the state of "noon." They surged towards the edge of the cliff, enveloping the gray-blue giants that attempted to climb up.

The giants froze at the same time as their bodies began to fade, quickly melting away.

They weren't real giants, but that of wraith and shadows left behind after the tragic deaths of those giants. Therefore, the Unshadowed Crucifix had sensed them.

It was a saint-level Sealed Artifact of the Sun domain, the nemesis of wraiths, shadows, and evil spirits.

After easily killing these monsters, the City of Silver's expedition team warily continued proceeding forward. After a while, they finally circled around the mountain wall and cliff and saw a dark forest.

In the forest, the trees were tens of meters tall and were extremely thick. However, their barks were peeling off, and the trunks rotting. The leaves were withered, giving the feeling that they were waning.

The leaves were supposed to be entangled together, but they formed a barricade in midair, blocking the light of dusk, darkening its interior. But at that moment, due to the large number of collapsed and fallen trees, the orange-red glow had already scattered across most of the areas within the forest that were visible with the naked eye.

Derrick looked ahead and silently calculated how much longer he could use the Unshadowed Crucifix. He said to the Chief and his teammates, "This is the Waning Forest where the ancestors of the giants are buried. In other words, the Giant King's parents."

Colin Iliad stared at the forest and said, "It has already been destroyed. Even if there are still remnants of danger, it won't be too powerful. We can try exploring it."

"Yes, Your Excellency," Derrick replied without hesitation. "My cross can deal with the environment here. I'll walk in front."

He remembered that Mr. World had reminded him that there might be some kind of corruption lurking in the forest, and that the Unshadowed Crucifix could provide him with an effective warning.

The grizzled Colin nodded gently and said, "Be careful of your surroundings."

Derrick took a silent breath and took a large stride forward and walked towards the Waning Forest.

At the same time, he used the convenience of walking ahead to softly recite Mr. Fool's honorific name.

Then, Klein, whose gaze that had been blocked by the dusk and had been disconnected for some time, could finally see the actual situation. However, he was unable to significantly expand his range of sight.

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CHAPTER 1114
THE REMNANT WILL

The forest that should've been engulfed in darkness and in decline was filled with the orange-red light of dusk. The light was intense and burned like fire, but it couldn't help but carry a sense of brilliance with it that couldn't be ignored.

With the Unshadowed Crucifix that seemed like pure light condensating in his hand, Derrick Berg slowly walked ahead. The grizzled Demon Hunter Colin, who was walking behind him to the left, held two straight swords in his hand. Haim, who was walking behind him to the right, held the Thunder God's Roar hammer. This two-meter-tall half-giant was prepared to switch the hammer for the Sealed Artifact with Derrick at any time.

The radiance emitted by the Unshadowed Crucifix became increasingly dim, as though the sun had already set in the horizon, leaving only a sliver of golden light.

Of course, no one from the City of Silver had ever seen such a scene before. They could only use the descriptions from ancient literature to imagine it. Similarly, this was the first time they understood what a sunset meant.

Whoosh!

As the exploration team ventured deeper, a wind began to blow in the nearly frozen Waning Forest. It was as if countless living beings were weeping deep within the forest.

However, Derrick and company didn't feel any effects of the wind.

Whoosh!

The sound of the wind intensified, making his heart tremble. Derrick suddenly felt a chill run down his neck, causing his hair to stand on end. His body and mind turned cold.

Generally speaking, it was human instinct to shrink their necks, raise their arms, and defend their backs at such moments in time. They would then half-turn their bodies, observe the situation, and be ready to attack. However, Derrick didn't do so, because in a dangerous environment, rashness would often result in terrible situations. Furthermore, he had the Chief and his teammate behind him. He had full faith in them that they would react in time; thus, he had handed his life to them.

With a swoosh, a silvery-white blade wrapped by a small snake-like electric bolt flew across the side of Derrick's neck, vaporizing a blurry and twisted figure into the light of dusk.

At the same time, the Unshadowed Crucifix was triggered by something. It suddenly broke out of its gloomy and dim state, making the light it emitted to once again become bright and pure.

Dawn seemed to come to the surrounding area immediately as indescribable black shadows began to show themselves in the light of dawn before quickly melting away.

After everything calmed down, Derrick looked ahead and asked curiously, "What are these? They don't look like wraiths, shadows, or evil spirits…”

Demon Hunter Colin surveyed the area and slowly said, "A remnant aura of some sort… They seem to have combined with the power of dusk, causing a certain anomaly."

I've never seen such monsters.… Derrick tightened his grip on the Unshadowed Crucifix and moved his other finger, which hadn't been stabbed, onto the thorns.

Relying on the Unshadowed Crucifix which was the nemesis of the evil around them, the expedition team proceeded rather smoothly. Before long, they arrived deep in the Waning Forest. Through the trees, they could vaguely see a cliff and orange-red clouds in the distance.

The damage here wasn't too serious. The branches and leaves remained suspended in midair, blocking the frozen dusk, making the environment darken.

After carefully circling around the place, the area before Derrick's eyes suddenly lit up. He saw two grayish-white, mottled tombstones.

Before he could carefully observe them, the rays of dusk that shone through the gaps of the leaves had produced a strange refraction effect at the same time, interweaving themselves into a gigantic figure that was nearly ten meters tall.

This figure was very blurry and contained an everlasting and imperturbable air to it. It was like a reflection from a mythical era.

Its skin was grayish-blue, and it wore silver-gray armor that seemed to be stained with blood. Its face was glowing like the setting sun, as though it was a manifestation of its eyes. Just its existence alone had caused the surrounding trees and the void to bend, making everything around it to begin waning uncontrollably.

Upon witnessing this scene, a thought surfaced in everyone's mind without any explanation:

Giant King, Ancient God Aurmir!

Goosebumps appeared on the skins of the members of the expedition team —Joshua, Haim, and Antiona. Bit by bit, the goosebumps emitted grayish-blue colors. At the center of their eyebrows, flesh and blood were squirming, as if a monster was about to bore out.

They had collectively been put into the state of being on the verge of losing control.

They didn't even see the Mythical Creature form. Merely approaching the figure had led to signs of losing control as the severity of it increased.

Derrick Berg was relatively alright because the pure light of the Unshadowed Crucifix had enveloped him, giving him a warm feeling, allowing him to temporarily withstand the waning effect.

At this moment, Colin Iliad had already bent down. He held two swords that were smeared with ointment, and he ran towards that terrifying figure like a hurricane at high speeds.

However, this Demon Hunter didn't charge in a straight line. His footwork was ingenious as he moved left and right, approaching his enemy in a zigzag-like manner.

The gigantic figure that stood in the twilight looked at everything with its sunset-like eyes. It seemed emotionless, like a statue carved out of stone.

Suddenly, the glow on its face flashed.

It then bent down and heavily pounded its fists on the ground.

Boom!

The ground shook violently as a fissure opened up. It made Derrick and the others lose their balance as they staggered and almost fell.

As for Demon Hunter Colin, he had leaped up ahead of time to a height of more than ten meters, and he cleaved downward with his two swords in a domineering manner.

At that moment, the figure that seemed to come from a mythical legend pulled out an illusory sword from the fissure in the ground. The giant sword

that seemed like a manifestation of dusk itself was suddenly swung forward.

The orange-red storm of light suddenly took form and swept towards Demon Hunter Colin, as well as Derrick and company who were right behind him.

Wherever the light passed, the trees would wither and the soil would turn to sand. Everything began waning in an irreversible manner as a path was drawn out.

Boom!

The twilight storm was blocked by invisible walls, causing the forest to shake.

At some point in time, Shepherd Elder Lovia had appeared beside Derrick. In front of him was a tall and illusory figure covered in silver armor.

The figure with a dark red glow near its eyes genuflected and stabbed an illusory greatsword into the ground, creating an unusually strong and invisible wall.

Bam!

At this moment, Demon Hunter Colin's two swords slashed at the nearly ten-meter-tall figure that possessed the aura of an ancient god, sending off countless sparks.

The silver-white figure didn't suffer any damage. The silver-gray armor that was covered in blood spots only dimmed a little.

With the force of the rebound, Colin once again soared up. He flipped in midair and launched his attack again.

In the Waning Domain, he didn't dare release his Mythical Creature form, because it was very likely that there was no way of reversing it.

Seeing that the phantom that stemmed from a mythical legend had been blocked, Derrick hurriedly followed the sudden tremor and heat from the Unshadowed Crucifix in his palm, and he pressed his finger against a spike.

His blood surged into the cross along with the pain. A vigorous and bright light churned out, flying into the air and turning downwards, instantly enveloping the figure in silver-gray armor. His eyes were like a miniature setting sun.

In the holy, solemn, and pure light, the gigantic and illusory figure stopped moving, as if it had encountered its natural enemy, and the silver-gray armor that was tainted with the light of dusk began to melt.

Seizing this opportunity, the evil spirit knight in front of Shepherd Elder Lovia pulled out the illusory greatsword from the ground. With several silver rifts that oscillated between disappearing and reappearing, they instantly struck the enemy.

Demon Hunter Colin's two swords cleaved downward, as though they were emitting rays of the light of dawn that enveloped the head of the ancient figure.

Joshua, Haim, and the others didn't hesitate to unleash their strongest attacks.

After three rounds, the illusory figure that seemed to have transmigrated from time had finally begun to crumble, being reduced to burning orange dots of light.

When Demon Hunter Colin landed on the ground, he deliberated and said, "That should've been the remnants of the Giant King's will to protect this area. After many years of melding with the environment, it has a certain degree of strength and a form. It's a type of evil spirit.

"What secrets are hidden here…”

Upon hearing the Chief's words, everyone cast their gazes forward, towards the place where the terrifying phantom had barred their way. The atmosphere was rather heavy.

Fortunately, it was only an evil spirit that was restrained by the Unshadowed Crucifix… It was just a tiny portion of its remnant will and had almost no strength left. After thousands of years, it's still as terrifying as ever. What would a real ancient god be like… Uh, why would "He" have such a strong will to protect this? Is it because it's where "His" parents are buried? As Derrick heaved a sigh of relief, he followed the Chief and company towards the tomb while being plagued with puzzlement and curiosity.

Phew… There's no need for me to do anything… I have to say, this Unshadowed Crucifix really is very useful in the Giant King's Court. It's so good that I'm wondering if it's Adam's goal… Above the gray fog, Klein heaved a sigh of relief and lowered the Sea God Scepter that had been raised higher.

He then cast his gaze at the place where the Giant King's remnant will had continued protecting for over thousands of years.

The first thing he saw was two ancient mottled tombstones. On them were the words "Father" and "Mother" in Jotun.

They contained a mysteriousness that could stir the powers of nature. It allowed one to directly feel the mixed emotions of nostalgia, sadness, pain, and guilt without realizing that they were infected and making them feel depressed.

Behind the stone pillar was a grave, but it had already been destroyed, revealing two black coffins underneath.

It was unknown who had opened the lids of the coffins, as though a confirmation had been made. This made the two grayish-white skeletons lying inside become bathed in the light that penetrated through the leaves, dyeing them with an orange-red color that resembled blood.

These two skeletons had the shape of humans. One was less than 1.9 meters tall, while the other was less than 1.8 meters tall.

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CHAPTER 1115
INSIDE THE KING'S COURT

One of the two humanoid skeletons wasn't more than 1.9 meters tall, while the other was less than 1.8 meters tall. It looked ordinary, but it delivered an unimaginable blow to Klein who was above the gray fog.

At that moment, it was as though he had returned to the time when he saw the door of light and the "cocoons." Although the emotions he felt were different, the shock was almost identical.

This… This isn't the corpse of a giant… This definitely belongs to a human… The parents of the Giant King Aurmir were humans? Klein's pupils dilated suddenly, as though they were thirsting to let more light in for him to see it more clearly.

However, no matter how he observed or scrutinized the skeletons, he couldn't find any characteristics of giants from the two grayish-white skeletons.

Their limbs were perfectly proportional, and their bones had two eye sockets. They were definitely not underaged giants!

After a brief moment of silence, Klein lowered his hand with the Sea God Scepter once again as thoughts flashed through his mind:

Perhaps they're parents that aren't related by blood… Maybe, the ancestors of the giants are humans… In the First Epoch where chaos and madness reigned, some humans fused with the Beyonder characteristics, mutating into cruel, irrational, and bloodthirsty giants? On the one hand, their descendants inherited their physical characteristics, and on the other hand,

they gradually recovered mentally. Hence, they stabilized themselves to become a savage and bloodthirsty race. Among them, Giant King Aurmir was the first batch of mutants, but "He" had managed to maintain a certain level of rationality; hence, becoming an ancient god? The source of all of this does resemble the origin myths, the original Creator?

After his thoughts settled into a theory, he began making connections while coming up with more questions:

Why does the Giant King want to label the Waning Forest as a forbidden area and not allow any living creatures to enter?

"He" doesn't wish for the fact of humans being the ancestors of giants to be known?

But if that's really the case, "He" could've just cremated his parents' remains. There's no need to go through so much trouble… Moreover, what's with that strong sense of guilt?

Who opened the tomb? The ancient sun god who killed the Giant King? The God of Dawn, Badheil, or the other subsidiary gods of the Giant King's Court?

Also, since the ancestor of giants was human, what about elves, Sanguine, and other supernatural beings? The ancestors of dragons are actually lizards?

In the middle of the Second Epoch, were there factors regarding their different origins, that led to the conflict between the different factions of the quasi-human and the mutants?"

As Klein didn't have enough clues or information, it was difficult for him to make any judgment or think of any more possibilities. He could only forcefully rein in his thoughts and focus his attention on the City of Silver's expedition team.

At this moment, Demon Hunter Colin led Lovia, Derrick, and company to the stone tablet and saw the remains in the tomb.

They also fell into an indescribable silence for a long time.

Finally, Joshua, who was wearing a scarlet glove, asked hesitantly, "These are the parents of the Giant King?"

From this City of Silver's Dawn Paladin's point of view, the two corpses were indeed not as tall as giants. They were even inferior to him from back when he had just become an adult.

If they were identified as young giants, then the proportions and facial features of their bodies didn't match.

Joshua's question reverberated in the surroundings, but no one answered.

After a few seconds, Demon Hunter Colin slowly said, "That's why it's a secret."

He didn't mention his thoughts or theories.

“…Does this mean that giants are actually a branch of humans, a result of the transformation brought about by Beyonder characteristics?" Upon hearing this, the wine-red-haired Antiona said thoughtfully.

The ancestors of the giants are humans? Derrick felt a little dizzy from the shock. He felt that there was a huge gap between the two.

With this thought in mind, he recalled his companions who had lost control, especially those from the Giant pathway. He slowly and vaguely believed that it wasn't impossible.

Those who lost control usually became abnormally large. Their skin was covered in grayish-blue color, and there was a huge crack in the middle of their brows that sucked in their pair of eyes.

"Perhaps," Demon Hunter Colin answered briefly.

The members of the City of Silver's expedition team fell silent once again.

In this atmosphere, Derrick glanced at Shepherd Elder Lovia and realized that this member of the six-member council had a calm expression. It was neither solemn or confused.

At this moment, Demon Hunter Colin looked around and said, "Split up into groups of two to three people and search the surrounding areas. Let's see if there's anything to be found."

The members of the expedition team snapped back to their senses and began carefully exploring the area according to the Chief's instructions.

Unfortunately, this Waning Forest didn't have anything of value other than trees, tomb tablets, or tombs.

Without further delay, Derrick exchanged Sealed Artifacts with Haim to prevent his Beyonder characteristic from being purged by the Unshadowed Crucifix.

Then, they followed Demon Hunter Colin out of the Waning Forest, circled around the protruding boulder along the mountain, and found the gigantic cave that was thirty meters tall.

Outside the cave, a stone stele had already shattered into pieces and was growing weeds.

Under the orange glow of the twilight, there was an indescribable sense of waning death.

After entering the cave, the City of Silver's expedition team followed the weathered stone slabs and the peeling murals. They walked between the withered weeds and rough gravel, and they warily explored the area.

With every step they took, they would feel that their lifespans were weakening and were becoming dehydrated.

After an unknown period of time, the City of Silver's expedition team finally saw a grayish-blue door which was open.

On both sides of the door were pieces of iron-black fragments that seemed to belong to some sort of armor.

"There should've been guards here," Colin said simply. He took out a bottle of medicine and gulped it down.

His light blue eyes were quickly tinged with a layer of dark yellow, and two complex dark-green symbols appeared in his pupils.

After carefully observing the grayish-blue door for a while, he nodded and walked into the dark hall.

All of them passed through the door and came inside. The hall seemed to be held by an invisible hand as it rose up after a loud thud.

More than ten seconds later, the hall stopped moving. Outside the door, a magnificent palace propped up by stone pillars appeared. It looked like the residence of the guards.

Derrick subconsciously looked around and swept his gaze across the various items in the hall. He saw two murals with ancient characteristics.

The main character of a mural was a giant who wore full-body silver armor and emitted an obvious glow. At the location of his eyes, there was a blob condensed from the dawn of light. In the middle of another mural stood a lady with long dark brown hair. She was a female giant in a long leather skirt. She held a wheat head and fruits and was surrounded by fields ready to be harvested, clear lake waters, fruit-bearing trees, and bright mushrooms.

God of Dawn Badheil… Goddess of Harvest Omebella… Derrick came to a realization as he nodded slightly.

He then retracted his gaze and saw the Chief staring at the mural that represented the Goddess of Harvest. His expression was still as heavy as before.

Is the Chief hoping that the City of Silver would also have a real "harvest"? As Derrick thought, he followed the orders of Shepherd Elder Lovia, forming a team with the others. They then searched for valuable items and checked if there were any hidden passageways.

About seven to eight minutes later, they gathered together and followed Chief Colin Iliad into the main door of the hall.

Colin Iliad stabbed the two swords into the gap between the stone slabs in front of him. He stretched out his hands and pressed them on both sides of the door. With just a bit of force, it opened its mouth with a heavy rumble.

The orange and splendid light of dusk silently shone in, allowing the City of Silver's expedition team to see palaces and the numerous towers that delivered a strong visual impact.

The scale, magnificence, and epic feeling of a myth felt more obvious and shocking due to the close proximity between them. Everyone subconsciously held their breaths and forgot about anything else, fully immersing themselves in the scenery.

It was the same for Klein above the gray fog.

This was the King's Court of the giants.

This was a real divine kingdom.

After about ten seconds, Demon Hunter Colin pulled out his swords and half-turned his body, saying to Shepherd Lovia, "Try checking out the

situation on both sides. I can't see what lies ahead too clearly."

The two dark-green symbols in his eyes slowly dissipated.

Lovia acknowledged his order and took two steps forward to the door.

Outside, there was a platform with staircases on both sides. In front of them stood a railing formed from grayish-white stone pillars that faced the tallest building in the area. There was a huge blue-gray door with countless mysterious symbols carved on both sides of it. It looked extremely dignified.

The corridors, stairs, and other objects connected the multitude of palaces and towers together. They were magnificent and brilliant.

Lovia's silver-gray hair floated up as the stone that was bathed in the light of dusk protruded out, forming a grayish-white doll.

The doll didn't have any spirituality. It was like a strung puppet as it walked to the left.

It followed the staircase and walked down one level after another amidst the rich orange light to help the expedition team confirm the situation.

Suddenly, its body stopped as fine silver light burst out from within, turning it into countless fragments.

Shepherd Lovia wasn't alarmed. She followed the steps from before and created another stone golem, making it head to the right.

This time, the stone golem walked to the end of the staircase and stopped at the entrance of the palace below without anything happening along the way.

Demon Hunter Colin watched intently the entire time before saying, "Let's go to the right, but we have to be careful as well."

Although he didn't find any danger, the fact that he couldn't discern the actual situation using his Beyonder powers meant that there were many problems.

With such a reminder, Derrick and company became even more and more tense. The groups of three began to slowly walk down as they watched each other's backs.

As they walked along the high stairs, Joshua, who was wearing a scarlet glove, suddenly heard a series of tapping sounds coming from behind him.

It was as if there was a person following them in silence.

And at this moment, Shepherd Elder Lovia was to his side. From the corner of his eye, he could tell that the footsteps were definitely not coming from her.

A chill ran down Joshua's spine as he hurriedly said in a deep voice, "There are footsteps behind me."

Lovia turned her head and allowed the five-meter-tall Silver Knight to appear in front of her. It sized up Joshua's back with its scarlet fiery eyes.

After a few seconds of silence, the Shepherd Elder shook her head.

"There's nothing there."

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CHAPTER 1116
FAMILIAR GAZE

Lovia’s response made Joshua even more wary. He looked at the other members of the expedition team and anxiously asked, "Did any of you hear any abnormal footsteps?"

With Thunder God’s Roar and a broadsword in hand, Derrick recalled for a few seconds and shook his head in denial. Haim, who held the Unshadowed Crucifix in his hand, looked at the Sealed Artifact that was still glowing and replied, "Perhaps it’s your hallucination?"

"No, I heard it very clearly." The scarlet-gloved Joshua frowned and expressed his opinion.

Upon hearing this, Demon Hunter Colin, who was walking right in front, half-turned around and calmly instructed, "Haim, Antiona, check on Joshua’s condition."

"Yes, Your Excellency." Haim immediately walked to Joshua and pressed the Unshadowed Crucifix which appeared to be a manifestation of pure light against his teammates’ forehead.

However, this Sealed Artifact didn’t undergo any changes.

Immediately following that, the wine-red-haired female warrior, Antiona, came to the side of Joshua and raised her left hand.

There was a pale gold bracelet around her wrist. On it were three small bells covered in golden scales.

The tinkling sounds that sounded calmed Joshua’s heart. He was no longer as tense and impatient.

"No problem." Antiona cast her gaze towards the Chief, Colin Iliad.

Two complex dark green symbols appeared in Colin’s eyes. He looked at Joshua for a few seconds before nodding and saying, "It might not be an illusion, but you have to be careful if any abnormalities arise within you."

Seeing the Chief supporting him, Joshua secretly heaved a sigh of relief.

"Alright."

After the doubts were temporarily put away, the City of Silver’s expedition team continued down the staircase that was covered in the glow of sunset one level after another.

Suddenly, everyone heard a groan.

From the corner of his eye, Derrick Berg saw Joshua raise his hands and strangle his neck.

As he was a Dawn Paladin, he had immense strength. Just as he let out a grunt, his hands snapped his neck.

With a gloomy and twisted expression, Joshua collapsed, his eyes filled with disbelief.

The person who killed him was himself!

"…”Although Derrick and the others didn’t manage to react in time, their years of training and the experience they had gained from exploring the depths of the darkness made them instinctively take up battle positions, wary of any subsequent attacks.

Then, they heard a muffled grunt.

It was from Shepherd Elder Lovia.

The facial muscles of the woman with long silver-gray hair tightened as obvious twitching and squirming appeared, as though another face had grown out.

She plopped to the ground on the wide staircase as she grimaced with indescribable pain.

Her hands moved slowly but uncontrollably as she clenched her neck.

Just as Lovia was about to exert her strength, two swords that were smeared with silver-gray ointment reached out and pried her palms apart.

Demon Hunter Colin, who was already prepared, reacted in time.

Lovia’s body twitched as she lowered her head even further. Opening her mouth, she spat out pieces of torn flesh and incomplete organs.

She took a deep breath, as though she had finally recovered. Then, she propped her elbow on the ground and took a step forward, prostrating herself and swallowing the flesh and blood organs that she had just spat out in a pious and humble manner.

Demon Hunter Colin, who had several old scars on his face, quietly watched this scene without stopping her.

Finally, Lovia looked up and said with her unfocused gray eyes, "It was degeneration.

"A form of degeneration that everyone has."

"Do you have a solution?" Colin asked without any change in his tone.

Lovia nodded without hesitation.

"Yes."

As soon as she finished speaking, she used her right hand to grab her left index finger. With a loud snap, she pulled it out and stuffed the blood and bones into her mouth. As she chewed, she muttered, "The Lord that created everything;

"The Lord who reigns behind the curtain of shadows;

The degenerate nature of all living things…”

The honorific name of the True Creator… Derrick’s eyelids twitched when he heard that. He suddenly felt that something subtle was happening around him.

The orange glow became more saturated and closer to the color of blood.

Above the gray fog, The Fool Klein’s expression instantly turned solemn.

Although he couldn’t see anything through his "true vision," he could vaguely sense that there was a gaze cast over from afar, causing it to interfere with his observations; thus, weakening his clarity and range.

In addition, that gaze gave him a strange sense of familiarity.

It’s difficult to not be familiar with it. The first half of my life after I transmigrated was to deal with "Him"—"His" son, "His" Oracle, "His" wish to descend, the items left behind by "Him", "His" crazy ravings, and all sorts of murals related to "Him”…At that moment, Klein was completely certain that the entity who had begun to focus on the City of Silver’s expedition team was none other than the True Creator.

Frankly speaking, when Lovia began to recite the honorific name of that entity, Klein wanted to directly smite her with "Lightning Storm" and eliminate the problem before it appeared. However, he ultimately held back the urge because he wasn’t confident that he could finish off the Shepherd

in one strike. The evil spirit that Lovia had "Grazed" was likely at the level of a Sequence 3. Although it had died a long time ago, its current combined strength was still at the level of Sequence 4. It likely wasn’t a problem for her to withstand "Lightning Storm," which was close to but not at the angel level, for some time.

And once The Fool couldn’t easily kill Lovia, it would be a sign of fear in the eyes of Demon Hunter Colin.

In addition, Klein believed that Colin Iliad was happy to see Shepherd Elder Lovia chant the True Creator’s honorific name. He wanted to use this to put The Fool in check and achieve some semblance of balance.

This was actually an act of disrespect in front of deities, making it very easy to anger those great existences, but there was nothing that Colin Iliad could do. He couldn’t simply trust The Fool and the True Creator, so he could only try his best by probing them while staying on the edge of a cliff.

Only by doing so would the City of Silver not suddenly be destroyed like the cities that had been buried deep in the darkness, covered with the dust of history.

What a pity. If the Unshadowed Crucifix was in my hands now, I’d have the chance to instantly kill that Silver Knight evil spirit by using all my strength to activate the powers of the mysterious space above the gray fog… It’s a fundamental restraint… Klein sighed silently and could only accept this development.

He hadn’t discovered anything unusual with Joshua until this City of Silver warrior with scarlet gloves strangled himself. Only then did he see his spirit turn dark and gloomy.

Just as the Shepherd Elder had said, this was a form of "degeneration" that he originally had. It was no different from losing himself because of money and beauty, making it very difficult for external forces to detect it.

That staircase should have remnant godhood powers that represent degeneration. They’re embedded into the environment, making it difficult to discover and resist… Previously, the stone golem had no spirituality, so it wasn’t affected… From the honorific name, the True Creator wields control over degeneration. Just "His" gaze alone is enough to disperse the corresponding powers… Klein adjusted his mental state and continued to observe the subsequent developments.

During this process, he couldn’t help but consider a question:

Was the True Creator like him now, watching the movements of the City of Silver’s expedition team in "His" divine kingdom?

…On Earth, this is called a fellow viewer watching the same livestream… If I were to send "gifts," would the True Creator "gift" even more? By making this teasing remark, he tried to ease the nervousness and concern that he felt from having the True Creator cast "His" gaze over.

That was a true god. Be it Adam or Amon, they weren’t even qualified to be on par with "Him"!

At that moment, Shepherd Lovia had already stood up, and her left index finger had also grown back.

She looked at Chief Colin Iliad and said, "This region will no longer suffer from degeneration."

This meant that the staircase wasn’t that dangerous anymore.

Normally, the expedition team would ignore Joshua’s corpse. Whether they advanced or retreated, they couldn’t afford to waste any time. If they stayed in an extremely dangerous area for too long, the other members would have an accident. However, since the six-member council’s Elder Lovia used a tone of certainty to indicate that there were no problems nearby, they could rest and deal with it.

Derrick put down Haim’s broadsword and walked to Joshua’s side. After staring for a few seconds, he bent down to pick up his scarlet glove and wore it on his left palm.

He still remembered that Joshua was always bragging about the mystical item he had obtained during an expedition.

He could also clearly recall that when he left the Afternoon Town camp, he had said that he would be forced into a marriage after the expedition, with no idea as to who his wife would be. Yet, an hour later, this teammate had turned into a cold corpse.

To the people of the City of Silver, this was something that happened frequently. No one cried or broke down. However, there was an emotion that had already seeped into their bones and blood. It was heavy and mixed with grief.

They watched as Derrick raised his left hand and aimed it at Joshua’s corpse.

A blazing flame flew out, enveloping the teammate who had been fighting alongside them earlier.

After the cremation, Demon Hunter Colin put away the Beyonder characteristic that had seeped out. The rest of the team members grabbed a handful of ashes and placed them into a hidden pocket in their clothes.

Amidst the silence, they continued down the stairs and arrived at the bottom of the staircase. There was a towering palace bathed in the glow of dusk. Behind it was a corridor and staircase that led to another area.

The palace door was open, and it was pitch-black inside. Not a single ray of light could shine inside.

Demon Hunter Colin carefully observed for a while before saying, "Just like in the outside world."

What he meant was that the group should use various means to maintain a lit environment and not allow themselves to fall into a state of absolute darkness.

Hence, Haim activated the Unshadowed Crucifix, allowing it to envelop all of his teammates. At the same time, Antiona lit a lantern and held it in her hand, in case the cross suddenly lost its effectiveness.

The group entered the palace and walked through the abnormally empty hall. Their footsteps reverberated into the distance, but there weren’t any echoing sounds.

As he walked, Derrick suddenly felt his eyelids grow heavy as he felt a strong sense of sleepiness.

At this moment, he heard the Chiefs low growl:

"Don’t fall asleep!"

Derrick suddenly woke up, snapping out of his fatigued state of not being able to open his eyes.

At that moment, a female warrior’s body went limp and fell to the ground, as though she had fallen into a deep slumber.

Then, she disappeared into thin air and disappeared in front of everyone.

Demon Hunter Colin and Shepherd Lovia exchanged looks for a while before shaking their heads and leading the team forward.

During this process, they would hurt themselves from time to time, using pain to stay awake.

Finally, they passed through a bunch of arches and saw the darkness that couldn’t be dispelled up ahead.

With the help of the light from the team, they discovered that it was a hall with countless murals drawn. In the middle of the hall was a long dark red table. Situated around it were high-back chairs with intricate patterns.

This… Derrick felt a baffling sense of familiarity.

He immediately came to a realization that this was somewhat similar to the scene at the Tarot Gathering!

Suddenly, balls of light lit up and murmurs sounded around them.

Around the hall stood stone pillars that didn’t support the dome. Scarlet flames were ignited one after another, illuminating the surroundings in an abnormal manner.

The murmurs grew louder, as if they had finally passed through a long and distant space and arrived at their destination. The hall was so lively that it was as if a gathering was held.

Around the dark red table, blurry and illusory figures suddenly appeared. A total of eleven figures sat on different high- back chairs.

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CHAPTER 1117
THE STRONGEST ORGANIZATION

As the flames flickered, Derrick and company subconsciously looked at the long dark red table. The first thing they noticed was the figure closest to them.

The figure wore a simple linen robe, and had a head of long silver hair and indiscernible facial features. It made Colin, Lovia, and Derrick find the figure oddly familiar.

In an instant, they felt as though a bolt of lightning struck their minds, illuminating their blurry memories.

"Angel of Fate, Ouroboros!"

Just as the pupils of the team from the City of Silver dilated, the figure turned around and looked at them.

A pair of indifferent eyes immediately occupied their vision as extraordinary mysterious rings appeared.

In a daze, Derrick saw a figure in front of him. He was a handsome, radiant, and energetic man. He wore a pure white robe and had short golden hair.

With his appearance, the surroundings became abnormally bright. The warm feeling was like a ray of light, instantly filling every spot.

Derrick felt as though he had seen the "day," as mentioned in legends, momentarily forgetting where he was or what he was doing.

The man took a step forward and his blurry figure overlapped with Derrick.

Then, Derrick sat beside the dark red long table, occupying one of the high-back chairs.

He had become the handsome and radiant man who was attending a secret gathering.

At the same time, the grizzled City of Silver Chief, Colin, whose face was covered in old scars, encountered the same blurry and illusory figure.

The figure was seven to eight meters tall. He was wearing silver full-body armor, and his eyes were glowing like the light of dawn.

He raised the long sword in his hand, letting it press against Colin Iliad’s forehead like a scepter.

Demon Hunter Colin struggled for a moment, but he quickly calmed down when he was enveloped by the orange light.

With that, he and the giant in front of him merged into one. He strode towards the dark red table and sat on the second seat on the right.

Shepherd Lovia encountered a man in a long black robe. He had black curly hair over his shoulders and a pair of eyes that seemed to be covered in shadows. It was difficult to see his face clearly, but the silver threads, complicated patterns, and gorgeous accessories were directly reflected in her mind.

Lovia trembled and couldn’t help but lower her head, allowing the layers of black wings on the man’s back to wrap around her.

She became the man and walked to the end of the dark red table.

There were two high-back chairs with complex patterns placed there. Lovia chose the left one.

The remaining members of the City of Silver’s expedition team also encountered similar situations, but the figures they faced were different.

After "they" found their seats on both sides of the dark red table, the area around the empty high-back chair at the seat of honor became darker, outlining a female figure that seemed to be shrouded in fog.

Right on the heels of that, a voice that seemed to transmigrate from ancient times echoed in the ears of the "attendees."

“…We are trying to redeem ourselves, and also maintain the balance of this world…”

“…Dissociation and deviation are undoubtedly the most basic order…”

“…This is also in line with ‘His’ thoughts…”

“…I can’t deny that we all have our own sinister thoughts and desires, but this is very normal…”

“…Death and spilling blood are inevitable. In the name of Rose Redemption…”

Above the gray fog, Klein listened attentively. He couldn’t wait to hear more of the content said by the voice.

However, whether it was the scene or the voice, it began to loop. It was as if it had only been fixed at a section lasting less than a minute.

This is the scene of the establishment of the Rose Redemption? Previously, the Red Angel evil spirit said that this was an extremely secretive organization established by a group of corrupted angels. Now, it seems like that isn’t the case… The person who said that was probably not Medici, but

either Sauron and Einhorn. "They" actually didn’t know much about Rose Redemption… Klein mumbled inwardly as he cast his gaze back at the City of Silver team that were repeating the actions like puppets—approaching the table, sitting down, listening, and leaving.

When the torches around the hall lit up one after another, Klein had already found something unusual with his "true vision."

He saw the murals on the wall come alive and rapidly expand, overlapping with the hall. It made the table, chairs, and floor tiles that had been cold for thousands of years warm up once again. It made the figures that had once been in this secret meeting cross the borders of time, "reviving" at their fixed seats, allowing the words from the past to reappear.

Many of those figures were familiar to Klein.

One of them was the Angel of Fate Ouroboros.

This King of Angels, who was still a member of the Rose Redemption, was the most lifelike among all the illusory figures.

Combined with how the scenes were looping, Klein began to suspect the person who left the murals was Tail Devourer Ouroboros.

In the previous temple ruins, there were murals left behind by "Him," likewise for the ruins of the battle of the Gods…

In the Giant King’s Court, there are similar murals and signs of those powers. I wouldn’t believe it if anyone were to say it’s not "Him”…Just how much does this King of Angels like murals? He draws them wherever "He" goes… Klein couldn’t help but lampoon Ouroboros in his mind.

The second figure he noticed was sitting beside the Angel of Fate Ouroboros. He was dressed in black armor that seemed to be splashed with blood. He had red hair that resembled fire, looking young and handsome.

The reason why he paid attention to this figure was because he had seen it in his dreams.

In addition, "it" was also the most arrogant person among all the figures. Not only did it sit back in its chair, but it also placed its feet on the dark red long table. It didn’t mind that the surrounding people were high-level figures of the same status.

Red Angel, Medici!

These are the Kings of Angels who participated in the secret gathering? Who else is involved… As Klein’s thoughts raced, he decided to first rescue the people from the City of Silver who couldn’t exit the looping cycles of fate.

He had a lot of experience in this aspect.

Yes, the medium to the loop is the hall itself. However, there’s no need to attempt to destroy it. As long as it can temporarily break the cycle of fate, the dusk outside will seep in and dispel any abnormalities… They belong to the divine kingdom itself. In terms of status, they can only be stronger or on par with the power left behind by Ouroboros… After observing for a few seconds, Klein quickly came to a conclusion.

After flipping a gold coin for a divination, he immediately spread his spirituality towards the crimson star representing The Sun.

Derrick Berg’s Spirit Body immediately tore through the cycle of fate, creating an invisible crack.

The orange glow from the light of dusk outside the palace immediately surged into the hall from the window up high.

Without waiting for Little Sun to figure out his situation, for fear that the True Creator would lock onto him, Klein didn’t hesitate to let him return to the real world.

Derrick snapped out of his daze and realized that he had unknowingly sat down at the side of the dark red table.

He looked up blankly and saw the Chief, Elder Lovia, Haim, Antiona, and the others. He realized that there were still certain traces of confusion on their faces.

Thinking back to his experience just now, Derrick was alert as he deliberated and said, "The cycle of fate…”

"Indeed." Colin Iliad, who had experienced this before, nodded slightly and stood up.

He looked around, and his gaze landed on the largest mural that he had seen lately.

The mural depicted the same exact hall. There were similar columns, torches, the dark red table, complicated high- back chairs, and object layout.

As for those high-back chairs, there were eleven figures sitting in them. At the very end were two seats, and along the table, five on the left and four on the right.

The City of Silver team’s eyes also followed the Chiefs and took in the corresponding scene.

The five figures on the left were the beautiful silver-haired man; the red-haired and arrogantly-seated man; an elder wearing a hood that exposed only his mouth, winkles, and beard; a dignified middle-aged man dressed in black armor; and a handsome man dressed in white robes.

The four on the right were a black-robed mummy wrapped in bandages; a middle-aged man with facial features resembling the natives of the Southern Continent; a giant covered in silver armor; and a supple, beautiful, and dignified lady.

The two high-back chairs at the very end were a man with dark black curly hair and a woman shrouded in fog.

At that moment, a Guardian raised his right hand and pointed at the handsome white-robed man.

"His figure is made up of mysterious symbols. These symbols represent:

"White Angel, Aucuses…

Before the Guardian could finish his sentence, he suddenly let out a tragic cry as golden flames spewed out from his body.

He instantly became a charred corpse, as if it would be reduced to ashes the moment it was touched. It made Demon Hunter Colin and Shepherd Lovia incapable of saving him in time.

"Don’t try to distinguish those symbols. They contain immense power," Colin hurriedly warned the others.

And above the gray fog, Klein was thinking of another matter:

White Angel Aucuses. That’s the Eternal Blazing Sun’s true name?

If not for the fact that the Giant King’s Court itself isolates itself from projected powers, just using Jotun to read this name will attract "His" attention and incur divine punishment…

Amidst his thoughts, Demon Hunter Colin stabbed his swords in front of him, creating an invisible barrier.

Then, this City of Silver Chief identified the symbols and labels that formed those figures.

He began reading it slowly and firmly from the left.

"Angel of Fate, Ouroboros…

"War Angel, Medici…

"Wisdom Angel, Herabergen…”

At this point, the invisible barrier that was constantly shaking suddenly stopped. This was because this name was no stranger to the people of the City of Silver.

This was the true name of the Dragon of Wisdom!

Could it be that the Dragon of Wisdom later became the Wisdom Angel next to the Lord? Similar questions arose in everyone’s hearts, but Klein discovered something strange.

The history of the City of Silver had records of the name Herabergen. The language they used on a daily basis was Jotun, a language that could mobilize the surrounding forces of nature.

This also meant that, in the past two to three thousand years, someone in the City of Silver had definitely read or written the name "Herabergen" before, but there was no response from the God of Knowledge and Wisdom. The Church of Knowledge and Wisdom still wasn’t able to find the Forsaken Land of the Gods.

At this moment, Colin Iliad controlled his emotions and continued reading, "Wind Angel, Leodero…

"White Angel, Aucuses…

"Dark Angel, Sasrir…

"Evernight Goddess, Amanises…

"God of Combat, Badheil…

"Earth Mother, Omebella

"God of the Dead, Salinger…

"God of Spiritual Creatures, Tolzna",

Although Klein had expected this, he was still somewhat stunned.

The former Rose Redemption was frighteningly powerful!

Amongst the seven deities today, six of them were members. There was also Death, the God of Spiritual Creatures, and three Kings of Angels.

This made him recall what the Red Angel evil spirit had once said:

"Rose Redemption has a close relationship with the birth of the True Creator. It’s impossible for you to imagine that certain people were once members of Rose Redemption, but they’ve since left it…”

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CHAPTER 1118
KLEIN'S FEAR

In the past, Rose Redemption could be called the Deity Alliance… But such an organization could only develop itself quietly under the might of the ancient sun god. It had to hide, hide, hide, and secretly scheme in the palace of dusk… How powerful was the ancient sun god in the past… Klein couldn’t help but let out a breath as he felt deeply poignant.

He examined his own Tarot Club and realized that, compared to the Rose Redemption, it was like child’s play. Even if he counted the auxiliary members, Will Auceptin, Pallez Zoroast, Azik Eggers, and Reinette Tinekerr, there was no way to compare with the Rose Redemption at its peak.

No, even if I compare it with the current watered-down version of Rose Redemption, there’s still a huge gap between it and the Tarot Club. After all, its leader and convener is only a Sequence 4 saint… Klein gave a self-deprecating laugh as he turned his attention to the eleven figures.

Based on their images, titles, and true names, I can confirm that the Wind Angel, Wisdom Angel, and White Angel are the current Lord of Storms, the God of Knowledge and Wisdom, and the Eternal Blazing Sun. "They" really betrayed the ancient sun god, the City of Silver’s Creator, and "They" even feasted on the deity "They" served… The God of Combat and Earth Mother are indeed survivors of the Giant King’s Court. One of them is the eldest son of the Giant King, and the other is "His" queen. They’re mother and son, so that way, the fact that Feynapotter didn’t directly declare war on the Lord of Storms to help Feysac makes things a little odd. It requires some thought…

Also, the Goddess was indeed a former subsidiary god of the Annihilation Demonic Wolf, the Goddess of Misfortune, Amanises. After that ancient god perished, not only did "She" grasp the authority of the Evernight and successfully ascend to the throne of Sequence 0, she also single-handedly destroyed all the descendants of Flegrea, sealed the Antigonus family's angel within the Nation of the Evernight, and used the Mother of the Sky's body as "Her" vessel for a descent… That's ruthless…

As a Blessed of Evernight, Klein subconsciously raised his head to look around when he thought of this, afraid that his inner thoughts would leak out to the outside world.

After entering the foggy town and learning that Antigonus and the Mother of the Sky were the descendants of the ancient god, Flegrea, Klein had a certain idea as to the true identity of the Evernight Goddess. After all, in the history of the City of Silver, it clearly stated that the Annihilation Demonic Wolf controlled the authority of the Evernight and had many strange powers.

Combined with the Antigonus family's possession of the Seer pathway, and the Mother of the Sky of the Nation of the Night clearly belonging to Evernight, Klein suspected that the Annihilation Demonic Wolf Flegrea was an ancient god that had mixed two non-neighboring pathways' Beyonder characteristics. Therefore, "He" was extremely crazy and almost irrational. "His" goal was to destroy and corrupt everything.

Hence, he guessed that the Evernight Goddess might have something to do with the ancient god, Flegrea. From Groselle's Travels, he learned that one of the two subsidiary gods of the Demonic Wolf King had gone missing after "He" perished, while the other had submitted to the Phoenix Ancestor. Furthermore, that true name corresponded to Death of the Fourth Epoch, Mr. Azik's father. With that, he could vaguely connect the Goddess of Misfortune Amanises to the Evernight Goddess.

However, due to his temporary status as a Blessed of Evernight, he didn't dare think too much about it. Instead, he focused his attention elsewhere.

At this moment, when he saw "Her" real name, he wasn’t too shocked. Instead, he felt relieved and felt as though he were on firm ground. In addition, he was even more fearful of the Evernight Goddess.

Because "She" didn’t want the ancient god, Flegrea, to be revived, the Goddess controlled the various matters of the Seer pathway, preventing Beyonders who aren’t cleared by "Her" to advance further?

That’s right, that ecclesiastic in Afternoon Town mentioned who tempted Dark Angel Sasrir, the left hand of God, and the deputy of the divine kingdom, but he couldn’t say the name, as if it had been "erased." Isn’t this a demonstration of "Concealment" powers?

Other than a place like the Giant King’s Court, there’s no way to say the names "Evernight Goddess" and "Amanises" together. Even if one did, no one would be able to hear it…

There are two people who convened Rose Redemption, one is Dark Angel Sasrir, and the other is the Goddess…

Apart from the venue where the ploy was conceived, it’s filled with the forces of Concealment…

In other words, the Goddess had single-handedly directed the fall of the ancient sun god, started the Cataclysm, and ended the Third Epoch…

Compared to "Her," be it Adam or Amon, they are still far from "Her”…

How could such a true deity be so easily trapped by Adam’s arrangements and be unable to interfere with matters of the real world?

Although it’s not a conspiracy where something the Goddess yearns for the most is used, making "Her" willingly walk into a trap, how can the Goddess, who wields the powers of Concealment and plotted the death of the City of Silver Creator, be unprepared?

Also, what does "This is also in line with ‘His’ thoughts" mean? Who does "He" refer to?

Uh, after understanding so much hidden history, will I digest the Scholar of Yore potion on the spot once I drink it… With this in mind, Klein raised his right hand and rubbed his temples, forcing himself to focus his thoughts elsewhere. When that ecclesiastic phantom mentioned the fourth King of Angels, it self-destructed. Was it because the remaining three became true gods?

However, the residents of the City of Silver would occasionally use the names Badheil and Herabergen, so why wasn’t there an anomaly?

What is the difference?

The strongest among the Kings of Angels, the left hand of God, Sasrir—why did "He" disappear into the rivers of history? Uh, perhaps "He" is one of the present-day evil gods, the True Creator, the Dark Side of the Universe, or the Mother Tree of Desire?

There are remnants of the godhood of degeneracy outside the hall. Was this left behind by "Him"?

Yes, the birth of the True Creator is related to the Rose Redemption. How will "He" react when "He" sees the murals in this hall?

With a thought, Klein cast his gaze at Shepherd Elder Lovia.

The lady looked a little lost. She didn’t seem to understand the titles and names, but she recognized a portion of them. For example, Angel of Fate Ouroboros.

She had become a believer of the True Creator in the temple ruins left behind by Ouroboros.

Derrick also stole a glance at Elder Lovia, but he didn’t notice any obvious changes in her emotions.

As The Sun of the Tarot Club, Derrick was one of the people present who knew the situation of the outside world the most. Furthermore, he had long known who the Kings of Angels were. He suspected that three of them had later become deities. At this moment, he was the least confused and perplexed. He was only slightly shocked at Rose Redemption’s level.

This was more exaggerated than he had imagined!

It’s no wonder the Lord perished… Derrick was first enlightened before he felt his heart turn heavy.

At this moment, he swept his gaze and saw the Chiefs face turn pale and ugly. He even muttered a few words softly, "This is impossible, impossible…”

…As far as I can remember, the Chief has never lost his composure like this… Did he think of the Lord perishing due to Rose Redemption? He can’t accept that "He" will never return? However, he had long learned of this from me… Just as Derrick was feeling puzzled, he discovered that, aside from his tightly pursed lips, the Chiefs expression had returned to normal.

In the minds of the other members of the exploration team, the prophecy they had previously learned in Afternoon Town appeared:

"Omnipotent Lord, I repent… tempted Sasrir. The Kings often came to the palace belonging to the dusk to conspire.

"It was already too late by the time I discovered all of this. Degeneration, bloodshed, darkness, rot, murders, corruption, and shadows had already drowned this piece of land.

"A huge calamity will begin here!"

Haim, who was holding the Unshadowed Crucifix, took a long while to calm his emotions. He said in a slightly hoarse voice, "This is the place belonging to the dusk. These are the subsidiary gods and Kings of Angels during the Second Epoch?

"They plotted everything, causing a huge calamity to happen. They made the Lord forsake this land?"

Colin Iliad pulled out the two swords in front of him and half-turned around, calmly replying, "Most likely."

"If we can figure out what exactly happened back then, do we have a chance to please the Lord and let ‘Him’ look at this land again?" Upon hearing the Chiefs answer, Antiona asked anxiously.

At that moment, Derrick seemed to see a trace of pity and sadness in the Chiefs eyes. He heard him acknowledge and say, "Perhaps."

"Then let’s continue exploring!" The other team members pleaded with burning eyes.

This was the closest the City of Silver had gotten to having a glimmer of hope over the past two to three thousand years. None of them wished to let it go, even if they had to sacrifice their lives for it.

Colin Iliad slowly surveyed the area and said, "Don’t forget the principles to uphold during explorations. Don’t act rashly at any time.

"Having confirmed that this place is related to redemption, we can always come a second time, a third time, or even more. There’s no need to be so impatient."

Upon hearing his words, the other members of the exploration team calmed down. They replied one after another,

Yes, Your Excellency."

Under the arrangements of Demon Hunter Colin, the remaining members split up into small groups and carefully searched the hall. They didn’t discover anything else that was valuable beyond the murals.

Of course, it wasn’t that there was no such thing. This was, after all, a divine kingdom of an ancient god. What seemed like an ordinary long table, chairs, stone pillars, and torches might have special effects when taken outside. Furthermore, those effects could last for a very long period of time. Alas, it wasn’t convenient for the City of Silver’s expedition team to bring them around, as they lacked practical value.

As for the other murals, they were profiled from different angles of the main murals. When combined, they formed a three-dimensional scene.

After completing the search, Derrick and company gathered again and followed the Chief to the exit at the back of the hall.

There was a gray-blue door with a single pane.

With a ten-meter-tall door between the two of them, Colin Iliad carefully observed for a while before finally saying, "There’s a powerful guard outside."

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CHAPTER 1119
TACIT COOPERATION

Upon hearing the Chiefs words, Shepherd Lovia immediately raised her question:

"Just like the two Silver Knights at the front gate of the King’s Court. It won’t take the initiative to attack targets outside a certain range?"

Colin Iliad nodded slightly and said, "At least that’s how it seems to be at the moment."

They were already near the exit, but the guard outside had no reaction.

This meant that the other party didn’t possess real intelligence or spirituality. It was very likely that they were objects that came to life.

Without waiting for the other members to speak, Demon Hunter Colin continued, "Huge, heavy…”

After obtaining the corresponding information, the City of Silver’s group formed a tacit understanding. A team opened up a distance from the exit, but they faced towards the door. It was protected by Shepherd Elder Lovia. As the bait to attract the guards, a team took the corresponding holy oil from the Chief and smeared it across the ground at the exit. Haim, who held the Unshadowed Crucifix, and Demon Hunter Colin stood by the side of the door and used the stone columns to hide.

Then, Colin Iliad sheathed one of his swords onto his back and took out a small metal bottle, gulping down the liquid inside.

His aura rapidly faded away and wasn’t obvious anymore. If one didn’t look closely, they wouldn’t be able to discover his existence.

This was another set up. Haim was in the open, while the Demon Hunter was hidden.

After another ten seconds, Shepherd Lovia stretched out her right hand and grabbed at thin air.

Her silver-gray hair was dyed a deep blue color.

The wind howled as the grayish-blue door opened.

Right on the heels of that, heavy footsteps could be heard, causing the entire hall to shake.

A "giant" covered in iron-colored armor rushed into the hall with a halberd in hand.

Its exposed parts didn’t show any flesh or blood, as though they were made of metal. Behind the black mask was a dark red glow.

If it didn’t move and stood there, it wouldn’t be any different from a statue.

Tap! Tap! Tap!

The shaking in the hall became more and more obvious. The giant statue suddenly threw out the halberd in its hand, stirring up a hurricane that tore towards Derrick and company at the door.

Boom!

The halberd struck an invisible barrier as the illusory ripples rapidly spread out.

In front of Shepherd Lovia, an illusory figure that wore silver armor had appeared at some point in time. It stabbed its greatsword into the crack on the floor.

Tap! Tap! Tap!

The giant statue didn’t stop as it ran into the hall.

At that moment, a whistling sound was heard under its feet as its massive body jerked backward.

It had stepped on the spot that was smeared with holy oil.

As the giant statue fell, the crimson light in its eye suddenly bloomed as an invisible force appeared and held it up. Suddenly, a blinding white light shot out from the Unshadowed Crucifix, accurately hitting the giant statue’s only eye. The dark red color dimmed.

Demon Hunter Colin leaped up and held the same sword with both hands, plunging it down like an eagle swooping down at its prey.

Dawn appeared as they converged on the straight sword, making it exceptionally huge. It even exceeded Colin Iliad’s height.

With a poof, the bright sword pierced through the gap in the giant statue’s armor, stabbing into its eye.

A flood of light from the dawn rushed in.

With his hands still gripping the hilt of his sword, Colin Iliad exerted more force. As the giant statue fell to the ground, he pulled out his sword and leaped to the side.

The giant statue lay at the door as its body emitted cracking sounds until it finally all movement.

Without looking at it again, Colin turned to look outside the door. After a few seconds, he said, "There are no other guards for now. We can handle this statue."

Derrick and company quickly surrounded the giant statue and skillfully searched for materials.

Above the gray fog, Klein watched the entire battle from the sidelines and was deeply impressed by the City of Silver’s teamwork.

According to his observation, it was unknown what metal the giant statue was made of. Its surface was covered with armor that had shocking defensive strength. It could completely ignore most attacks in battle, and it was very difficult to deal with.

Furthermore, this giant statue didn’t have any "spirit." In other words, it was immune to the Beyonder powers of the corresponding domain, such as Spirit Body Threads control, Hypnotism, Frenzy, and Nightmare. It was like a walking fortress that made one suspect that it was the work of the Goddess of Harvest.

Klein believed that, if he were in their shoes, with the core powers of a Bizarro Sorcerer being useless, he could only rely on his two marionettes’ powers to deal with the giant statue. He had no idea how the battle would develop.

The "Distortion" and "Disorder" powers of an Earl of The Fallen might be effective, but I might not be able to finish it as fast as the City of Silver’s expedition team… A team of Beyonders with a tacit understanding would be able to produce the effect of "1 +1 > 2." Yes, that Chiefs confidence in timing, as well as his decisiveness in his attack, was also key… Klein nodded slightly, feeling a sense of admiration.

If this were really a livestream, then he might not be able to help but send a gift as a tip.

Of course, there was a high chance that it was just a thought.

After taking away the most valuable item on the giant statue, the City of Silver's expedition team proceeded forward. They followed the corridor outside and entered another hall.

Just like that, they weaved through the layers of palaces, towers, and different corridors, in an attempt to find more clues, as well as the entrance to the sea as described by the outsider, Jack.

Regardless of whether they believed the boy's words, they couldn't help but look forward to the dark blue sea behind the Giant King's Court. On the other side of the sea, there were kingdoms where humans flourished. There, there were no monsters hidden in the darkness. The sun rose and set, and lightning only appeared when it rained. People had all sorts of food there.

During this process, the City of Silver's expedition team didn't encounter many enemies. Most of them were statues that had come to life. A small number of them were evil spirits formed by the combination of remnant emotions and the power of dusk. The latter was unable to put up any resistance against the Unshadowed Crucifix.

That's normal… The Fool Klein above the gray fog nodded slightly, expressing his acceptance of the current situation. After the Giant King perished, this place already belonged to the ancient sun god. It's unlikely that there will be a large number of giant powerhouses and mystical items left behind… When the Kings of Angels were conspiring, they definitely eliminated any unnecessary troubles ahead of time… Once the ancient sun god was eaten up, the ownership of this place was a mystery. Perhaps, it was abandoned…

In short, there aren't many foreseeable demigods or items. Well, without the Unshadowed Crucifix, those evil spirits will be very troublesome. The City of Silver's expedition team might not be able to advance so smoothly, making it impossible for them to advance so far unless an angel leads a team or activates a Grade 0 Sealed Artifact…

When the Unshadowed Crucifix returned to Derrick, the City of Silver’s expedition team was already very close to the tallest building in the Giant King’s Court.

The dusk here was extremely dense, as though it came from that palace.

"Once we leave this hall, we should come to the wing of the Giant King’s residence." Demon Hunter Colin got his bearings and direction before pointing ahead.

Shepherd Elder Lovia nodded. Finally, there was some irresistible hope in her expression.

Derrick’s heart beat faster, and he could no longer control his excitement. Then, he was "Placated" by Antiona.

After composing themselves, the people from the City of Silver entered the hall in front of them and saw that there were oil paintings hanging on both sides.

These oil paintings depicted different giants. Some held bone flutes, some carried wind chimes, while others carried a seven-stringed guitar that matched their height.

As the City of Silver’s expedition team arrived, the giants in the oil painting suddenly came to life. They began playing their instruments, producing a beautiful tune.

The light of dusk in the hall lit up a little. More and more food appeared on the long tables around them as they glowed with a tempting glisten, effusing a very tempting fragrance.

Roasted chicken… Roasted goose… Fish with honey baste… Is this a dinner banquet for the Giant King’s Court? But aren’t the sizes of those chickens, geese, goats, and fish too large… The work of the Goddess of Harvest? With a glance, Klein confirmed that the food that appeared was an

illusion. After all, the Giant King’s Court no longer had any ingredients, nor did it possess anyone who could "envision" or create them.

"This… this is normal food?" Haim, who was holding Thunder God’s Roar, stared straight at one of the long tables. His Adam’s apple bobbed.

"Maybe." Derrick sniffed and couldn’t help but swallow a mouthful of saliva.

Apart from the black-faced grass, they had never seen normal food. The meat that the monsters roasted was of different colors, but they also tasted equally as bad. It could even poison them.

Demon Hunter Colin stared for a few seconds before sighing.

"They’re all fake. Don’t come into contact with them, or there might be unnecessary accidents."

Other than Lovia, the team from the City of Silver retracted their gaze with great difficulty. They followed the Chief all the way to the exit of the hall.

After a series of inspections, Colin Iliad inserted his swords into the ground and pushed open the heavy door.

A crack appeared as rich orange light shone inside.

As the gap grew bigger, the towering palace gradually became clear.

Then, the people from the City of Silver heard a crashing sound.

At this moment, Colin drew out a sword and suppressed the restlessness in his team members’ hearts.

He then drew out his other sword and slowly walked out of the hall. Derrick and the others followed cautiously.

After completely bathing in the light of dusk, they looked to the left at the same time. There were railings formed from stone pillars.

Beyond the railings, there was an orange-red cloud that was gently ebbing at the distance. On the endless swath of dark blue, they emitted crashing sounds.

There was no need for anyone to explain. At the same time, the members of the City of Silver’s exploration team recalled the records in the book and Jack’s description. A term flashed in their minds:

"The sea."

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CHAPTER 1120
COURT CHASER

The dark blue, boundless sea that ebbed gently and seemed to contain infinite life was presented to members of the City of Silver’s expedition team. It was no longer a record written down in ancient books, nor was it a combination of words spoken by outsiders.

Although it was still very far away, it seemed like contact was possible.

The wine-red-haired Antiona watched in a daze. She opened her mouth, as though she wanted to say something, but in the end, all she said was the words:

"The sea…”

Just as she finished speaking, a silver crack suddenly appeared on her forehead.

The crack shot up rapidly, instantly splitting Antiona into two halves. Warm and bright red blood gushed out, splashing across Derrick’s face.

Without a sound, more silvery-white light shot out from her body, splitting her body into countless small pieces of flesh.

The reveling face full of hope was like a puzzle that had fallen to the ground, splattering everywhere.

It was only at this moment that Demon Hunter Colin reacted. He brandished his two swords and slashed them diagonally outwards, as though he was dealing with invisible enemies.

Clang! Clang! Clang!

Silver light flashed, and the sound of metal reverberating echoed. The morning sun around Colin Iliad shattered and scattered in chaos.

At this moment, the silver phantom behind Shepherd Lovia had already taken a step forward and stabbed the blurry giant sword into the ground.

Clang! Clang! Clang! As they surrounded the people of the City of Silver, the streaks of silver light appeared in different spots, trying their best to cut through the invisible barrier around them like insects struggling in amber.

Clang! Clang! Clang!

The dense, sometimes thick silver light constantly appeared, causing the defensive powers of the expedition team to tremble, as though it would shatter at any moment. However, be it Demon Hunter Colin, Shepherd Lovia, or Derrick, they couldn’t find any traces of the enemy.

The Fool above the gray fog was just about to give a certain reminder when the Chief of the six-member council seemed to realize something and crossed his two swords in front of him.

Clang!

The gigantic silver beam struck the two swords, causing Demon Hunter Colin’s feet to sink into a solid stone slab.

He took this opportunity and roared, "Unshadowed domain!"

Upon hearing the Chiefs reminder, Derrick didn’t hesitate and stabbed his finger on the thorns of the Unshadowed Crucifix, doing so without any regard for the pain.

As his blood oozed out, clear, bright, pure, and blazing light suddenly exploded, enveloping the entire area between the two buildings.

There wasn’t a single shadow in this area that could hide. Nothing else could be hidden. Light had become the ruler of this region.

A huge figure quickly outlined itself on the side of the Giant King’s palace. "It" was wearing silver full-body armor and was nearly five meters tall. The flickering light behind the mask was either deep red or orange. And unmistakably, there was a single vertical eye there.

This was a giant, a giant who was still alive.

He didn’t wait for the enemy to enter a certain range before attempting to attack, implying that he had sufficient intelligence.

Unlike the other silver-armored knights, the giant’s bracer had bright patterns on it. On the right was a blood-red color that circled around his arm, and at the same spot on the left, it was adorned with black spots.

The giant knight raised his broadsword and pointed at everyone in the City of Silver. He said in a thunderous voice, "How dare you barge into the king’s court and disturb Lord Sasrir’s slumber!"

Sasrir? Dark Angel Sasrir? The Fool Klein above the gray fog was alarmed when he heard that. He subconsciously sat up straight.

The former left hand of God, the deputy of the divine kingdom, the leader of the Kings of Angels, one of the two leaders of Rose Redemption, hadn’t disappeared into the river of history. "He" was sleeping deep in the Giant King’s Court, sleeping in the residence of the Giant King? Why did "He" choose to enter a state of slumber? Many thoughts flashed through Klein’s mind as he subconsciously cast his gaze towards the palace that the giant knight was guarding.

It was the tallest and most magnificent building in the Giant King’s Court. The dusk’s light seemed to transform into something corporeal that covered its surface, dyeing it with a clear sense of decline. It gave off the feeling that the sun had set and an eternal eventide was coming.

On both sides were steeples, while on the other side were spires. The front door was a double door that opened outwards, with gray and blue as the main colors. Its height exceeded ten meters, and it was covered with symbols, labels, and patterns. It looked stately and mysterious.

There was a pitch-black socket on the left side of the door at a height of three-to four-meters tall. It was equivalent to an adult’s fist.

Upon seeing this scene, Klein suddenly thought of the dream divination he had done in the past. Back then, he had seen the same scene, and the medium he had used for the divination was the giants’ key he had obtained from Vice Admiral Iceberg.

Is that the key to opening the Giant King’s residence? As he extended his hand, he tried to use his "true vision" to pass through the obstruction of the building to see the situation inside the palace.

Unfortunately, he failed. The iron-black key which was the size of a seven-string guitar landed in front of him.

At this moment, Demon Hunter Colin suddenly said before the giant knight attacked, "You’re a Court Chaser?"

The giant knight’s broadsword didn’t cleave down; instead, he paused for a second and said in a low voice, "After all this time, to think that there’s someone who can still remember Court Chasers.

"I’m the leader of all the chasers, the Light Culler Murskogan, and I later followed Lord Sasrir.

"I once hunted powerful dragons, elves, devils, demonic wolves, phoenixes. Today, you are honored to die under my blade."

This Light Culler didn’t soften his attitude. He hunched his body slightly and held his sword with both hands. Like a flying meteor, he rushed

towards the people from the City of Silver with heavy footsteps at high speeds.

Due to the existence of the Unshadowed domain, he could no longer hide his body like before.

Just as Colin Iliad, Lovia and company determined that Murskogan's attack would arrive in a second, this giant knight suddenly stopped his silver broadsword's slash midway.

Demon Hunter Colin, who wasn't in Lovia's evil spirit's defensive circle, suddenly had a premonition of danger. Without any hesitation, he lunged to the side.

Boom!

A silver ray of light suddenly emerged from the spot where he had been standing, destroying everything from within. This attack was so strange, like it was generated by the void itself.

At the same time, there was also a change in Colin Iliad who had ducked to the ground. His clothes were torn into pieces and cloth by his rapidly expanding muscles.

In just a blink of an eye, this Demon Hunter had turned into a grayish-blue giant with bluish-black lines warped around him. At his forehead was a deep black crack. Every inch of him contained immense power, infinite mystery, and a strange psyche influence.

If a Beyonder under Sequence 4 saw this scene, they would definitely suffer from a strong backlash. Their brains might suffer an excruciating pain that would cause them to lose their minds. Even their spirituality would be corrupted. And if they couldn't withstand such an influence, going crazy, losing control, or even sudden death were certain outcomes.

This was the incomplete Mythical Creature form of a demigod.

Originally, Colin Iliad didn’t dare to release this form due to the influence of the "twilight" in the Giant King’s Court. But now, he realized that in the Unshadowed domain, the feeling of decline had weakened significantly.

He then raised the two swords that had enlarged in size as well. With them covered in the light of dawn, he fought fiercely with the Light Culler Murskogan in the domain that was enveloped in light and shadows.

Clang! Clang! Clang!

The three swords of the "giants" clashed and separated from time to time. Although Colin Iliad was at a disadvantage, he still managed to withstand the barrage of attacks from the King’s Court Chaser’s leader.

From time to time, he would feel a strong sense of danger. Then, without any warning, he would either duck or roll in another direction.

And at this moment, silver beams of light would always appear from the inside and outside.

Derrick had already closed his eyes. Ignoring the loss of blood, he tried his best to maintain the Unshadowed domain. Haim and another Dawn Paladin similarly didn’t dare open their eyes. They helped Shepherd Elder Lovia and slowly moved the group towards the palace without exiting the protective domain.

If not for the help of the silver-armored knight evil spirit, they would’ve long been diced into small pieces of flesh and blood by the Storm of Light that swept the area.

That Light Culler Murskogan alone had placed the City of Silver’s expedition team into a precarious position, with no chance of counterattacking.

As expected of the leader of the King’s Court Chasers, this should be the strongest force beneath subsidiary gods, or in other words, angels…

Compared to the Demon Hunter, the Silver Knight has several more terrifying Beyonder powers… Above the gray fog, The Fool Klein held the Sea God Scepter and carefully observed the battle.

He quickly figured out the aspect in which Light Culler Murskogan was powerful in.

Firstly, his defensive power can be transformed into a full-body silver armor set. Secondly, it can be used to hide and conceal himself with the light, hiding any malicious intent. Thirdly, the condensed Sword of Dawn isn't something that can be maintained for a short period of time. It can be used as a normal weapon, sufficiently sharp, and good at cleansing. Fourth, it can create some sort of thin silver-white sword. It has the ability to teleport, and it can bypass most barriers to attack the target directly, and even cause it to erupt from within the target's body. Furthermore, this thin silver-white sword condensed without any warning, making it difficult to predict…

This is a saint who's extremely good at fighting head-on. If it wasn't for the rich experience and strong intuition of the City of Silver's Chief, he would've been in danger due to the suppression effect from being of the same pathway when fighting in his Mythical Creature form… If it were me, I might've already been killed. Of course, I wouldn't fight head- on with the leader of the King's Court Chasers…

From the current situation, because the evil spirit needs to protect its Shepherd, there's no way for it to directly participate in the battle. The City of Silver's expedition team has almost no chance of winning. Yes, they're already slowly retreating. Very rational… If it really doesn't work, perhaps Mr. Fool will have to deliver lightning punishment" However, the True Creator should still be watching… My Lightning Storm might not be able to quickly resolve Murskogan… Klein's thoughts raced when he suddenly thought of a problem:

How did Light Culler Murskogan, who wasn't an angel, survive since the end of the Second Epoch. He's neither a demoness, vampire, nor Undying!

And from him possessing reason, as well as the ability he displays in battle, he doesn’t have Beyonder characteristics of other pathways mixed in him.

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CHAPTER 1121
WEAKNESS

Since Light Culler Murskogan didn't gain his long lifespan from his Beyonder characteristic, Klein could only begin considering external factors.

The effects of a mystical item? No, he doesn't have any mystical items on him. Aside from the Giant King's residence, there's nothing in the vicinity either. However, that's the sleeping ground of Dark Angel Sasrir. Furthermore, the key is with me. I don't think Murskogan would dare or have the means to enter…

Who took the key to the Giant King's residence after Sasrir fell into a slumber? Isn't that a bit too wicked? Of course, the palace without the powers of a deity augmenting it wouldn't be able to trap a King of Angels… Or perhaps, this key had long been transported to the Northern Continent during the migration of the giants. Sasrir chose to sleep in the palace because, other than a small number of existences, no one can open the door and affect "His" sleep?

Was Vice Admiral Iceberg's key given to me through a roundabout manner by the God of Knowledge and Wisdom? "He" wants to learn of Sasrir's present state?

If it's not the effects of a mystical item, what could it be? Time given by an angel from the Marauder pathway? Ignoring the possibility of giving stolen illusory items to someone else, there needs to be an angel or a Grade 0 Sealed Artifact from the Marauder pathway. And there aren't any similar existences nearby… Back then, Murskogan was given a lifespan of

thousands of years at once? This… Perhaps only Amon is capable of doing that. Clearly, "He" wouldn't help Dark Angel Sasrir…

In addition, this Blasphemer's true body seems to be wandering around the Forsaken Land of the Gods. If there were angels or Grade 0 Sealed Artifacts of the Marauder pathway here, they might've become his food long ago…

The cycle of fate? After Light Culler Murskogan's natural death, everything begins with him guarding Sasrir again? Yes, that's possible. If the current Murskogan is in an aged state, then it's completely understandable how so much time has passed… Furthermore, because the time in this loop seals centuries, it hasn't reached a node yet. It's only normal that I didn't manage to discover any signs above the gray fog in my haste…

With this in mind, he quickly observed his surroundings to find traces of the Angel of Fate, Ouroboros.

However, there was no remnant power like that.

Klein quickly retracted his gaze and continued to observe Light Culler Murskogan's intense battle with Colin Iliad and the silver-armored knight evil spirit.

His Spirit Body Threads are normal, eliminating the possibility of him already becoming a marionette… Under "true vision," his condition isn't abnormal. This means that he isn't a figure summoned from history…

The divine kingdom of the Giant King's Court is slowing down the passing of time or aging? The former can be eliminated because my spirituality is almost unable to support my level of observation. This matches the amount of time the City of Silver's exploration team has spent in this area… There is a certain chance of the latter, with life progressing in the "sunset" state but being solidified during "dusk"?

But the problem is that the ancient god, the Giant King, has already perished. Badheil, who wields the power of dawn and the power of dusk, has brought the divine kingdom to the astral world. It's impossible for this King's Court to still have such a powerful influence remaining within it… Klein went through all the possibilities of extending one's life that he could think of, but none of them matched the situation of the leader of the Court Chasers.

He had no choice but to consider another possibility:

A secret art with a huge defect?

This should be dependent on some kind of power in the Giant King's Court. Otherwise, the range of Murskogan's activities wouldn't be so tiny. It wouldn't take until the City of Silver's expedition team arrived at the Giant King's residence before he took action…

The entity related to life inside the Giant King's Court clearly exists, the former Goddess of Harvest, the present Earth Mother, Giant Queen Omebella.

As this thought flashed through his mind, he cast his gaze at the giant statues outside the palace.

They were no different from the ones the City of Silver expedition team had encountered along the way. They were only slightly larger.

However, after careful inspection, he noticed a small number of abnormalities. These giant statues had the aura of life, and they possessed a certain amount of spirituality. However, behind the mask, it was pitch black without any dark red glow.

This… Light Culler Murskogan had used some sort of secret technique in the life domain to bind his spirit with the living statues. Using them, he obtained a long life, but this results in him being limited to such a tiny region and being unable to leave… This is very similar to the way evil

spirits exist… This way, Murskogan might not be able to show his normal Mythical Creature form… Klein conjured a gold coin and flipped it up to make confirmation.

When he received an affirmation, he raised the Sea God Scepter high and prepared to remind Little Sun through the prayer light.

At this moment, Demon Hunter Colin, who had avoided Murskogan's first attack, suddenly ducked and circled around him, running straight for the Giant King's residence from the side.

His gaze was locked onto those gigantic statues!

In the intense battle just now, although this City of Silver Chief had always been at a disadvantage, he didn't give up on observing his surroundings, nor did he stop thinking.

He was similarly puzzled as to why the leader of the Court Chasers could live for thousands of years. When he discovered that the living giant statues were only standing outside the palace without participating in the battle, he had arrived at a certain conclusion.

He didn't know what exactly was going on, what principles underlay it, or what domain it belonged to, but his rich experience in exploration, and the intuition as a Demon Hunter, made him believe that the statues were the crux of the problem!

Tap! Tap! Tap!

With two swords in his hands, Colin Iliad dashed forward, taking large strides. However, he didn't run in a straight line as he zigzagged his way forward.

Upon seeing this scene, Light Culler Murskogan let out an angry roar as he held the broadsword in his hands and rapidly slashed forward.

His reaction proved that Colin Iliad's judgment was correct.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

Demon Hunter Colin suddenly leaped away and did a roll. And above his original trajectory, silver light appeared out of thin air and exploded, forming a "long snake." It completely lifted the solid ground of the King's Court, tearing open a deep chasm.

With a loud thud, Light Culler Murskogan took a step forward. His nearly five-meter-tall body bent and smashed the silver broadsword in his hand onto the ground.

Clang!

The area shook violently as the pillars snapped and fell into the orange cloud beneath. The ground between the two buildings exploded layer by layer, sending countless gravel flying.

As for Demon Hunter Colin, he had already leaped up ahead of time and was in midair. He crossed his swords, creating an invisible barrier that blocked the rubble that resembled an arrow.

At this moment, Murskogan, who had his back bent, bent his knee and exerted strength into it. His massive body shot out like a meteor, instantly closing the distance between him and Demon Hunter Colin.

During this process, the silver broadsword in his hands moved upwards.

Seeing that Demon Hunter Colin was no longer able to dodge, a bright light suddenly shot over, accurately hitting Murskogan's broadsword.

With a loud clang, Colin Iliad tumbled to the ground and finally approached the giant statues in one swift move.

At the same time, he saw from the corner of his eye that the silver-armored knight phantom in front of Elder Lovia had long drawn out its giant sword. It had condensed the light of dawn into a huge bow as it shot out arrows consecutively.

Light Culler Murskogan's single eye had already been dyed with a layer of red. He didn't care about the arrows of light, and he allowed them to hit his body as they produced clanking sounds.

He kept charging forward and brandished his broadsword, causing silver light to appear from different parts of the void. He chased after the giant-like Demon Hunter Colin, preventing him from attacking those giant statues.

Suddenly, an arrow that was gathered from the lustrous brilliances tore past Murskogan and silently hit the gap in his visor.

This was from the evil spirit that Shepherd Lovia "Grazed."

Demon Hunter Colin was merely bait. It was the real attacker.

Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh! One arrow after another flew past, but this time, they were all blocked by Murskogan.

But at that moment, the Demon Hunter had already positioned himself well. He aimed at the remaining giant statues and swung his two straight swords that were enveloped by the light of dawn.

Light bloomed as a "Hurricane of Light" blanketed the area.

With continuous cracking sounds, the statues collapsed to the ground. Meanwhile, the aura of the Light Culler Murskogan rapidly declined.

This King's Court Chaser leader immediately roared, "Let's die together!"

The silver broadsword in his hand exploded, splintering into countless fragments of light. They formed a terrifying storm that swept everything around them.

The silver-armored knight evil spirit and Demon Hunter Colin simultaneously stabbed their swords into the ground, creating an invisible barrier.

The dazzling white light swept between the two buildings, destroying the grayish-blue door and stone pillars behind Derrick and company. However, when they "swept" into the Giant King's residence, they failed to affect it completely.

After an unknown period of time, just as Derrick thought that the invisible barrier was about to be torn apart by the Hurricane of Light, the rays of light finally dimmed.

In the ruins, the silver armor on the body of Light Culler Murskogan slowly faded away, revealing his grayish-blue body that was wearing linen clothes.

Not far away from him, Demon Hunter Colin's body was covered in blood. He was transforming from a giant back to his normal state, but his aura was relatively stable. It was just that he had weakened greatly.

With a clang, Murskogan genuflected as his flesh rapidly aged, decomposed, and evaporated.

Under the orange light, he seemed to see the lively King's Court once again. In the frozen dusk, giants came and went, playing the seven-stringed guitar or bone flute, wrestling, or enjoying the delicacies that they could eat at any time. The passing of their lives moved extremely slowly, and their king sat on a high throne, watching everything from above with a stately demeanor.

After that incident, none of that existed, so he chose to follow Dark Angel Sasrir.

A smile appeared on Murskogan's face as he opened his mouth and softly shouted, "King…”

This Court Chaser bowed his head, his flesh and blood completely evaporated, leaving behind a huge white skeleton and silvery-white light that had condensed together.

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CHAPTER 1122
THE INSTRUCTIONS OF THE FOOL

Above the gray fog, when Klein saw Light Culler Murskogan rapidly age and decompose into bones, he suddenly recalled Mobet, Siatas, Frunziar, and Snowman when they left Groselle's Travels.

He didn't have the time to stop it back then, and it was no different this time. This was because the leader of the King's Court Chasers had never chanted the honorific name of The Fool, so he was unable to pull him above the gray fog.

However, compared to before, with the Sea God Scepter in hand, he could now do more things by using the prayer light.

He immediately accommodated the Black Emperor card and activated the powers of the mysterious space above the gray fog. He made the Paper Angel carry his own words and use the crimson star to enter the real world and land on the remnant spirit of Light Culler Murskogan.

This was one of the methods that wouldn't lower his loftiness as The Fool. After all, the True Creator was still watching the area.

As Murskogan's consciousness was rapidly wiped out of existence, an angel with black wings suddenly appeared in front of him.

The speed at which his Spirit Body collapsed slowed down as he heard a loud and majestic voice:

"What is the advancement ritual and supplementary ingredients of the Silver Knight potion?

"Is Sasrir really sleeping in the palace of the Giant King?"

Murskogan replied blankly, "The advancement ritual of the Silver Knight comes from the Blasphemy Slate. It needs a complicated altar to be set up, placing the remains of the six powerful creatures one had hunted in the correct positions, and receive the blessings of a deity…

"The supplementary ingredients are…

"I can’t be certain. In short, that door didn’t open after Lord Sasrir entered…”

Amidst the response, the spirit of Murskogan’s spirit slowly but firmly dissipated. Finally, he could no longer hold on as he was reduced to points of light that merged into the still dusk of the Giant King’s Court.

And this conversation happened within the soul domain, so no one else could hear it.

Thankfully, I’m careful enough to not let Murskogan say the main ingredient of the Silver Knight potion. Anyway, the Beyonder characteristic can be used to replace whatever it is. Otherwise, I wouldn’t be able to hear the answer to the second question… The Fool heaved a sigh of relief and praised himself inwardly.

He then focused and seriously thought about what Murskogan had just said.

A deity’s blessing? Isn’t this advancement ritual a little too difficult? It’s only Sequence 3… Uh, I have to consider the circumstances of his timeline. Murskogan is a powerhouse who survived from the Second Epoch. It was a habit to call an angel a subsidiary god, and include "Them" in the ranks of a god. That also means that the blessings of an angel should be sufficient. Yes, I’ll use divination to confirm this later… Of course, even if an angel’s

blessings are sufficient, I'm unable to do anything for the time being. It will depend if the Grade 0 Sealed Artifacts in the City of Silver have any living characteristics that can also be communicated with…

The act of setting up that altar is actually a little complicated… Must the remains of the six powerful creatures that one has personally killed have to be at the demigod level? It's very difficult for Demon Hunters outside the Forsaken Land of the Gods. How can there be so many demigod-level creatures to be killed? Most of them are protected by their corresponding organizations. From the looks of it, the Church of the God of Combat should have a new substitute method while maintaining the essence of the ritual. Is this the difference between the first and second Blasphemy Slate?

However, for a young Chief like the City of Silver, he must've killed more than six powerful monsters… That's easy.

As he was currently certain that the second Blasphemy Slate had appeared after the ancient sun god's death, he was able to determine that Light Culler Murskogan was referring to the first Blasphemy slate.

He quickly conjured a piece of parchment from his interpretation of the advancement ritual and supplementary ingredients. Then, a divination with a topaz spirit pendulum was performed, to which he received a revelation that there were no mistakes.

Then, he threw this message to the crimson star representing The Sun.

This is a gift from Mr. Fool. After doing all of this, Klein gave a self-deprecating laugh. He increasingly felt that the answer to the second question was worth ruminating.

He didn't say if Sasrir was truly asleep. He only said that the door hadn't opened after the Dark Angel entered.

And the only thing that didn't open was the door.

The God of Knowledge and Wisdom gave me the key, and Adam gave me the Unshadowed Crucifix. Was it done to open the door to confirm the Dark Angel’s condition? As his thoughts raced, he suddenly felt lucky. Fortunately, the True Creator wasn’t too interested in this. If this entity had sent down "His" will just now and tried to influence Murskogan’s dissipating spirit, "He" would’ve clashed with The Fool’s Paper Angel on the spot.

That would be rather awkward.

Only at that moment did Derrick dare to open his eyes. His face was pale from having lost too much blood. In order to maintain the Unshadowed domain, he had allowed the cross to absorb quite a bit of his blood.

He looked around and placed the Unshadowed Crucifix in front of him as he sincerely thanked Mr. Fool.

At that moment, Haim put away Thunder God’s Roar and his weapon. He removed the leather bag on his back and found a set of clothes to throw to the Chief.

To the City of Silver’s exploration team, as long as they weren’t wearing clothes and armor that were mystical items, it was inevitable that their clothes would suffer damage during battle. Therefore, they definitely prepared a few additional sets ahead of time.

To them, the purpose of clothing covering their bodies was secondary. The most important thing was to leave space to store materials, ointments, and charms.

Colin Iliad looked around vigilantly, but he didn’t find anything unusual. He quickly put on his clothes and found one of the small metal bottles that had fallen all over the ground during the battle. He removed the lid and gulped it down.

His face turned a little green as if he had been poisoned. However, his wounds and the signs of decline were improving.

As for Lovia, she was no longer able to maintain the "Grazing" of the silver-armored knight, and she placed it back inside her body.

By the time Murskogan’s Beyonder characteristic condensed into a silvery-white luster that resembled a miniature sun or heart, it was put away by Demon Hunter Colin. This Shepherd Elder looked at the nearby palace with his gray eyes and said, "Chief, the path to the sea might very well be hidden there."

Lovia paused for a moment before adding, "Perhaps there’s another way to get to the other side of the sea."

As Colin Iliad watched Derrick, Haim, and the others clean up the battlefield, pick up items, and deal with the mutilated corpse of Antiona, he shook his head and said, "The Dark Angel is sleeping inside, and ‘He* is definitely a King of Angels, one we are currently unable to resist. Even facing ‘Him* will be very difficult.

"Let’s head back first and inform everyone that we have seen the sea before making preparations for entry into the Giant King’s palace."

Lovia’s silver-gray hair fluttered slightly as she wore a solemn expression.

"But we don’t know anything. We can’t make any targeted preparations.

After saying that, she fell silent for two seconds before saying, "I have a suggestion. You, Derrick, Haim, and the others can head back first. I’ll stay behind and attempt to enter the palace to gather useful information. I can fuse into the shadows and perhaps not disturb that Dark Angel.

"If I don’t return, it means that the danger inside has exceeded the limits we can handle."

When Lovia mentioned that she might die, her expression didn’t change at all, as if she had long been prepared.

Colin listened quietly and stared at her for a few seconds.

"No.

"We can’t bear such risks.

"If you awaken the Dark Angel, ‘He’ might leave the Giant King’s Court and attack the City of Silver, but we definitely won’t be able to resist against ‘Him.’"

Without waiting for Lovia’s reply, Colin Iliad turned his head and looked at the other three members.

"Derrick, what’s your opinion?"

My opinion? Derrick was somewhat at a loss. He nearly blurted the question back out.

Haim and the other Dawn Paladin were equally shocked. This was because this was an internal conflict among the six- member council. Colin Iliad had actually asked for Derrick Berg’s opinion!

Could it be that the Chief has been nurturing Derrick as the next Elder of the six-member council? The two members of the expedition team looked thoughtfully at their teammates.

…This is him asking for my opinion? The Fool Klein above the gray fog frowned slightly.

His brain immediately began to churn rapidly.

What views can I have?

If they were to open the door and awaken Sasrir, I wouldn’t be able to save any of them. All I can do is get them to ask for the help of the True Creator!

Let’s wait until I figure out the situation regarding the Dark Angel from the Red Angel evil spirit and other related existences before beginning the exploration… I don’t have to worry about the Dragon of Wisdom and Adam’s thoughts for now…

No matter what, there’s nothing wrong with choosing to be calm and cautious at such times.

As his thoughts raced, Klein sternly said, "Return."

He then projected this image into the crimson star representing The Sun.

Derrick was stunned for two seconds before calmly answering the Chiefs question.

"I think we should give up for now and wait until we’re ready."

Colin Iliad nodded and said to Shepherd Lovia, "This is my decision."

Lovia fell silent for a moment before saying, "I will defer to your decision."

She didn’t say anything else as she helped Derrick and company mark the area.

As Antiona wasn’t killed by a blood relative, there was a high possibility that an anomaly would happen. Therefore, the expedition team would mark the area, making the ones who arrived later to be more vigilant. However, they didn’t need to worry about such effects since they were very far away from the City of Silver.

While they busied themselves, Lovia suddenly looked up and said to Derrick and Haim, "This is the Giant King’s Court. There might not be any anomalies."

She didn’t explain as she looked at Antiona’s pile of flesh that had been burned into ashes by the flames. She grabbed a handful of them and placed them inside her leather bag.

After completing these matters, the City of Silver’s expedition team found another passageway, but they obtained a disappointing outcome.

Following that, under the lead of Chief Colin Iliad, they retraced their path back.

After entering the palace that had already lost its main door while having the oil painting band playing their tunes, Derrick couldn’t help but turn his head to look outside at the broken railings again. He looked at the orange-red cloud in the distance, towards the deep blue sea.

After staring at it for a few seconds, he retracted his gaze and realized that the Chiefs light-blue eyes were also silently looking in that direction.

Colin immediately turned his head and said calmly, "Let’s go."

Then, without turning back, he proceeded steadily.

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CHAPTER 1123
AFTER THE EXPEDITION

Above the gray fog, when he saw that the City of Silver's exploration team had begun embarking on their way back as the Giant King's palace remained unchanged, Klein heaved a sigh of relief and leaned back in his chair, exhausted.

After two hours of observation, his spirituality was nearing its limits. At most, he could hold out for another fifteen minutes.

Regardless, the things obtained from this expedition completely exceeded my imagination. It's only right to give the Silver Knight potion formula to the City of Silver. As he rubbed his forehead, his thoughts began to wander. Being aware of these ancient secrets is very helpful to my digestion after my advancement. The problem now is that my Bizarro Sorcerer potion hasn't been fully digested…

From the feedback I've been getting over this period of time, it can be seen that all sorts of strange tales are indeed useful. When Miss Magician completes the script and publishes it, it just needs some time to build up some momentum before it's done.

However, she started writing a few days ago. I don't know when she will finish her manuscript…

Why can't she just write a few more hours every day?

When I went to pick her up this time, I should urge her…

With this in mind, Klein suddenly recalled something. He hadn’t given Anderson a reward for finding Vice Admiral Ailment.

I’ll wait until he helps Danitz become a Conspirer. Anyway, this was also part of the agreement… The advancement ritual of an Iron-blooded Knight isn’t difficult, but it’s not simple either. Especially for a Hunter, it’s even more troublesome… It requires a Hunter who is adept at provocation and enjoys coming up with ploys to build a team of at least thirty people, and also nurture a deep sense of friendship amongst them while making them strong. When they act almost as one, they’ll set up the ritual… The greater the strength and camaraderie amongst the team, the better the effects of the ritual…

Seeing that the City of Silver’s expedition team was returning in an orderly manner without encountering any accidents, he finally felt at ease. He left the world above the gray fog and threw himself into bed, falling into a dream.

After some rest at the Afternoon Town camp, Derrick Berg finally recovered and his face was no longer as pale.

He had just eaten bread made from Black-Faced Grass powder when a figure grew out from the shadows outside and said in a low voice, "Derrick, the Chief is looking for you."

"Yes." Derrick subconsciously stood up. "Thank you."

He was originally prepared to find the Chief and hand over the Silver Knight potion formula.

After watching the messenger retreat into the shadows, he walked out of the room and arrived at the clearing where the bonfire was illuminated.

At a glance, Derrick saw many members who hadn’t participated in the expedition gathered in groups of two or three. They were excitedly discussing something.

They already knew that one could see the sea from the Giant King's Court. They knew that it wasn't too far from the coast, and as long as they found the correct path, they would arrive there in no time.

This was an important step for the City of Silver to save themselves after discovering the outsider, Jack.

The residents of the City of Silver, who mainly had the power of Dawn, finally saw the light of dawn.

Their long wait and persistence seemed to have paid off.

Derrick could understand the feelings of his team members because he was the same. However, from The World Gehrman Sparrow, he knew very well that the waters in the ruins of the battle of gods weren't that simple. To head to the other side of the sea would probably be extremely difficult.

Ignoring everything else, just Dark Angel Sasrir, who was sleeping in the Giant King's palace and blocking the vital path outside, was a problem that he couldn't overcome at the moment.

I can only hope that Mr. Fool will bless me. Yes, for that boy to appear in the temple ruins, it means that there are other paths that can bypass the Giant King's palace and reach the sea… Derrick thought optimistically as he circled around the quietly burning bonfire and walked towards the Chiefs room on the other side.

Suddenly, he saw a person sitting silently in the shadow of a boulder.

It was a man in his twenties, and he was much taller than Derrick. He held a pale gold bracelet with three small bells hanging on it as he looked at it with his pupils unfocused.

Derrick was no stranger to this man. He knew that he was the husband of Antiona, Dolores, a Sequence 6 Dawn Paladin.

In the City of Silver, before the age of eighteen, one could date freely until they were married. And if one didn’t have a partner at the age of eighteen, they would be arranged to have one. It was the same for widows and widowers after three years.

This was a necessary measure to ensure the necessary population level for the City of Silver’s continuation. It seemed like it was against human rights, but for the continuation of the entire city in the dark lands, it could only be done this way. Furthermore, this could ensure that everyone had a certain number of close relatives, preventing the possibility of mutating into a terrifying evil spirit after their death.

As for Dolores and Antiona, they were neighbors who lived on the same street. They had known each other since they were young and had a good impression of each other. In the end, they started dating when they were teammates of a patrol team. Over time, they became husband and wife and had a deep, loving relationship.

In light of how they had a young child, Colin Iliad had deliberately left one of them behind during the expedition to the Giant King’s Court.

On the one hand, Derrick felt that there was nothing wrong with the Chiefs arrangement, and on the other hand, he felt a strong sense of sorrow because of the way Dolores acted. It was as if he had returned to the state when he had to personally stab his parents to death.

From the beginning to the end of the expedition, it only took half a day’s time. However, to Dolores, it meant everything had changed.

After a moment of silence, Derrick retracted his gaze and continued forward, subconsciously taking a few heavy steps. At the same time, he thought of a rumor:

Shepherd Elder Lovia once had a husband, but he died in an expedition. This was very common to begin with and wasn’t worth discussing. However, other than Lovia, the team that explored the ruins of the temple

had all gone "mad." After they were eradicated, there were rumors that gradually spread among the residents of the City of Silver:

During that expedition, Elder Lovia had eaten her husband!

In the "night" with low lightning frequency, the winds were rather cold. Derrick shivered and turned his attention back to the scene before him.

He took a few steps and arrived at his destination. He raised his hand and knocked on the Chiefs door.

"Come in," Colin Iliad said calmly.

Derrick pushed open the door and entered. He saw the chief wearing a linen shirt and dark-colored coat wiping his two swords with oil.

Colin Iliad didn’t stop. He raised his head and looked at Derrick.

"What are your thoughts on this expedition?"

What’s the Chiefs motive for asking this? Having been influenced by Alger, Derrick subconsciously had this thought.

Unable to grasp the true intentions of the Chief, he had no choice but to close the door and answer frankly, "There might be other paths to the seaside. The palace of the Giant King should be very important, but that’s too dangerous. We need more information."

Colin Iliad nodded and asked, "The Kings of Angels and other existences who call themselves deities secretly plotted together because… because they wanted to resist the Lord?

"And ‘Their’ success caused this land to be forsaken?"

Although Derrick had never directly heard of such an inference, it wasn’t difficult to come up with a similar conclusion based on the various secrets

he had learned from the Tarot Club.

"Yes, that should be the case."

Colin fell silent. Even his act of wiping his sword slowed down.

After a few seconds, he put down the items in his hand and took two steps forward.

"Those who participated in the conspiracy are still active on the other side of the sea?"

After a moment of silence, Derrick replied in deliberation, "Mostly.

"But not too much."

Colin Iliad nodded, indicating that he had nothing else to ask.

Derrick hurriedly said, "Chief, I obtained the incomplete formula of the Silver Knight potion, including the supplementary ingredients and the advancement ritual during Light Culler Murskogan’s death."

When he said this, Derrick knew that his lie sounded overly fake. It could be seen through right away because he didn’t even dare to open his eyes back then.

However, he just couldn’t think of a better excuse.

If Mr. Hanged Man were here, he would definitely have a better solution… Just as this thought came to his mind, he heard the Chief speak slowly:

"Very good. What is it?"

Derrick was stunned for a second before he hurriedly recounted the corresponding ritual and supplementary ingredients.

Colin listened quietly and let out a long sigh.

"You have contributed greatly this time. This is extremely important to the City of Silver. In the future, our limit will be Sequence 3 and not Sequence 4. Up to a certain range, the risk of the expedition teams will be greatly reduced."

Why will the risk encountered by the expedition teams be reduced when the upper limit is Sequence 3 within a certain range… As Derrick was happy that he had made such a contribution, he couldn't understand the Chiefs words.

However, he knew that this was something he didn't have the right to understand. He planned on asking around at the Tarot Gathering later.

He then bade farewell and opened the door.

"Derrick…" Colin Iliad suddenly called out to him.

Derrick turned his head in puzzlement and found that the Chiefs expression was rather solemn.

Colin fell silent for a while before shaking his head.

"Be careful of Lovia."

"Yes, Your Excellency," Derrick replied from the bottom of his heart.

Backlund, North Borough.

Hazel took a carriage back to the city from Moose Manor, and she was preparing to meet Miss Audrey at the Loen Charity Bursary Foundation to discuss matters regarding donations and help.

After many interactions, she had a very good impression of this noble lady. She didn't feel pressured when beside her, and the strange emotions

accumulated in her heart had mostly dissipated. She gradually recovered more of her forgotten memories.

I should have a teacher… What exactly happened that day? Every time I think about it, I tremble all over… Hazel cast her gaze out the window, feeling a little depressed.

Her carriage was driving past the vicinity of Boklund Street.

At this moment, a person dressed in the clothes of a mailman rode his bicycle horizontally across the carriage, looking rather relaxed.

Hazel casually sized him up and saw a monocle on his right eye.

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CHAPTER 1124
ENHANCED TEAMMATES

Hazel’s gaze instantly froze as she felt something rapidly expanding in her mind. It was about to tear apart an invisible barrier and spew out.

She instinctively looked away and curled up slightly.

Then, she felt a ray of light shoot out from the depths of her heart, exploding into countless memory fragments in her mind as it howled, raging back and forth.

She suddenly remembered what had happened at home that day. She recalled her father, mother, maid, and servants wearing monocles or pinching their eye sockets. The indescribable horror was so vivid, as though it had been carved into her bones.

The expression on Hazel’s face crumbled as she curled into a ball as she trembled. The maidservant in the carriage was stunned as she hurriedly stood up and reached out her hands in an attempt to help her up.

"No!" Hazel trembled as she shouted with a nearly sharp voice.

The maidservant was shocked and frightened. She stood rooted to the ground, not knowing how to react.

After shouting, Hazel calmed down. She sat up and looked ahead in extreme fear. She saw the monocled postman enter another street, leaving only his back visible.

"I-I wasn’t feeling well just now. I’m feeling much better now," Hazel turned her head and barely said to the maidservant.

She realized that she wasn’t as afraid as she remembered. It was as if she had already gotten used to the situation after some time.

If not, I might have lost control just now… Why would I use the word "lose control”…Thankfully, I forgot those memories and didn’t do anything eye-catching when I saw the postman. It took me ten seconds to break down. If not, I might’ve been detected, and something terrifying might’ve happened… Her thoughts flashed uncontrollably as her body trembled slightly.

"Miss, do you need to go to the clinic?" the maidservant asked hurriedly.

Hazel instinctively shook her head as her mind turned chaotic as she casually said, "Let’s go to the Loen Charity Bursary Foundation first. I remember there’s a private clinic nearby."

"Alright." The maidservant turned around and instructed the coachman to speed up.

Hazel kept taking deep breaths in an attempt to regulate her tense emotions, panic, and fear.

It had to be said that it was somewhat effective. She seemed to have calmed down a little instead of breaking down immediately.

At that moment, a sparrow had appeared above the carriage at some point in time. It squeezed its right eye and spat out a human language with almost no sound.

"She seems to have some unnecessary misunderstanding about me.

"It looks like T had some interactions with her before. Ah, she’s a resident of Boklund Street. Interesting…”

Before long, the carriage arrived at Phelps Street. Seeing that the Loen Charity Bursary Foundation wasn’t far away, Hazel suddenly said, "To the cathedral.

"Turn towards Saint Samuel Cathedral first."

"I want to pray."

She wanted to tell the bishops what had happened that day and what she saw today!

In the gap of the carriage, a black ant moved its feeler on its right and whispered in a human voice, "Humans nowadays are really lacking in creativity. They go to cathedrals at the first sight of problems. I thought I would discover something if I followed her. Next time, I’ll steal the cathedral in front of them."

As he spoke, the other feeler of the ant moved as well.

Hazel immediately forgot what she had just said and what she had just recalled. She had forgotten that she had met a postman wearing a monocle. She got off the carriage at the entrance of the Loen Charity Bursary Foundation and headed in with her maidservant in tow.

Clearly, her maidservant and her driver didn’t remember the previous order.

In the Loen Charity Bursary Foundation, Audrey welcomed Hazel and brought her new friend into the activities needed to help the injured soldiers at the front lines.

As The World Gehrman Sparrow had mentioned that the leader of the Secret Order, Zaratul, and other angels were hidden in Backlund, Audrey carefully gave up on the third stage of treatment for Hazel. She hoped that Hazel wouldn’t recall what she had experienced for the time being to prevent any accidents from happening.

Her current plan was to busy herself with charity work, helping others to make Hazel gradually brighten up and strengthen her ability to withstand the psychological trauma.

In the pirate’s free city, Fors was drinking a high concentration of fruit wine that was locally produced, recording what she had heard and encountered today.

Suddenly, her spiritual perception was triggered as she instinctively looked to the side.

She immediately saw a figure appear in the void, quickly reforming. It was Gehrman Sparrow in a half top hat, black trench coat, and a cold expression.

With a swoosh, Fors stood up with her wine glass and fountain pen. She subconsciously said, "Good afternoon, uh, Mr. Sparrow."

As she spoke, she hurriedly placed the items on the table.

Klein pressed his top hat and looked around.

"Do you want to leave?"

Fors eyes darted to her sides before she said, "Alright."

Over the past few days, she had already made preliminary records of the traits of the city that were different from other places.

Without saying a word, Klein gestured at the items on the desk with his chin, indicating for Miss Magician to quickly pack up.

Fors didn’t hesitate at all as she hurriedly organized her drafts, as though she had heard an instruction.

As he stood there and watched the other party busy, he suddenly said, "How’s the progress with the horror story?" Fors trembled indiscernibly before replying, "Soon, soon."

Klein gently nodded his head.

"How much longer?"

"A week—no, five days. Five days, tops," Fors quickly replied.

Klein didn’t say anything else. After Fors packed up her drafts, fountain pen, half a bottle of wine, and other memorabilia, he took two steps forward and grabbed her shoulder.

Countless indescribable figures flashed past, and Fors felt a little more relaxed than before. She even attempted to "Record" this "Travel."

Before long, she returned to Backlund and returned to the alley where she had disappeared from before. She heard The World Gehrman Sparrow say, "Rest for a few days before setting off.

Take note of any replies. Also, ask your teacher again if there’s any information related to the Blood Emperor Tudor, mainly about the various ruins."

"Alright." Fors quickly agreed and thanked him.

AJFter separating from Gehrman Sparrow, she returned to a street in East Borough and entered an apartment that she shared with Xio.

Xio put down the newspaper and looked at her friend.

"Was it effective?"

"Pretty good. I went to a free city belonging to the pirates this time…” Before Fors could finish speaking, her expression changed slightly. "Give

me my coffee beans and cigarettes."

"Why? Was it lacking there?" Xio asked in puzzlement.

Fors ran straight for the room inside and sat in front of the desk. She opened her drafts and picked up a pen. Without looking back, she said, "For the sake of the new book!

"Remember to make me coffee!"

Xio followed her to the bedroom door. When she heard that, she opened her mouth but didn’t say anything.

In another spot in East Borough, in a rented apartment with a similar layout.

As Zaratul had already arrived in Backlund, it was unknown when Amon would be "baited" over. The Red Angel evil spirit’s true motives were unknown, and he was planning on preventing George III from becoming a Black Emperor. On the one hand, Klein was trying his best to digest the Bizarro Sorcerer potion, and on the other hand, he was making various preparations.

At this moment, after handling The Magician, he opened up a piece of paper and wrote:

"Dear Mr. Azik,

"I’ve recently learned quite a bit of ancient history. I believe you will be very interested in it. Otherwise, you wouldn’t have chosen to be a history teacher after losing your memories.

This history involves some concealed secrets, so it’s not convenient to describe them in a letter. When you wake up, I will share it with you in person…

"Also, I can create a charm called ‘Yesterday Once More.’ Once used, you can find your past self through the Historical Void and borrow power from ‘Him.’

"This is actually not something worth paying attention to. What’s most important is that you can retrieve your memories from your past self. There’s no need to use decades to slowly awaken them. I believe you will like it…

"I attached two with this letter. If you wake up, you can try their effects…

"I’m currently in an environment filled with undercurrents. If you come over, please be careful. Please observe the situation in advance…

“…On the matter of George III advancing to a Black Emperor, I will try to do something, but the chances of success are very slim…

"Finally, I wish you well. I also wish that you wake up soon. Your eternal student, Klein Moretti."

After folding the letter, Klein stuffed two Yesterday Once More charms into the envelope.

Following that, he took out Azik’s copper whistle and blew it.

The huge skeleton messenger immediately emerged from the floor and received the letter with his head at a height lower than Klein.

Klein nodded slightly and watched as the messenger disintegrated into bones before disappearing.

After doing all of this, he used two fingers to pull out Will Auceptin’s paper crane from his wallet. He wrote on it with a pencil:

"I have something to ask you."

He placed the paper crane under his pillow and lay down on it. With the help of "Cogitation," he entered a deep sleep.

In the depths of the pitch-black sharp tower, Klein once again met Will Auceptin, who was sitting in a black baby pram.

Without waiting for the other party to speak, he directly asked, "Do you know who can provide the method needed to accommodate the Uniqueness? What kind of price would it take?"

If the price is too high, then forget it… Klein added inwardly.

Will Auceptin, who was sucking on his thumb, was taken aback.

"You want to help me accommodate the Die of Probability?"

Klein nodded seriously and said, "Regardless of whether it’s a success or not, we should try our best."

Just as he finished speaking, Will Auceptin’s tears rolled down his cheeks.

The chubby baby pounded his hands to the side and cried sadly. He whimpered and said, "It’s useless… It’s too late… I’ve already rebooted, and I still have to spend at least twenty-two years growing before I can accommodate the Uniqueness… Why didn’t you say that earlier…

"I’m really unlucky… It must’ve been that silly snake, Ouroboros, who took too much of my luck…”

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CHAPTER 1125
OPPORTUNITY

As he listened to Will Auceptin’s "tearful complaints," Klein was at a loss as to how to react. He could only remain expressionless.

After the baby wrapped in silver silk calmed down, he asked in puzzlement, "Even if I said it earlier, it’s useless. When I met you, you were already ‘rebooted.’"

"No, I was still Will Auceptin at that time. I didn’t have Ceres as my last name, I’d "rebooted" for a long time back then." The chubby baby wiped his tears and said, "Although I’m still quite some time away from becoming an adult, as long as I’m willing to take a certain risk, it’s not impossible to accommodate it. With the luck I’ve accumulated, that risk can be resolved. But, the difference now is just too great. There’s no way to make up for it."

With a thought, Klein said after some deliberation, "Perhaps you can find an angel from the Marauder pathway to steal time from you, allowing you to grow up faster."

Will Auceptin was still choking as he shook his head and said, "It’s useless… It’s impossible for ‘Them’ to accurately steal my ‘childhood’ and ‘teenage’ years. If it’s only a matter of time, it won’t allow me to grow. It will only reduce the age I can originally live to… When the time comes, Will Auceptin Ceres will die prematurely, having been born June 1350 and dying October 1350, for a ripe old age of four months…”

"But I’ve seen cases of aging rapidly due to the theft of time," Klein recalled what he had seen in Amon’s mausoleum.

The chubby baby still shook his head.

"No, that’s just a manifestation of it being symbolized. If it’s used on me, it will just be a baby that starts to grow wrinkles while his hair turns white…

"To truly accurately steal the ‘childhood’ and ‘teenage’ years, it has to be Amon, and it has to be ‘His’ true body in person…”

At this point, the baby wrapped in silver silk and Klein fell silent at the same time. No one spoke for a long time.

If he were to get Amon, the years that were possibly robbed wouldn’t be limited to just the "childhood" and "teenage" years.

After a while, Klein took a deep breath without hiding anything.

Then there’s no need to consider this for now. However, I still want to know where I can find a way to accommodate the Uniqueness. If I have a chance to get it, I definitely can’t miss it. Who knows when it might come in handy in the future."

Will Auceptin put down his tear-stained palm and sniffed.

"There’s no need to ask others. I’ve already gotten it long ago, but I can’t do it. Otherwise, do you think that me being president of the Life School of Thought was for nothing?"

Klein was surprised and curious. "Why can’t you do it?"

Will Auceptin pulled the blanket in the baby’s pram and said, "There are three ways to accommodate the Uniqueness. One is to be born naturally with it, which is equivalent to being a Uniqueness coming to life and imbuing human nature into it. The other is to make the Uniqueness come to life to a certain extent before forcefully putting it into one’s body. By relying on the power of the Creator to suppress it, it will slowly take quite some time to slowly wear it down before one gets used to it and achieve a

balance. The third is to concoct the Uniqueness into an incomplete potion and drink it with a simplified apotheosis ritual.

"There’s no need to mention the first method. This is why those brothers are enviable. The second is impossible after the ancient sun god’s death. The third is the only viable option at the moment, but for the Sequence 1 of the Fate pathway, it depends on the machinations of fate."

The first point was mentioned in Emperor Roselle’s diary. It was said by Mr. Door… Does the second point mean that, after the ancient sun god wielded so many authorities, he was at least half a level higher than the present true deities, or even one full level? The Creator’s level? As if in thought, Klein asked, "What do you mean by only depending on the machinations of fate? What has this got to do with me saying earlier that I can help you accommodate the Uniqueness?"

Will Auceptin’s chubby baby face revealed a look of poignancy.

"The apotheosis ritual for the Fate pathway might be the simplest, or perhaps it’s the most difficult.

"As long as we find the correct opportunity in the torrent of fate, we can directly consume the potion and attempt to advance.

"But the problem lies in the fact that the exact opportunity cannot be divined or predicted. There’s no way to lock onto it. I can only eliminate certain interferences and patiently search as I experience life. I’ve already ‘rebooted’ countless times and I’ve spent ages, but I still haven’t encountered it…”

At this point, the baby’s tears flowed down again.

It sounds simple, but in fact, one can only rely on fate. It really depends on how "well" you look… With a sigh, Klein asked in enlightenment, "When I said that I would help you accommodate the Uniqueness, did you vaguely grasp that opportunity?"

The chubby baby cried even harder.

"Although I didn’t really find it… I did sense it to a certain extent…”

…Is that so… Back then, when Will Auceptin came into contact with me, other than hoping to receive the help of Yesterday Once More, was it also pushed by luck? What a charlatan… Klein tersely acknowledged.

"Then there’s no other way…”

"You can only give me a few more of those charms!" Will Auceptin nodded heavily.

"Alright," replied Klein generously. He then added, "You have to give me a few paper cranes."

With that said, the baby wrapped in silver silk and Klein fell silent.

In the rental apartment, after waking up from his dream, Klein got out of bed and walked to the room outside. He took out pen and paper and began to write to Leonard:

“…I obtained charms that originate from High-Sequence Beyonders of the Seer pathway. It allows someone to borrow power from their former selves…”

Klein didn’t mention that it might be something his dear poet needed, as if he was simply describing it.

After folding the letter, he took out a gold coin and a rectangular diamond-like charm and blew into the adventurer’s harmonica.

Reinette Tinekerr, who was wearing a dark and complicated long dress, walked out of the void with four blonde, redeyed heads in hand. All eyes were cast towards the Yesterday Once More charm.

The four heads spoke one after another:

"Who…" "To deal…" "With…" "This time…"

So direct… Klein sighed and smiled.

"It's unconfirmed yet.

"I'm going to attempt at foiling George Ill's plans. I might need your help at critical moments."

The four heads in Reinette Tinekerr's hand spoke one after another:

"This…" "Sounds…" "Extremely…" "Dangerous…"

"Requires…" "Higher…" "Payment…"

"More of these charms?" The comer of Klein's forehead twitched as though he had experienced the pain of tearing his soul apart.

"Three…" Reinette Tinekerr's head who had failed to join in the final sentence shook.

Klein smiled and answered, "No problem, but it will take one to two weeks."

Firstly, he had recently separated many Worms of Spirit and made quite a number of Yesterday Once More charms. It made him feel like he was nearing his limit and needed some rest. Secondly, he felt that it would be another one to two weeks before he could digest the Bizarro Sorcerer potion and attempt to advance to Scholar of Yore once Miss Magician's new book was published. When the time came, he might have a simpler method.

Reinette Tinekerr's four heads began to bob with the help of their hair, indicating that that wasn't a problem.

Klein then pointed at the letter and gold coin.

"Send it to the mailbox at 7 Pinster Street."

He had previously divined that Leonard wasn’t at home. Apparently, he had gone south of the bridge.

One of the heads of Reinette Tinekerr tilted up as she sucked the letter, gold coin, and Yesterday Once More charms into her mouth.

As he watched Miss Messenger enter the void and vanish from his room, Klein pondered for nearly a minute before beginning to set up a sacrificial and bestowment ritual.

Since the Bizarro Sorcerer potion was about to be completely digested, there was no doubt that he had to prepare the various ingredients for Scholar of Yore in advance.

Among them, the Demonic Wolf of Fog’s transformed heart and White Frost Crystal could be obtained from the Evernight Goddess.

And with the Demonic Wolfs transformed heart, he could go to the spirit world to "bait" a Hound of Fulgrim.

After a series of tasks, he finished setting up the altar and took two steps back to inspect the surroundings.

It’s still considered clean… In addition to the wall of spirituality’s seal, it satisfies the requirements of a ritual… I haven’t made any contribution recently, so how should I ask for a bestowment? Could it be that I’m telling the Goddess that I plan to take a credit loan and pay it in installments… Will this be a little sacrilegious… Hmm, I’ll try to sacrifice something of value. If the Goddess is willing to accept it, "She" will do the corresponding bestowment…

Something of value… As he thought, his thoughts moved to the junk pile above the gray fog.

He really wanted to pack up the items he couldn't sell for the time being, such as the Biological Poison Bottle, the Interrogator Beyonder characteristic, Lunatic Beyonder characteristic, Blatherer's Aura, Thousand-faced Hunter's blood, six-winged gargoyle's eyeball, Spirit World Plunderer powder, and other items to sacrifice to the Goddess to exchange for the materials needed for Scholar of Yore. However, he felt that this would make the Goddess seem like a rag-and-bone man; hence, he could only give up the idea.

It has to be of roughly the same value… I can't use Groselle's Travels; it hides quite a bit of secrets. Perhaps it will be of great use. Yes, the next time Little Sun and the others explore the Giant King's Court, I can give them Groselle's ashes. This time, I wasn't sure how far they could go in the expedition, and was worried that they were unable to return after entering the Groselle's Travels…

Sea God Scepter? That's even more important. Not only is it my most powerful Sealed Artifact, but it also involves the believers of the Sea God. It will be my anchor for some time. When I have other things, more anchors, it can be given to Mr. Hanged Man…

Hvin Rambis's Beyonder characteristic… This has already been promised to Miss Justice… After some thought, he realized that he didn't have many choices left. One was Life's Cane, and the other was the Flaring Sun Charm, the Fate Siphon charm, Yesterday Once More charms and Control Spirit Bullets.

The latter are all disposable items. Even if they're combined, their actual value wouldn't be comparable to the main ingredient of a Sequence 3 potion… Besides, once my ability to "transfer wounds" improves, it can take over a portion of the Life's Cane's effects… After hesitating for a while, he finally made a decision.

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CHAPTER 1126
"UNEXPECTED"

After bringing the wood-colored cane back to the real world, Klein immediately began the ritual.

He lit the candles and burned the corresponding essential oils and herbal powder, took two steps back, and skillfully recited the honorific name of the Goddess. Finally, he said, "I sacrifice this cane filled with life to you. I’m willing to receive your blessings."

He didn’t directly mention the Demonic Wolf of Fog’s transformed heart and White Frost Crystal. This was equivalent to making an equivalent exchange, not offering sacrificial items and praying for a bestowment.

There was no need to be too meticulous in other aspects of the ritual, but this was a case of showing his attitude at a fundamental level. He felt that he needed to be careful.

When Klein finished his sentence, two out of the three candle flames swelled and intertwined, forming an illusory and dark mysterious door.

The door slowly opened, creating strong invisible winds.

They swept up the Life’s Cane, allowing it to disappear into the seemingly endless cosmos through the gap of the illusory door.

Immediately following that, there was a flash as two items tore through the barrier and landed on the altar without making a single sound.

One of them was a strange heart formed by wisps of white mist, and the other was crystalline frost that emitted cold air.

Klein was delighted as he hurriedly lowered his head to thank the Goddess for her bestowment.

When he raised his head again, the dark and mysterious door had closed. It rapidly faded away, and the altar was completely restored to normal.

Phew, it really succeeded… Klein heaved a sigh of relief and took two steps forward, putting away the Demonic Wolf of Fog's transformed heart and White Frost Crystal.

At this moment, the relaxed him couldn't help but have a thought that he absolutely couldn't say out loud.

If I had known that it would go so smoothly, I wouldn't have had to use my Life's Cane…

That huge junk pile might've been enough…

Perhaps I didn't need to sacrifice anything, and the Goddess would've bestowed them to me. The present situation indicates that "She" is personally supporting me becoming a Scholar of Yore…

Of course, this way, if I receive too many bestowments, who knows what price I'll pay in the future. Using Life's Cane to trade for it makes me feel more at ease…

Well, from the looks of it, before advancing to Sequence 2 and becoming an angel, the Goddess will still shower "Her" blessings on me. In the future, it will be hard to tell what kind of developments and changes will happen…

With this in mind, he reined in his thoughts, ended the ritual, and tidied up the altar.

Then, he began to plan on how to deal with the Hounds of Fulgrim, the so-called "Sefirah Castle Keepers."

A Magician never performs unprepared!

South of the Bridge, Rose Street.

Leonard changed into a black-and-white police uniform and wore a "red glove." He led his team members and the real policemen to the only cathedral of the Church of Earth Mother in Backlund.

The epaulets he was wearing corresponded to a high-ranking inspector. But in fact, with his status as a captain of a Red Gloves team, he should be equivalent to a superintendent or even a chief superintendent. However, officers at that rank wouldn’t involve themselves in such missions. Wearing those epaulets to the Harvest Church would easily arouse the suspicion of the public.

After passing through the door, Leonard scanned the area and realized that it was empty. There were only two figures. One was sitting in the front pew, focused on praying. The second was the handsome man dressed in a priest’s robes.

He had black hair and red eyes.

Emlyn White… Leonard nodded secretly as he walked down the aisle to Bishop Utravsky.

He then coughed twice, making the half-giant bishop open his eyes and look over.

"I’m an inspector from the Backlund Police Department." Leonard showed his identification and said, "We would like to invite you back to assist in our investigations."

Father Utravsky stood up slowly and asked in a calm tone despite looking down at him, "What’s the matter?"

The nearby residents reported your abnormal behavior, saying that it’s possible that you’re a spy for Feysac or Feynapotter." Leonard explained the reason he had long come up with.

At the same time, he was prepared to pull Bishop Utravsky into a dream at any moment. Once he resisted, he would try to control this Blessed in the shortest time possible.

With the Red Gloves team’s distribution, as long as they didn’t directly encounter a true demigod, even if they were to face a Blessed who was in charge of a Holy Artifact, they would have a good chance of taking down their opponent.

Furthermore, before Leonard set off, he had applied for a Grade 1 Sealed Artifact. This was also the reason why he had delayed taking action until today.

Father Utravsky fell silent for two seconds before turning to look at Emlyn White, who was standing by the candle stand.

Emlyn’s slightly complicated expression froze. He opened his mouth, but didn’t know what to say.

Father Utravsky retracted his gaze and nodded slightly.

"Okay."

…So cooperative? I thought we would experience an intense battle and that we had to be very careful not to cause any casualties… Leonard was taken aback before he smiled.

Thank you for your cooperation."

If there really was a battle that ended up harming a Blessed of Earth Mother, Leonard suspected that the tense situation would rapidly be aggravated.

Through the ancient history in Groselle’s Travels and the various secrets he learned from the Tarot Club, and the corresponding explanations of Old Man Pallez, Leonard knew that the relationship between the Church of Earth Mother and the Church of Evernight was like dried timber. It could be ignited with a tiny spark. When the time came, the history books would record today’s events.

The war would go from a localized problem to a fuse that ignited the globe!

Leonard Mitchell had lit a religious gunpowder keg!

Phew… Seeing that Father Utravsky didn’t resist and accepted the "protective custody," Emlyn White secretly heaved a sigh of relief. He was very satisfied with his performance at the Tarot Club.Read more chapter on our vipnovel.com

At this moment, the Red Gloves team member, Cindy, looked at Emlyn, who lacked a level of masculinity due to the gentleness of the soft moonlight. She lowered her voice and said, "Cap, uh, Sir, there’s still a priest. Should we take him with us? Yes, we can temporarily shut down the Harvest Church for some time to prevent any accidents from happening."

Emlyn:

Leonard:

After a few seconds and repeated deliberation, Leonard finally said, "If the spy case involves Feynapotter, he would also be considered a suspect. Let’s invite him back to assist in our investigations."

Emlyn was stunned, unsure of what expression to show in response.

East Borough, in a two-bedroom rental apartment.

Fors rubbed her dark eye circles and drank the last mouthful of bitter coffee. She stood up abruptly and began changing her clothes.

"Done writing?" Xio, who was enjoying her breakfast, was taken aback.

It had only been a day and a half!

Fors shook her head and took a deep breath.

"No.

"But I've already written the first volume. I can hand it over to the editor of the publisher. If it's serialized, there's no need to finish it all now."

Xio thought and said, "This is indeed a good idea. It can effectively reduce your stress."

Fors's expression twisted as she closed her eyes.

"I hope so…"

In another rental apartment a few streets away, after a series of tasks, Klein, who had come up with a plan and made his preparations, put on Creeping Hunger and quickly turned transparent as he entered the spirit world.

Looking up, he saw the seven pure lights that comprised of seven different colors. He released the arms of his two marionettes and took out a box. He removed the wall of spirituality around it, allowing the aura of the Demonic Wolf of Fog's transformed heart to emanate from it.

Then, he pulled Enuni while Enuni pulled Qonas. Together, the three of them rapidly teleported deep into the spirit world.

Along the way, all kinds of strange spirit world creatures passed by them like oil paintings that depicted hell.

After an unknown period of time, Klein's premonition for danger suddenly stirred as a scene quickly appeared in his mind:

Red, black, white, blue, and other colors saturated and overlapped as a slender figure suddenly appeared.

It looked like a hound. Its entire body was covered in black short fur, and its eye sockets were two balls of dark-red burning flames. The ends of its mouth extended to the back of its head. It clearly existed there in its corporal form, but it gave off an illusory feeling that felt surreal.

Hound of Fulgrim!

Klein immediately turned around and faced it.

He released his two marionettes at the same time, allowing them to wander in different directions.

In the blink of an eye, the Hound of Fulgrim appeared.

The two dark red flames, which weren't too deformed but were absolutely terrifying, turned and looked at Klein.

Right on the heels of that, its figure became more and more illusory. It instantly disappeared, as though it was a projection from history.

…It ran away just like that? As Klein muttered to himself in shock, he became even more wary of the possibility of a surprise attack.

More than ten seconds later, two figures phased into existence. They were covered in black fur, their eyes burning, and the corners of their lips extended to the back of their heads.

However, there was only one dark red flame left in the eye sockets of each of the two monsters. The remaining fireballs were in their paws.

Without waiting for Klein to react, the two Hounds of Fulgrim lay down in the void of the spirit world and wagged their tails.

They wagged their tails.

Klein’s mouth was agape, wondering if he was dreaming.

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CHAPTER 1127
SEFIRAH CASTLE

Only after the two burning dark-red fireballs floated over from the Hounds of Fulgrim and landed in front of him did Klein snap back to his senses. He felt puzzled and relieved.

Why did they harm themselves to come up with a pair of eyes for me? There seems to be thick and sticky blood surrounding them…

If this is their trap, I would've already stepped into it. To think that I fell into a daze for a few seconds. This is a fatal mistake for a Bizarro Sorcerer in battle…

However, no matter who it is, it's inevitable that they will have similar reactions when encountering something like this the first time—the terrifying enemy who they had meticulously planned to deal with had ended up kneeling down and wagging their tails the moment they see them; this is like a dream…

This performance is very similar to Arrodes's. Could the great existence above the spirit world be able to showcase special traits in the spirit world?

As this thought flashed through his mind, he looked at the two dogs that were prostrating themselves in the void and wagging their tails. He stretched out his left hand and grabbed the two dark red flames and large amounts of thick, dark red blood.

The moment he came into contact with these things, he suddenly heard familiar ravings and roars. They were sometimes shrill, sometimes dull,

sometimes maniacal, sometimes seductive, sometimes crazy, and sometimes ethereal.

Immediately following that, an illusory, grayish-white fog appeared in front of him.

The fog spread out in all directions. Above them, there was a towering and majestic palace that looked like a god’s residence.

This was a very familiar scene, because every time he entered the mysterious space above the gray fog, he would pass through it.

In the beginning, it was difficult for him to notice his surroundings after he took four steps counterclockwise.

However, as he got used to it, and with the advancements of his Sequence, he was able to easily take the opportunity to observe the phenomenon.

And at that moment, Klein hadn’t chanted the honorific name of "Celestial Worthy of Heaven and Earth for Blessings" or taken four steps counterclockwise.

This made him extremely wary. Then, he saw a few figures appear in the endless gray fog. They overlapped with the gray fog at times while separating at other times. They were none other than Hounds of Fulgrim with their eyes burning with dark red flames, and their bodies covered in short black fur.

The two Hounds of Fulgrim that had lost one eye each returned to their companions’ side and blended into the dark spots in the gray fog.

The entire phenomenon vanished as well. In the depths of the spirit world, Klein realized that there were no longer any Hounds of Fulgrim around him. Only his two marionettes and strange spirit world creatures remained.

Klein lowered his head and looked at the "eyeballs" and blood in his hand. With their presence, he confirmed that what he had just experienced was not an illusion.

The Hounds of Fulgrim are also known as Sefirah Castle Keepers… They live in the Historical Void… I saw them active within the gray fog before fusing with the dark spots… Combining what he had seen and heard, Klein gradually came to a bold conclusion:

Perhaps Sefirah Castle is referring to the mysterious space above the gray fog. It’s referring to that strange door of light"

As for the gray fog, it’s a symbolic object formed from all the history in the spirit world. There are void gaps present in it…

Every time I enter the mysterious space through the gray fog, I leave certain traces there, making the Hounds of Fulgrim no longer feel unfamiliar with me. They see me as the owner of Sefirah Castle, so when they saw me, they immediately offered me what I needed and shook their tails to gain my favor?

After a day of planning, asking about the situation, and inviting helpers, I ended up targeting my own guards?

As he thought of this, he inexplicably felt a sense of absurdity at the situation. It felt like The Fool above the gray fog was reaching out "His" hands to fleece someone, only to end up fleecing "Himself."

Phew… Sefirah Castle… Although this development makes me even more afraid, in any case, I still have some understanding of the owner of the gray fog and that mysterious space. The unknown is the most terrifying thing…

After standing silently in the depths of the spirit world for a moment, Klein slowly exhaled and summoned his two marionettes back.

He planned on waiting for the Bizarro Sorcerer potion to be completely digested before attempting to seek out relevant knowledge about Sefirah Castle from Arrodes and other places. When the time came, if anything were to happen, he could use his advancement to fight it.

East Borough, in a two-bedroom rental apartment.

With her dark eye circles, Fors returned and retrieved the day’s newspaper and letters in passing.

"How was it?" Xio, who had just returned home for lunch, asked.

Fors covered her mouth and yawned.

"Not bad. The editor I know is very satisfied with my new book’s topic and writing style. He decided to arrange for its serialization as soon as possible.

"You might not be aware, but the horror stories of Backlund’s hospitals have been very popular recently. A best-selling author had gained inspiration from it and is beginning to serialize similar stories. I’m actually not the first to do so!"

“…This is a good thing." Xio thought about it and nodded seriously.

This meant that Fors, who had also written the horror stories of Backlund’s hospitals, wouldn’t attract too much attention. Her new pen name wouldn’t be tested either.

"I know." Fors threw the newspaper aside and took out a few letters that were stuffed in it before quickly flipping through them.

Soon, she found the reply letter from her teacher, Dorian Gray Abraham.

Fors’s expression immediately turned solemn as she quickly tore open the envelope. She spread open the letter and began reading.

“…Benjamin Abraham is from Intis. He lived in Roselle’s era… Apart from mysticism knowledge and a small amount of inheritance, he didn’t leave anything of value behind… Later on, everything was destroyed by the Aurora Order. I’m unable to provide the corresponding information…”

Mr. Gehrman Sparrow is about to be disappointed… Fors pursed her lips and pulled off a magic trick, burning the letter in her hand to ashes.

Then, she began writing a reply, asking her teacher if she knew of the secret ruins of Blood Emperor Alista Tudor.

Klein went above the gray fog and listened to Miss Magician’s prayers. The trail of clues for Benjamin Abraham have come to an end… It’s all the fault of those lunatics from the Aurora Order…

At the same time, he learned of the serialization of the horror stories of Backlund’s hospitals.

After returning to the real world, and just as he was about to head out for a meal, he suddenly saw Miss Messenger walk out of the void with four heads in her hand. One of them had a letter in its mouth.

"Who sent it?" asked Klein in puzzlement.

Reinette Tinekerr’s remaining three heads replied, "A…” "Seduced…” "Idiot…”

Who is that… Klein grew confused as he took the letter and opened it.

"The mastermind behind those matters is George III. His goal is to become the Black Emperor. Are you interested in stopping this matter?

"Trissy."

Trissy? This Demoness actually dares to write me a letter. Isn’t she afraid of being caught by Miss Messenger on the spot? Oh right, Miss Messenger

just said that the sender was a "seduced idiot”…Trissy seduced a man and got him to help her summon the messenger while she hid far away and waited for the other party to contact her through a mirror? She’s pretty smart… Hmm, she really is very persistent in investigating this matter. Isn’t she afraid that she’ll be killed by either me or George III? That man should be a Beyonder. It would be quite difficult for an ordinary person to hold a summoning ritual. After all, it relies on one’s spirit and spirituality… Klein was first puzzled before he came to a realization.

Immediately following that, he began to wonder why Trissy managed to guess that George III wanted to become the Black Emperor.

Without sufficient mysticism knowledge, and without knowing the Black Emperor’s apotheosis ritual or the corresponding history, even a demigod would find it difficult to guess. It definitely wasn’t as easy as the Red Angel evil spirit had said!

Could it be that Trissy has other helpers? Or could it be that she has obtained more power from the Primordial Demoness, including all sorts of knowledge and secrets? Klein frowned slightly as he felt that there was something amiss.

If there was a chance, he would definitely get rid of Demoness Trissy.

After thinking for more than ten seconds, he took out a piece of paper and pen from his pocket and scribbled a reply: "I’m interested, but I don’t know what you want to do."

In the Backlund Bridge area, a man in his thirties looked in horror as the headless woman—no, the four-headed demoness reappeared before him and dropped a letter.

Are all the messengers in the mysterious world so terrifying? Only about five minutes after Reinette Tinekerr left did the man catch his breath. He picked up the letter and opened it to take a look.

During this process, his gaze gradually burned because it meant that he could meet that beautiful woman again.

According to her instructions, he waited until the evening before he took out the black sticky lump. He separated them and applied them evenly onto a mirror.

A few seconds later, the mirror turned dark, as if it was connected to another world.

In the blink of an eye, the mirror presented a room that was completely different from the present environment. There was a young girl dressed in a dark black dress. She was none other than Demoness Trissy.

The man who finished the ritual immediately revealed an infatuated expression as he subconsciously whispered, "The reply said that he s interested."

The light dimples on the sides of Trissy’s cheeks slowly bloomed, making the mirror appear brighter.

Her eyebrows relaxed as she said, "I’ll send you a letter. Forward it to Gehrman Sparrow. You absolutely cannot read its contents."

After obtaining the man’s unhesitant promise, Trissy stretched out her right hand and swiped it across the mirror, causing the dark aqueous light to disappear.

She immediately found pen and paper and deliberated for a few seconds before quickly writing:

"The secret mausoleums needed for the George Ill’s ritual should be from Blood Emperor Alista Tudor, and there is an existence who understands it very well. It might be able to help us successfully infiltrate and cause damage during the ritual.

"I have a way to contact that existence, but we have to wait until the next full moon. What you need to do is provide me with some blood, hair, flesh, or bones from a descendant of the Abraham family.

"Trissy."

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CHAPTER 1128
FINALLY AN OUTCOME

East Borough, in a two-bedroom rental apartment.

After receiving the reply from Demoness Trissy from Miss Messenger Reinette Tinekerr, he pulled a chair to sit down and began reading.

This means she knows of Mr. Door's existence, and she has a way to use the bloodline of the Abraham family to communicate with that entity… Trissy can already withstand Mr. Door's cry for help. Isn't she afraid of losing control because of this? Besides, she seems to be very sure of Mr. Door's identity… She really has obtained more knowledge and secrets from the Primordial Demoness… But in such a situation, why would the Demoness of White Katarina be pursuing her? Questions arose in Katarina's mind as he read the short letter.

As Trissy's vague mention of the matter was within his understanding, he believed that she wasn't lying in this aspect. Furthermore, she had provided a very feasible solution.

Of course, the prerequisite for this method to succeed was to obtain the correct ritual and have a descendant of the Abraham family be willing to take a huge risk, as they used something related to their bloodline as a medium.

Of these three points, he was missing the first point. He still had some doubts about the third point. He attempted to find a safer and more concealed method, but Demoness Trissy seemed to only lack the second point.

To me, it’s easy to find the descendants of the Abraham family. I can directly contact them through Miss Magician. However, once I hand over their hair, blood, flesh, and bones to Demoness Trissy, this will put them at risk of being hexed… Klein understood the Demoness pathway rather well and knew that they were very good at hexes.

As his thoughts raced, he gradually came up with a countermeasure. It was to use the hair, flesh, or bones of the deceased.

He remembered that Miss Magician had mentioned to The Fool that she had once buried an old man named Lawrence. He was undoubtedly a descendant of the Abraham family.

I hope it wasn’t a cremation… Although this is somewhat sacrilegious to a corpse, speaking to Mr. Door is a necessary procedure to dispel the Abraham family’s ancient curse. It’s better to use the dead rather than implicate the living… When the time comes, I’ll add this in Trissy’s reply. I’ll claim that this is a requirement stipulated by the descendant of the Abraham family for the ritual’s medium…

Also, I have to first confirm that Trissy is going to speak to Mr. Door, and not attempt to pull "Him" back to the real world… They are either of a high-level or are involved in high-level situations. It will be difficult to obtain any effective revelations using divination, but Emperor Roselle said that the ritual required to facilitate Mr. Door’s return is very complicated. It definitely can’t be set up by a small number of descendants. I can get Queen Mystic and Miss Sharron to monitor Backlund’s underground market and see if there are any abnormal trades of materials and personnel… Klein nodded slightly and decided to find Miss Magician in a while. He could also rush her writing.

North Borough, Phelps Street.

On a bench, a young man in a black trench coat and silk top hat was sitting there with a thin face and a broad forehead. He looked at the withered and yellow Intis parasol trees in a daze.

He wore a crystal-carved monocle on his right eye, looking rather refined.

At that moment, an elder who was heading to Saint Samuel Cathedral stopped in his tracks when he saw that something was amiss. He asked gently, "Young man, what are you worried about? You lost something in this war?"

He suspected that the young man’s relatives, lover, or friends had died in the air raid or during intense battles at the front lines. That was why he was sitting alone by the side of the street, looking lost.

The young man raised his hand and pinched his monocle. He sighed and shook his head.

"I’m just thinking about some rather complicated questions."

"Are you a philosopher?" The old man was taken aback as he blurted out.

"No, but I often bring up philosophical problems for others, just like who I am, where I am, and what’s my future." The young man smiled calmly as he continued to ponder. From time to time, he would purse his lips and whisper silently.

The elder couldn’t understand him and could only shake his head. Under the gaze of the stray dogs, sparrows, ants, and microbes in the air, he slowly left.

The young man didn’t turn his head. His monocle reflected yellow leaves that were floating down as he muttered to himself, "To Parasite…”To not Parasite…”To Parasite…”To not Parasite…

"See the bait…” "Devour the bait…” "See the bait…” "Devour the bait…”

After getting the hair from Lawrence’s remains from Fors, and seeing the horror stories of Backlund hospitals being serialized in the Tussock Times,

Klein entered a patient state. He also promised to send Miss Magician to a new place next week to record new sights and customs.

Soon, a new week had arrived. After having his lunch, he planned to take a short nap to prepare for the three o’clock Tarot Gathering.

At this moment, Reinette Tinekerr, who was holding four blonde, red-eyed heads, walked out from the depths of the void. One of them had a linen bag in its mouth.

"Who sent it?" Klein suddenly had an inexplicable feeling. He had a complicated premonition as he didn’t immediately reach out to receive the bag Miss Messenger was holding.

Reinette Tinekerr’s three free heads spoke one after another:

"The…” "Real…” "Mutated…”

"King…” "Of…” "Mushrooms…”

This string of words… I roughly understand what’s going on… Klein controlled his expression of not baring his teeth as he slowly took the bag.

When he opened the bag, he wasn’t surprised to see copious amounts of demons—no, mushrooms.

Some of them were white and full, as though they would spurt out milk with a single poke. Some of them were black at the bottom and were embedded with thin blood-colored lines and markings. Some of them were covered in golden stars, and the mushroom cap was as large as a palm…

At that moment, the mushrooms were still squirming slightly, as though they wanted to spread their hyphae and spores.

After swallowing his saliva, he picked up a letter that was surrounded by mushrooms, and he started reading:

"My dear friend, Gehrman,

"I've finally completed your request. I've invented mushrooms that can be planted in dark and harsh environments. They can grow by devouring the flesh and blood of monsters, without any other conditions…

"Their descendants will be divided into two categories. The first type will accumulate various kinds of poisons that cannot be eaten. However, they can be used as a source of poison. The other type can be used for food after being cooked at high temperatures through boiling, stewing, and frying. You must remember not to eat it raw or before it's cooked. Otherwise, they will proliferate in your body, using your flesh and blood as a hotbed…

"In consideration of having a variety of flavors, I've invented eleven kinds of mushrooms—some are rich in milk. This can be directly drunk. Some are like beef. Heh heh, when frying them, there's no need to provide any extra oil. Some are as delicate as fish meat but without the bones. My suggestion is to roast or boil it…

"All of these wouldn't have been possible without your help. If I hadn't already advanced and become a Druid, I might've taken a few years, or even more than a decade to resolve all the problems I encountered during the experimentation process…

"If you have any other ideas that are suitable for me, please share them with me.

Your friend forever,

Frank Lee."

With the letter in hand, Klein fell silent for a long time. He looked up and realized that Miss Messenger was still waiting.

He sighed silently and walked to the desk. He took out a piece of paper and a pen and slowly wrote:

“…I’m very happy that you’ve succeeded. These mushrooms will help me greatly. They will effectively reduce famine in certain areas…

“…I’m currently busy with some matters, so I don’t have any new ideas for now…

“…Your friend,

Gehrman Sparrow…”

After folding the letter, he looked at Miss Messenger and hesitantly asked, "How’s Frank Lee’s condition like now?"

The head that Reinette Tinekerr had previously failed to say anything spoke first:

"Excited…”

The other three added, "Animated…” "Happy…”" Satisfied…”

Following that, the four heads said, "No longer…” "Afraid…” "Of being buried…” "In soil…”

"Why?" Klein subconsciously asked.

The four blonde, red-eyed heads in Reinette Tinekerr’s hand spat out word by word:

"He…” "Can…” "Extract…” "The…”

"Soil’s…” "Nutrients…” "And…” "Oxygen…”

Frank has really evolved quite a bit after becoming a Druid… For a moment, Klein wasn’t sure if he should be happy for his friend, or if he should grieve for the crew of the Future.

As he watched Miss Messenger leave, Klein forced himself to sleep through Cogitation. Then, he woke up at 2:30 p.m. to prepare for this week’s Tarot Gathering.

At three o’clock, dark red beams of light rose up from the ancient palace above the gray fog and solidified into their corresponding figures.

Audrey immediately stood up, curtsied, and bowed towards the end of the long bronze table.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Fool-"

As a senior Psychiatrist, she had great control over her emotions. Furthermore, she hadn’t encountered any problems this week. She was mainly seeking out donations, contacting pharmaceutical factories, and organizing medical volunteers.

However, compared to the past, the cheerfulness and happiness she had when making her greeting had decreased significantly.

The Fool Klein nodded slightly in response to the greetings from the members of the Tarot Club. Following that, he cast his gaze at The Hermit.

He still owed this lady eight questions.

Cattleya bowed her head and said with an unfaultable attitude, "Honorable Mr. Fool, there are still two questions this time."

After obtaining approval, she continued, "The first question is, what is the state of the devils in the Abyss?’

Queen Mystic’s first suspicion is that the emperor’s mausoleum is hidden in the Abyss… This is identical to the emperor’s train of thought. She is indeed his biological daughter… Unfortunately, there are no "citizens" that can be controlled there… The Fool Klein muttered to himself inwardly as

he answered with an unchanging expression, "The current Abyss is a place most Devils are unable to live in."

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CHAPTER 1129
PRESSURE

The current Abyss is a place most Devils are unable to live in? Upon hearing Mr. Fool's reply, Cattleya and company inevitably felt a deep sense of shock.

In mysticism, the Abyss was considered by all to be the most corrupted and most disorderly place. It was where the Devils lived. But now, most of the "natives" were unable to survive in there!

Is the environment in the Abyss worsening, causing the Devils to be unable to adapt to it, or is it because the situation regarding the corruption, chaos, and degeneration has improved, making the Abyss no longer suitable for the Devils to live in? Alger quickly had two theories, but he didn't know which one it was.

The Hermit Cattleya shared the same thoughts as him, but she was even more puzzled as to why the Queen would ask such a question. Regarding Mr. Fool's answer, it seemed to have a deeper meaning to it, one that could help the Queen's in understanding whatever agenda she had, and it's secrets.

As for Justice, she suddenly thought of the Church of Knowledge's Prophet demigod. He had once said that the end of the world would arrive in 1368 of the Fifth Epoch. This was publicly acknowledged by all Beyonders who were good at making prophecies. Even the deities had agreed with it.

It's 1350 this year; we're only 18 years from the apocalypse… Hence, there are signs of the Abyss appearing. The chaotic and degenerate environment that is originally filled with abstract meanings has broken past its limits,

becoming even worse? Audrey had a rough idea of the situation, and this added to her slight anxiety and unease.

As there weren't any signs of the apocalypse in the beginning, she didn't put much weight on the matter. She usually paid more attention to the current wars, casualties, and the victims of suffering. But now, the anomaly within the Abyss had left her inexplicably horrified. She desperately wanted to improve herself. She wanted to finish digesting the potion and obtain the Beyonder characteristic left behind by Hvin Rambis to advance to become a demigod.

Only then could she have the ability to interfere and resist certain things that she didn't want to see happen.

Mr. World, entrust me with more tasks… Audrey silently prayed in her heart and secretly placated her restless emotions.

The members such as Leonard, Fors, and Xio actually had some doubts about whether the Abyss really existed. This was because, after the Second Epoch, the Abyss had never revealed itself to the world again. The most active Devils in the real world had come from the Blood Sanctify Sect. Even the high-level Devils and evil existences that the rituals pointed to were highly likely to be the highest echelons of the Blood Sanctify Sect.

Of course, the evil god, the Dark Side of the Universe, was widely regarded as the embodiment of the Abyss, but "His" presence was extremely low. If "He" hadn't occasionally responded to the ritual and showed the characteristics of the Devil, "He" would probably be considered a pure legend, just like Giant King Aurmir.

But even so, the secrets of the Church of Evernight that Leonard could come into contact with had also shown that it was possible that the Dark Side of the Universe was a disguise used by other evil gods and hidden existences.

This wasn't surprising to Derrick. In certain places some distance away from the City of Silver, deep in the endless darkness, there were many Devils that were unable to maintain their calm states. There was no lack of demigods like the demons that weren't too different from the Abyss.

If not for the fact that the Giant King's Court and other iconic items existed, the City of Silver citizens would definitely have suspected that the truth behind them being abandoned was that they had been thrown into the Abyss.

As the thoughts flashed through the members' minds, Cattleya restrained her doubts and continued asking, "Honorable Mr. Fool, the second question is: Did the things that Emperor Roselle do in his later years have any external, unnecessary influence?"

This question reminded Klein of the shocking details in Roselle's later diary entries. Immediately, he sighed.

With the posture of The Fool, he slowly shook his head.

No… Those things were what the emperor wanted to do… Just as Cattleya felt an uncontrollable sense of disappointment and sadness when she heard Mr. Fool smile with a sigh.

"It wasn't due to an external influence or influencer, but due to corruption. It's very difficult to detect, even for him."

Corruption… Emperor Roselle was corrupted in his later years? At that time, he was already "He," a Grounded Angel. How could he be corrupted? Is this from a particular true god or the underground corruption that even the ancient gods feared? Amidst the shock, Audrey came up with a guess based on the secrets she knew.

Alger and the other members of the Tarot Club also didn't expect such a thing to happen to Emperor Roselle in his later years. They began to suspect his purpose behind him creating the Cards of Blasphemy.

At the same time, they believed that Mr. Fool's search of the Cards of Blasphemy might contain deeper motives, much more than what they had originally deduced.

In this game that involves the entire world, only important figures like Mr. Fool have the right to become a "player." And we are only a card or some chips… The Kings of Angels and Sequence 1 angels might be qualified to participate… Alger sighed as he had the desire to become a "player."

The story of the emperor's later years went from being a tyrant to an evil god? A book that starts off with romance, motivation, passion, love, adventure, and even the decadent lifestyle of Intis high society later turns into a horror story? I wouldn't even dare write something like that! If it were me writing it, I would make the emperor's final tragic end stem from a betrayal in one's love, a marriage betrayal, or betraying an oath… Fors couldn't help but let her thoughts go wild. She even had the urge to start writing a set of chronicles for Emperor Roselle.

Of course, there were quite a number of Roselle's chronicles on the market. Some of them were even prohibited items.

Corrupted… So it's because of corruption… Cattleya sighed and felt sorrowful.

She sighed with emotion. In the end, the emperor didn't end up like the story of the dragon-slaying warrior he had spoken of. From being a hero, he turned into an evil dragon. He was still a legend worthy of worship, but the sad thing was that, up to today, this misunderstanding was finally beginning to be resolved.

After her emotions settled down, Cattleya recalled the matter of being corrupted. The more she thought about it, the more horrified she became.

She believed that she was one of the members of the Tarot Club who knew Roselle the best. She knew very well what height this emperor had reached

in his later years. Of course, Mr. Fool was the convener, a witness, and not a member.

However, a Sequence 1 angel such as "Him," someone who made the throne of divinity a target, had been silently corrupted. "He" and the people around "Him" didn't notice it at all!

This is much more terrifying than it is horrific… Cattleya secretly took a deep breath before slowly exhaling to regulate her emotions.

Then, she bowed towards the end of the long, mottled table.

"Thank you for your answer, honorable Mr. Fool."

…I'm also thankful that you didn't ask anything beyond my means… The Fool Klein, gave a self-deprecating laugh as he leaned back into his chair and nodded slightly.

"You may begin."

Just like the previous gathering, the members of the Tarot Club had either just advanced or were still digesting. They didn't have any trades to do, and they didn't need anything for the time being. After exchanging a few looks, they decided to directly enter the free exchange segment.

Of course, Emlyn was a special exception. He really wanted to make a request to get someone to start a jailbreak to free him from the basement of Saint Samuel Cathedral. Yes, to this day, he was still under "protective custody" behind Chanis Gate at the Backlund headquarters of the Church of Evernight. In his neighboring cell was Bishop Utravsky, and during this period of time, no Nighthawk had come to interrogate him.

If not for the people in charge of guarding the sealed area bringing them water and food every day, Emlyn definitely would've believed that he and Father Utravsky had already been forgotten.

The dark, silent environment is still alright, but it's just a little cold… But without dolls, newspapers, books, and historical documents, this life is meaningless… Besides, the Nighthawks provide me with cow blood, and it tastes nasty. The effects aren't too good either. I'm already becoming weak… Emlyn opened his mouth, but he didn't say a word because he felt that this was a very embarrassing matter. After all, he was the one who asked The Star and had pushed for "protective custody." Yet, he ended up also being brought into "protective custody."

I hope that fellow hasn't forgotten me and is thinking of a way to get me out… Emlyn glanced at The Star Leonard and maintained his silence.

Leonard maintained his posture and didn't respond to The Moon's gaze.

There was nothing he could do for the time being. This was because he was the one who had raised the term "protective custody" in front of the archbishop. As for Emlyn White, he was a vampire viscount, equivalent to a Sequence 5 Beyonder. He was a mobile humanoid bomb that also believed in the Earth Mother. There was no reason for him to be released immediately.

I can only wait for the Sanguine to protest through other channels before I have the authority to handle this matter… The Star Leonard decided to apply for a private exchange later and get Emlyn to think of a way to get the upper echelons of the Sanguine to contact the Church of Evernight.

Their interaction had been noticed by Justice. She immediately thought of the question Mr. Moon had asked her last time. She suspected that something had gone wrong during the "protective custody" operation, but it didn't seem too serious.

I heard that the priest of the Harvest Church saved quite a number of people during the Great Smog of Backlund. I hope nothing bad happens… Audrey nodded slightly and cast her gaze at Little Sun.

The other members of the Tarot Club also cast their gaze towards The Sun Derrick.

They knew that the City of Silver had planned on exploring the Giant King's Court last week, so it was likely that the results were out.

The Sun Derrick sat up straight and glanced at Mr. Hanged Man before saying in a very natural manner, "We've completed our first exploration of the Giant King's Court. Three dead, one missing, five survivors… We first arrived at the front door of the King's Court and saw two Silver Knights in an unknown state standing guard there. This is the name of the Giant pathway's Sequence 3…"

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CHAPTER 1130
NEWS STORM

Two Sequence 3 demigods were guarding the main door… As expected of the Giant King’s Court. The divine kingdom of an ancient god… The members of the Tarot Club suddenly felt a similar feeling. As for The Sun Derrick, he didn’t pause as he continued his recount.

To him, he was shocked when he first discovered the two Silver Knights guarding the main door of the Giant King’s Court. However, the series of events that followed made it seem extremely ordinary, making it difficult to stir up his emotions.

“…According to what Mr. World shared, we followed a rather hidden path to the back of the Giant King’s Court… The monsters we encountered were mainly wraiths. They were restrained by the Unshadowed Crucifix…

"After we arrived at the Waning Forest, we tried to explore it, and we discovered that the remnants of the Giant King’s will and the divine kingdom’s powers had formed an evil spirit. It was protecting its parents’ mausoleum…” Derrick skillfully recalled his experiences during the expedition, and the members of the Tarot Club—Audrey, Alger, and the others—quickly reined in their thoughts of the Silver Knight guards and listened attentively.

They were all very interested in the secret hidden in the Waning Forest. They wanted to know what the ancient god, the Giant King, had tried to keep from "His" queen and child.

Thinking back to the scene he had seen, Derrick paused for a moment before saying, "After purging that evil spirit, we came to the mausoleum of

the Giant King’s parents. There was a stone stele erected there, indicating the identity of the tomb’s owner. As for the tomb and coffin, it had long been opened by someone, revealing the corpses inside. They were the corpses of two humans…”

Corpses of humans? The tomb of the Giant King’s parents had corpses of humans buried in it? Godfather and godmother? No, there wasn’t any religion back then… As a demigod who knew plenty of mysteries, The Hermit Cattleya’s first reaction was that the two corpses had another identity.

Immediately following that, she recalled what the Queen had mentioned. It was a question that Emperor Roselle had asked as though he had been talking to himself when he was alive:

Why did the ancient documents and historical records refer to giants, elves, vampires as humanoid creatures or anthropoid creatures?

Why didn’t they refer humans as giant-like, elf-like, or vampire-like creatures?

Could it be that all humanoid creatures had descended from humans? The giants, elves, and vampires were the mutations brought by the Beyonder characteristics that could eventually become inherited? Cattleya instantly calmed her emotions as she seriously considered the possible reasons.

At this moment, she felt that her potion would be digested to a certain degree once she returned to the real world.

This was because the Sequence 4 of the Mystery Pryer pathway was called "Mysticologist," and the origins of the giants and humanoid creatures were without a doubt of extremely great value. They were mysticism knowledge that most ordinary demigods had no way of knowing!

The Giant King’s parents were humans? That must be fake… Alger immediately suspected that someone had fabricated the scene.

However, on second thought, this act not only required the real remains to be taken away and replaced with human remains, but one had to prepare a suitable coffin to make the tomb look like it didn’t belong to a giant. Furthermore, fabricating it was pointless and wouldn’t affect reality too much. Alger felt that no one would be so bored as to do something like that.

To be able to enter the Giant King’s Court and suppress a powerful evil spirit, the "person" that approached the two graves was at least a saint, meaning that they had long passed the age of pulling pranks!

Could it be that… the ancestors of all creatures were humans? This includes the elves? As he had seen too many shocking things at the Tarot Club, as well as suffer a religious breakdown from the mural on that primitive island, Alger didn’t have overly intense emotions run through him. He just couldn’t help but raise his hand and touch his dark blue hair.

Mr. Hanged Man connected himself to this matter? The Giant King’s parents are actually humans… From the looks of it, most of the creation myths are fake. They were all fabricated by future generations. However, there are also hidden meanings in them… Mr. Moon seems to find it unacceptable… Mr. World seems to have known about it long ago… With the help of Placate and other psychological techniques, Audrey was able to compose herself the fastest, and she instinctively observed the reactions of the other members.

At that moment, Emlyn was the most restless. His mind was filled with thoughts of "impossible" and "it’s impossible."

If the original ancestor of giants were human, then what about the Sanguine? Could it be that we were just monsters that had mutated because of Beyonder characteristics? Impossible. We were clearly created by the Ancestor. "She" has the authority of "life" and "creation." It’s completely different from the barbaric deities like the Giant King and Elf King who only knew how to fight! As Emlyn’s thoughts churned, he felt a baffling feeling that his pride was cracking apart.

His intuition, his rationality, and brain told him that The Sun Derrick didn’t have any reason to lie about this matter.

The possibility of other existences fabricating the scene was also very low. Hence, he subconsciously expelled the giant and elves from the ranks of humanoid creatures, and he viewed them as a branch of humanity.

Leonard, Fors, and Xio quickly accepted the possibility that The Sun revealed. To them, regardless of whether the giant ancestor was giant or human, or even a curly-haired baboon, it was no big deal. At most, it just meant that many supernatural creatures were a result of Beyonder characteristics in the bodies of ordinary creatures, but this didn’t cause any meaningful changes to their concept of reality.

The Sun Derrick calmed himself down and continued in the strange silence, "After leaving the Waning Forest, we entered the Giant King’s Court through the Barren Tunnel…

“…On the way, there were remnant powers of corruption and concealment. We had to make the correct response in order to pass…

“…That palace contains a mural that possesses powers related to the cycle of fate. As such, we were affected and transformed into the people who participated in a gathering. We repeated a very short process, and this process was the establishment of Rose Redemption…”

At this point, Derrick looked around and saw that all the members had temporarily jolted out of their previous states. They were extremely interested in the organization called Rose Redemption.

They all knew that this was an extremely secretive and ancient organization that followed and believed in the True Creator. It was the origins of the Aurora Order, and its members were Kings of Angels like Ouroboros, Medici, and Sasrir.

Derrick retracted his gaze and exhaled silently.

"The two people who convened the Rose Redemption are Dark Angel Sasrir and Evernight Goddess Amanises…”

Ah? Audrey, Leonard, and Xio began to doubt their ears.

They were all believers of Evernight. They never expected that the Goddess would be a member of Rose Redemption, and even be one of its conveners.

This was akin to saying that the Evernight Goddess was a member of the Tarot Club!

If not for the fact that they knew what kind of person Little Sun was—knowing that he wouldn’t lie—they definitely would’ve suspected the truth of this matter. But now, they were left temporarily speechless. They didn’t even dare to think too deeply about it.

Alger subconsciously turned his body to look at The Sun, listening to his slow and heavy tone.

"The participants included: White Angel Aucuses, Wind Angel Leodero…”

Alger’s eyelids twitched. He didn’t even dare think.

“…God of Combat Badheil, Earth Mother Omebella…”

Emlyn, who was leaning against the back of the chair, unknowingly sat up straight. There was only one message echoing in his mind: the Goddess of Harvest, Giant Queen Omebella…

"God of the Dead Salinger, God of Spiritual Creatures Tolzna…”

The Sun Derrick’s voice echoed in the ancient and magnificent palace. It made Cattleya, Fors, and the other members exchange looks. No one dared to say a word. It was as though they would suffer from divine punishment if they learned any deeper.

After Derrick finished speaking, they remained silent. The scene was strangely quiet.

Finally, Cattleya sighed and said, "Rose Redemption truly is powerful and terrifying. Before this, I couldn’t even imagine that those existences were members…”

Just as she said that, The World Gehrman Sparrow said with a deep, hoarse voice, "That was an organization formed to resist the ancient sun god. Later on, only a few Kings of Angels remained."

Upon hearing their conversation, it was as if Audrey and the other members had just snapped out of their dreams. All of them subconsciously cast their gaze to the end of the long, mottled table, at the figure shrouded in gray fog. It was as though they were waiting for the ruling of the entity of authority there.

The Fool Klein, who had long expected such a scene, didn’t respond directly. He nodded slightly and sighed.

"The Fallen Creator was born because of this."

It’s real… It’s real… The Rose Redemption which Mr. Fool hinted back then actually has such a deeper meaning… What is "His" identity in ancient times, and what position does "He" take in this matter… All these thoughts instantly formed a storm that swept through the minds of the Tarot Club members.

Derrick looked at everyone, and seeing that no one was speaking, he could only talk about the subsequent exploration:

“…We met the leader of the King’s Court’s Chasers outside the palace, Light Culler Murskogan. He said that Dark Angel Sasrir was in a state of slumber in that palace…”

Compared to the matter regarding Rose Redemption, news of the mysterious Dark Angel currently in slumber inside the Giant King’s palace didn’t stir up the emotions of Leonard, Emlyn, and the other members of the Tarot Club much. Only some of their curiosities had been satisfied.

Of course, as a Mysticologist, Cattleya only hoped that The Sun could speak a little more.

"After that, we returned. Mr. Fool has bestowed us with the formula for the Silver Knight potion." Towards the end of his explanation, Derrick concluded honestly.

Audrey and the others were still deep in thought over what had just happened. There was still a fear of being blasphemous, and no one responded. Only Alger thought for a moment and said, "Since the birth of the True Creator originated from Rose Redemption, then ‘He’ isn’t unfamiliar with what happened to the Giant King’s Court. Why is it that Shepherd Elder Lovia was completely unprepared for this?"

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CHAPTER 1131
AN INDESCRIBABLE TRANSACTION

This is also a question I wanted to ask… The Fool Klein, who was seated at the end of the long, mottled table, echoed Mr. Hanged Man in his heart.

Leonard thought for a moment and tried to find a possible reason:

"Although the birth of the True Creator originates from Rose Redemption, it doesn’t mean that ‘He’ knows everything about Rose Redemption. Perhaps figuring out the truth back then is one of ‘His’ motives…”

Just as he said that, Justice Audrey objected:

"The Angel of Fate, Ouroboros, who was drawing that mural, is still in Rose Redemption and follows the True Creator. If ‘He1 had any questions, ‘He* could’ve just asked ‘Him’ directly."

"Perhaps the True Creator’s goal is to confirm Dark Angel Sasrir’s condition. From Shepherd Lovia’s strong desire to enter the palace of the Giant King, we can preliminary determine that." Cattleya gave her own opinion.

"I share similar thoughts." Alger glanced at The Sun and said, "Of course, we can’t eliminate the possibility that The Star suggested. Perhaps the Angel of Fate Ouroboros’s condition isn’t right, and ‘He’ has lost most of ‘His1 memories. ‘He1 can only rely on the murals ‘He’ left behind in the past to find ‘His’ lost past. The odds are very low, but it doesn’t mean that

it’s impossible. We aren’t aware of what’s special or problematic with the Kings of Angels."

As he spoke, Alger glanced at Mr. Fool, as if hoping to get some hints from this existence. Unfortunately, he failed to get any feedback.

It wasn’t that The Fool Klein didn’t have any ideas, but that he had too many ideas and was unable to list them out.

Tail Devourer Ouroboros grows up by the True Creator’s side every time he "reboots." No one knows what "His" current state is… After muttering in his heart and seeing that no one had any more ideas, Klein controlled The World to look at The Sun.

"I recently obtained a batch of mushrooms that can be grown in the darkness when feeding them the flesh of monsters. I wonder if your City of Silver is interested?"

Mushrooms that can devour the flesh and blood of monsters? Xio and company were surprised and curious. They didn’t know how such a creature could exist.

Indeed, there are many things in the world that we have yet to understand… This is what a Scribe should record down… Fors sighed and came to a realization.

Cattleya’s eyes suddenly darkened. She sat there without saying a word or moving, like a statue.

Upon hearing this, Derrick was delighted. His thoughts raced as he blurted out, "Can those mushrooms automatically attack monsters?"

If that was possible, then they could be used as food and also be used as the perimeter defense system for the City of Silver.

I thought Little Sun would be afraid of those mushrooms… In the end, his "request" is even more excessive… The World’s mouth twitched slightly.

"No, if the mushrooms can automatically attack monsters, it will be no exception for any of you."

Derrick immediately felt a little ashamed as he hurriedly nodded.

"I understand, Mr. World."

Following that, he let the fake World make a further description:

"Some of those mushrooms can be ground into flour, others can produce milk or are rich in oil. They’re equivalent to beef. Some have a flavor that’s close to fish, but there are no bones… Other than milk which can be drunk directly, the rest must be cooked through steaming, boiling, frying, and roasting. Otherwise, the mushrooms will absorb your flesh and blood while inside your body, regaining their vitality, turning a person into countless mushrooms…”

Audrey, Alger, and the other members of the Tarot Club originally listened on with interest as though it was an exciting story, but as they listened in, they subconsciously shrank back, becoming unusually silent.

Only The Hermit Cattleya’s eyelids twitched. She decided to have a good "talk" with Frank when she returned to the real world.

She was very worried that, one day, when the Star Pirates were to hold a vote, a large number of mushrooms would be amongst those casting that sacred vote.

At this moment, after listening attentively, Derrick couldn’t hide his anticipation and curiosity.

"Mr. World, what is flour? Is it like black-faced grass powder?

"Also, what is milk, what is beef, what is fish?"

In fact, he had seen fish before, but he didn't think that they were fish. In a swamp in the southwest region of the City of Silver, there were quite a number of strange fish-shaped monsters that contained venom. They had boils all over their bodies, while others had teeth growing out of spots where their eyes were. Some of their heads had split open, revealing a white membrane layer that could be used to hunt other creatures.

…No matter how strange those mushrooms are, to the City of Silver, they're all good things that are worth looking forward to… The first thing they need to solve is to be in possession of something, rather than whether it's good or not… When The Fool Klein heard that, he cast The World's gaze toward Justice Audrey.

Giving detailed descriptions of flour, milk, beef, and fish didn't match The World Gehrman Sparrow's persona.

As a senior Spectator and Gehrman Sparrow's psychiatrist, Justice instantly understood what he meant. She deliberated for a moment before saying, "The milk is the liquid that cows use to rear its young…"

She believed that Little Sun could understand this easily. After all, the City of Silver had pregnant women and babies.

Seeing The Sun nod in acknowledgment, she continued' "Milk can provide you with a lot of nutrition and help you grow taller and stronger…"

Audrey didn't finish her sentence because Little Sun, who was sitting in his seat, was very muscular.

After Miss Justice finished explaining the concepts, The Sun Derrick looked eagerly at The World Gehrman Sparrow.

"Thank you, Mr. World. This is exactly what our City of Silver needs. When I return, I'll immediately inform the Chief. He'll definitely be very happy.

"What would you like in exchange?"

The Fool Klein hesitated for a moment before controlling The World Gehrman Sparrow.

"The formula for Classical Metallurgist."

No! Cattleya subconsciously tried to stop him, but she ultimately held back her urge.

She secretly looked at Mr. Fool, and seeing that the great existence was silent, she immediately felt a lot more at ease. "Alright." Derrick happily agreed.

After the exchange, Leonard applied to have a private conversation with Emlyn.

The moment the other members of the Tarot Club were screened from them, Emlyn asked, "When are you letting me out?"

Leonard maintained his posture and said, "This isn’t something I can decide on. My suggestion is to get someone to contact the upper echelons of the Sanguine as soon as possible and get them to think of a way to get you out."

These two fellows created such an accident with the simple term "protective custody"? The Fool Klein, who was listening by the side, felt the urge to laugh, but he held back.

Emlyn’s expression darkened. After a few seconds, he said, "Will it be useful finding the upper echelons of the Sanguine?"

"The Goddess is the Lady of Crimson. She still cares a lot about you guys from the Moon domain. Although you do not believe in ‘Her,’" Leonard said perfunctorily.

The real explanation in his heart was that an ancient race like the Sanguine, who had lived for several years, definitely had some connections with the various Churches, especially when the Sanguine Queen was still the Night Emperor’s queen. At that time, the Church of Evemight had supported the Night Emperor.

Emlyn also thought of this and nodded slightly.

"I’ll try to entrust this to Mr. World."

This was the most reliable person he could think of.

Just as he said that, Emlyn and Leonard suddenly spoke at the same time:

"That won’t work."

You also realized it?" The Moon Emlyn immediately glanced at The Star beside him.

Leonard scoffed.

"It’s such a simple problem."

Emlyn returned with a scoff.

"But you just suggested that I contact the upper echelons of the Sanguine.

"I’ve been locked up in the Church of Evernight for days. They must’ve known about it long ago. They probably didn’t attempt to rescue me because they’re observing, wanting to know who would rescue me; thus, finding my partners,

Leonard looked elsewhere.

"That’s probably the case. So, you can only continue staying behind Chanis Gate. Perhaps in a few more days, they’ll lose their patience and get you

out."

Emlyn didn’t know what expression to show.

After a private exchange between the human and Sanguine, The World Gehrman Sparrow looked at Fors and said, "Give me the venue and time for the meeting. After the gathering, I’ll look for you and bring you to a new place."

"Alright." Fors hurriedly applied to Mr. Fool and conjured a parchment.

While handing it over, she hesitated for a moment before asking, "Mr. World, what needs to be taken note of this time?"

"Keep warm," The World Gehrman Sparrow simply replied.

Keep warm… Fors was momentarily stunned, unsure of what he was trying to get at.

After looking at the parchment, The World Gehrman Sparrow surveyed the area and said, "Everyone in Backlund, please pay close attention to your surroundings for anything abnormal."

Firstly, it was very likely that Zaratul would "fish" out Amon. Secondly, Demoness Trissy might be able to help Mr. Door prepare a ritual. Thirdly, George III might take the final step to becoming the Black Emperor at some point in time.

"Alright." Audrey and the other members of the Tarot Club who were in Backlund nodded one after another. They recalled the recent situation and didn’t find anything out of the ordinary.

After another exchange, the other members requested Miss Justice to use hypnosis to help them forget a portion of their memories. After this gathering ended, one figure after another vanished above the gray fog, leaving only The Fool Klein.

After sitting in silence for more than ten minutes, he thought of other questions before returning to the real world. He "Teleported" to the agreed-upon location and waited for Miss Magician to meet him.

It was almost winter, and the sky had turned dark at four in the afternoon. Under the heavy black clouds, the street lamps hadn’t been lit, as coal and gas resources were controlled due to the war.

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CHAPTER 1132
INTERLUDE

In the alley where few people visited, the environment grew darker as a cold wind wafted through it. Although it wasn’t like a blade that could slice a person’s face with its coldness, it seemed to possess magic as it slowly but firmly seeped into the clothes of people.

As Gehrman Sparrow, Klein raised his hand and pressed down on his top hat. He saw Miss Magician wearing a dark- colored scarf and a thick coat. She carried a rather heavy suitcase and walked into the alley, looking extremely wary.

In the Loen Kingdom, due to the Church of Evernight’s influence, many of the clothes that were deemed only male also had lady versions of them. Just like in Intis, the ladies of high society often sat sideways while on horseback, thanks to a special saddle. However, Loen didn’t do the same. The ladies had their own horseback attire.

Klein pulled out his left hand that was wearing Creeping Hunger from his pocket and spread open his fingers.

"Do you have a stockpile prepared?"

Fors suddenly felt a cold wind blow down her neck as she subconsciously shrank back.

"Enough for at least two weeks of being serialized.

"I’ve already handed it over to the editor of the newspaper."

Without waiting for Gehrman Sparrow to ask further, she hurriedly added, "I brought a fountain pen, ink, and paper."

Klein nodded slightly, took two steps forward, and reached out to grab Miss Magician’s shoulder.

Fors immediately focused as an illusory book appeared in her eyes as it slowly flipped through.

Her surroundings immediately became dark and colorful—the reds were redder, the blacks were blacker, and the browns were browner—as they overlapped each other, making her feel like she was in a trance.

Fors was already used to this state and had successfully "Recorded" during this "Traveling" process. She also carefully observed the scenery of her "trip," as well as the strange and indescribable spirit world creatures that branded themselves in her mind.

After a few breaths, her vision went black, and she felt a cold she had never experienced before. Her body couldn’t help but tremble.

Fors instinctively used a magic trick to illuminate her surroundings. Looking around, she realized that she was in a wooden hut. The World Gehrman Sparrow had already vanished.

Where ami… Fors looked at the window and saw that there was a thick layer covering it, preventing any light from shining inside.

This made her even more puzzled. She came to the door, stretched out her right hand, and pulled the door behind her. With a creaking sound, she saw the snow blocking the exit.

Fors was stunned as Gehrman Sparrow’s warning echoed in her mind:

"Keep warm…”

In just one or two minutes, Klein had already circled the sea once. He used his prey that he had long selected to placate Creeping Hunger, and he returned to his rental apartment in Backlund, awaiting Queen Mystic and Miss Sharron to gather information about any anomalies.

In fact, with Klein’s style, he would’ve personally taken action in this area and conducted an additional investigation at the same time. He wanted to ensure that Demoness Trissy had no plans to help Mr. Door escape, but considering that Zaratul was already in Backlund, he decided to be cautious and give up the idea of loitering around.

Under the influence of the law of convergence of Beyonder characteristics, he felt that if he were to wander around Backlund, it was only a matter of time before he ran into Zaratul or even Amon.

Sigh, I’d already thought of how to disguise myself. Buying a bicycle, getting a uniform, and riding it across different streets as a postman… This is the easiest way to avoid suspicion… After taking a sip of Gurney Sap he brought back from the sea, he leaned back into his chair and allowed his marionette, Enuni and Qonas, to individually massage his shoulders and legs.

The Forsaken Land of the Gods, in the Afternoon Town camp.

After Derrick Berg opened his eyes, he immediately stood up, opened the door, and walked around the bonfire to the Chiefs room.

Suppressing his excitement, he took a deep breath and raised his hand to lightly knock on the thick wooden door. "Please come in." Amidst the sounds of knocking, Colin Iliad’s deep voice sounded.

Derrick turned the doorknob and pushed open the door. As he looked at Demon Hunter Colin, whose hair was white and had old scars on his face, he blurted out, "Your Excellency, I found some strange mushrooms. They can be eaten!’

Colin Iliad fell silent for a moment before slowly asking, "Mushrooms?"

Hearing the puzzlement in the Chiefs words, Derrick instantly recalled a mushroom he had seen before.

It came from the abandoned temple of the Fallen Creator. It looked especially bright and appetizing, but it was essentially extremely dangerous.

His mood instantly calmed down. He nodded and said, "Yes, mushrooms, different breeds of mushrooms. They can devour the flesh and blood of monsters to grow…"

Derrick described the unique traits of the mushrooms in detail, and he explained what milk, beef, fish, and flour were.

In the end, he emphasized that the mushrooms had to be fully cooked before they could be eaten. He also had to take note of the species which were rich in poison.

Colin Iliad listened quietly without showing any change in emotions. After some thought, he said, "What other dangers do they have? Or should I say, points that require taking note of?"

"Uh…" Derrick's face suddenly flushed red. "I'll study it again."

Without waiting for the Chief to speak, he turned around, opened the door, and ran out.

Returning to his room, he took a deep breath and sat down. He began to pray to Mr. Fool, asking him to forward the questions to Mr. World.

Above the gray fog, Klein sat on the high-back chair belonging to The Fool. He tapped the armrest with his index finger and silently muttered, What other dangers are there?

Although Frank’s imagination, actions, and creativity make me a little fearful, he’s still a Sequence 5 Druid after all. No matter how dangerous the mushrooms are, how dangerous can they be? With the years of experience the City of Silver has experienced in the dark environment, it’s easy to deal with those mushrooms.

In the ruins of the battle of gods, the Future’s producing of milk, the pirate’s head growing a watermelon, and other shocking phenomena were due to the remnant aura and divine power of Earth Mother in that area. The real "murderer" was a deity rather than Frank…

Man, if the formation of the Forsaken Land of the Gods happened due to the betrayal of the ancient sun god, the things left behind in that intense battle are definitely not limited to the powers of Evernight, Concealment, Degeneration, and Storm. Perhaps there are some areas that have the influence of the Sun and the Earth…

This…

After some thought, he conjured The World Gehrman Sparrow and made him tell the truth:

“…If they encounter divine powers of the Earth domain, those mushrooms might experience an unknown mutation…” After receiving a response, Derrick rushed out of his room and ran to the Chiefs door.

This time, the door opened without him knocking.

Derrick turned back to look at his teammates by the bonfire. He entered the room and casually closed the heavy wooden door.

The divine power of the Earth domain might cause the mushrooms to undergo an unknown mutation," he said frankly without explaining how he had figured that out.

Demon Hunter Colin’s expression remained unchanged as he repeated the key phrase softly, "The divine power of the Earth domain…”

He lowered his voice and finally fell silent. Ten seconds later, he said, "After we return, we can set up a region to plant them to see the effects.

Then, what’s the price?"

Derrick immediately replied, "The formula for Classical Metallurgist."

Colin Iliad nodded slowly.

This has to be decided by the six-member council. When we return to the city, I will push for this matter as soon as possible."

Their expedition team would be returning to the City of Silver in the next two days. Firstly, after the exploration, the few who survived, as well as those who had lost their loved ones, needed time to adjust their mental states. Secondly, there was a limited amount of food left in the camp, and there was no way to plant any Black-Faced Grass around Afternoon Town. They could only rely on hunting monsters to replenish themselves. Therefore, one of the responsibilities of the expedition team was to deliver safe food. Switching out teams would happen at fixed intervals.

Yes, Your Excellency." Derrick didn’t rush him.

He had long gotten used to this process.

After he left the room, Colin Iliad came to the window and looked at the bonfire in the middle of the camp.

That flame burned quietly. In the deep darkness, the faint yellow light scattered across the entire camp. Roasting over the fire was a disgusting vampire covered in puss.

A few days later, Klein separately received the corresponding feedback from Queen Mystic Bernadette, the Numinous Sect's Patrick Bryan, and Miss Sharron. He confirmed that there were no anomalies regarding material or personnel flow in Backlund recently.

From the looks of it, Demoness Trissy only wishes to speak to Mr. Door for the time being… Furthermore, this seems to be the first time they will establish a connection… Regardless, I still need to give a warning beforehand. This requires finesse. The more I say, the more likely a mistake will be made. Furthermore, I cannot reveal my trump card… After some thought, he found the hair of the deceased that Miss Magician had provided. He unfolded the piece of paper and wrote:

"…This is what you need. It's a lock of hair from a descendant of the Abraham family… The person who provided it has a request; that is to help ask the existence one question: The problem regarding how they get rid of the curse…"…Finally, let me remind you to be careful of Mr. Door."

Klein folded the letter and tucked the lock of hair into it. He took out the adventurer's harmonica and blew on it. After a brief silence, Reinette Tinekerr walked out of the void with four beautiful heads in hand.

"Give this letter to the seduced idiot," he instructed as he handed over the letter.

Just as he said that, his heart skipped a beat, and he hurriedly added another question:

"Can you locate him?"

"Yes…" One of the heads of Reinette Tinekerr answered the question before biting the letter.

Klein narrowed his eyes.

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CHAPTER 1133
CHANT

In the Backlund Bridge area, according to the information provided by Miss Messenger, he found the man who had been seduced by Trissy and ended up helping her "send" the letter.

However, Klein didn’t enter the apartment, nor did he disturb his target. He stuck both hands into his black trench coat pocket and continued walking forward.

Under the illumination of the street lamps, he walked all the way to the crossroads and turned into another street.

During this process, a rat that was stealing food in a particular building suddenly shivered.

It then gave up on the piece of cheese and followed the usual "tunnel" that it used to pass through, and it moved towards the target area.

Then, the rat opened its mouth and let out a human’s voice:

"Blessed of the sea and spirit world, guardian of the Rorsted Archipelago, ruler of the undersea creatures, master of tsunamis and storms, the great Kalvetua…”

The moment the rat finished its sentence, Klein, who had already turned into another street, vanished. There was only a spark left on the spot that quickly dissipated.

He had used Flaming Jump, but he wasn’t using it to travel. Instead, he had entered a hotel room that he had booked to rendezvous with one of his marionettes, so he didn’t need to worry too much about being sensed by Zaratul and meet with an accident. After all, the destination was clear, the journey was short, and there was protection.

In the room, with Enuni watching, he took four steps counterclockwise and arrived above the gray fog.

As he sat at the end of the long bronze table, he held the Sea God Scepter. With the help of the prayer light, he observed the target through his "true vision"—the man who helped Demoness Trissy relay the news.

A few minutes later, Reinette Tinekerr appeared in the apartment as promised. She took the gold coin and left the envelope on the table.

The man trembled in fear again, but in the end, he overcame his own fear. He picked up the letter and weighed it.

Fifteen minutes later, he carefully took out the black sticky paste, separated a small blob, and applied it on the surface of a mirror.

Soon, he saw the young girl who had occupied all of his dreams in the dark mirror and hurriedly said, "That crazy adventurer just sent a letter. It seems to contain something else. I didn’t open it as per your instructions."

At that moment, above the gray fog, the scene Klein saw began to show a strange phenomenon.

In his vision, the mirror’s condition had already turned blurry. It was closer to being a dark and illusory passageway that didn’t look realistic enough. It was connected to something similar in the surrounding area, forming a complicated and abstract "spider web" that was interwoven into a profound and strange "world."

Through the gray fog’s "true vision," he could barely make out the general situation, but he was unable to make out the details. He didn’t know what strange and terrifying creatures hid within that world.

In mysticism, mirrors are often given the symbolic meaning of leading to another "kingdom," and are mostly related to terrifying horrors… Is this the mirror world? My Beyonder powers are completely unrelated to this domain… That’s not true. If someone prays to me and attempts magic mirror divination, then there will naturally be an illusory passageway that points towards me, towards the gray fog…

Strictly speaking, the mirror world isn’t a real world. It’s closer to the collective manifestation of doors. By connecting to different mirrors and different mysterious kingdoms, if one becomes lost in there, they might directly appear in the Abyss, or even the cosmos… Of course, demigods with this ability should be able to create a "reflection world" and hide inside…

The collective manifestation of doors… High-Sequence Beyonders of the Demoness, Wraith, and Apprentice pathways also have similar powers? Does the "secret" in Secrets Sorcerer represent the mirror world to some extent? This is sufficiently mysterious and secretive… Under normal circumstances, even through "true vision," there’s no way to directly see the mirror world unless someone triggers it… Klein nodded in thought as he heard Demoness Trissy’s melodic voice reply:

"Throw the letter into the mirror."

"Can it be thrown in?" As a Low-Sequence Beyonder, the man had never seen such a miraculous thing before. After some hesitation, he held the letter and pressed it against the mirror.

On the surface of the mirror, the darkness suddenly spread out like ripples of aqueous light.

The man felt his firm touch lighten, and he saw the letter magically pass through the glass surface and enter the illusionary, swirling interior.

Right on the heels of that, the letter seemed to be attracted by a huge whirlpool as it continued to sink deeper into the room where Trissy was.

Above the gray fog, Klein raised the Sea God Scepter high and focused on tracking the letter, attempting to lock onto the location of the Demoness.

At this moment, in his "true vision," the dark and deep mirror world began to quake violently, turning everything into a blur.

By the time the quaking calmed down, Klein had already lost traces of the letter and Demoness Trissy.

The aura of the Primordial Demon Girl can even interfere with observations like this… After a moment of silence, Klein let out a sigh.

It was precisely because of the various peculiarities related to Trissy that he didn’t take the risk to mix his hair into the materials to locate her. It was easy for him to suffer from a terrible hex. He might even die on the spot.

To Klein, death didn’t really matter. After all, as long as his corpse wasn’t pulverized, it was likely the case that he could be revived. But that would mean that he couldn’t seize the opportunity to lock onto Trissy. She would definitely change locations quickly. Wouldn’t that be equivalent to wasting a precious chance to revive?

After suffering the setback, Klein quickly returned to the real world and left the Backlund Bridge area.

The next morning, with an ordinary face, Klein rode a carriage to Saint Samuel Cathedral.

He planned on chanting the honorific name of the Evernight Goddess to inform "Her" of Demoness Trissy. When the time came, if an accident were

to happen on the night of the full moon, there would at least be a deity watching over Backlund, and would also be prepared ahead of time.

Back then, the Evernight Goddess was one of the ones who had exiled and sealed Mr. Door. "She" definitely knew the other party's tricks very well.

In such aspects, Klein had never put on a strong front. He had a very clear understanding of himself.

Since he couldn't solve the problem himself, he would find someone who could solve the problem to help out!

As for why he wasn't doing this at home and had to go to Saint Samuel Cathedral, it was because he wanted to observe the situation in the areas around Boklund Street and search for any tiny traces that spelled Amon's arrival.

Hazel and her family had once been involved with Amon, and she herself belonged to the Marauder pathway. Be it her fate or the convergence of characteristics, she was among the high-risk group of people who could meet Amon by chance. With regards to this, Klein didn't dare to be too careless or negligent. He reminded himself, and he made arrangements to do a self-examination every once in a while.

Similarly, due to Miss Justice's follow-up treatment of Hazel's psychological trauma, anything that happened to Hazel could easily lead to her. Therefore, Klein was also very worried about the safety of this noble lady. He believed that it was necessary to check her condition through the crimson star from time to time. Of course, he would avoid relatively awkward periods of time.

As his thoughts raced, Klein, who was already close to Phelps Street, got off the carriage in advance. He allowed his marionette, Enuni, to secretly recite the honorific name of Sea God.

He and his marionette, Qonas, switched positions. In a sealed space that he had "Distorted," he took four steps counterclockwise and went above the gray fog.

Then, with the help of the Sea God Scepter to widen his "true vision", he carefully observed the situation in Boklund Street and the Loen Charity Bursary Foundation.

Hazel isn't Parasitized… Neither is Miss Justice… Same for their maidservants, pets, and bodyguards… The residents and staff of the Charity Bursary Foundation don't show signs either… There are no traces of any Amon-related activity in the various streets in the area… Klein heaved a sigh of relief and returned to the real world.

Following that, he approached Saint Samuel Cathedral and passed through the door, finding a seat in the dark and quiet prayer hall.

After chanting the honorific name of the Evernight Goddess in a low voice, Klein described simply, "…Demoness Trissy has obtained the hair of an Abraham family descendant. She plans to contact a hidden existence on the night of the full moon. I cannot be sure of her exact purpose…"

After sitting quietly for a while and seeing that the Goddess didn't respond, nor did the archbishop appear, Klein wore his silk top hat and slowly walked out of the cathedral.

At night, he switched positions and controlled a rat as a marionette as recited another honorific name:

"The great God of War, the symbol of iron and blood, the ruler of chaos and strife, I wish to meet you…"

Just like before, the rat lost its life the moment it finished praying. Following that, Klein pulled away from the area.

He wanted to meet the Red Angel and talk about Mr. Door and Dark Angel Sasrir.

After waiting for a few minutes, with the help of another rat marionette, he saw that the other rat burst into flames, emitting a burning white flame.

The flame quickly formed a short line on the ground:

"I don’t want to see you."

The muscles on Klein’s face twitched indiscernibly.

After some thought, he gave up and left the area.

After a few seconds, the remaining burning-white flames formed a new sentence:

"Come on, beg me."

By then, Klein had already left.

In a house somewhere in Backlund, a pale-faced Sauron Einhorn Medici stood up from the sofa in a black, red-lined robe.

He frowned and muttered to himself, "Who’s disturbing me… ’

In the blink of an eye, a full moon had dawned its light on Backlund.

In a room illuminated by the crimson light, Demoness Trissy stood at an altar. Around her were ritual materials— rubies, sapphires, emeralds, diamonds, pearls, and lazurite.

After some complicated preparations, she lit the hair in her hand and placed it into a cauldron.

When the fire was tainted with a layer of darkness, Trissy took two steps back and solemnly chanted in Jotun, "Great Door of All Doors;

"Guide of the endless cosmos;

"Key to all mysterious worlds…”

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CHAPTER 1134
MR. DOOR

As Trissy recited the words, the gems around her emitted cracking sounds as they shattered into powder and floated up.

They shimmered with red, blue, green, or resplendent light before rapidly gathering into a torrent that surged towards the candlelight on the altar.

At the same time, strands of hair that had been burnt inside the cauldron joined the process.

The fire began to expand and interweave with each other, turning increasingly dark, as if it was an illusory door that led to other worlds.

Trissy immediately felt the surrounding temperature drop rapidly, as though countless dangers were seeping out of the fire.

A sentence flashed across her mind. It was a reminder from Gehrman Sparrow:

"Be careful of Mr. Door."

As expected of someone with a messenger of that level… His understanding of Mr. Door, and his confidence in knowing about my plans, might be deeper and more precise than I imagined… Trissy slowly took a deep breath and patiently waited for the subsequent changes.

In just a blink of an eye, she felt that the void in the room thinned significantly. Many of the places were covered with shadows, as though there were large amounts of indescribable creatures hiding behind them.

The dim, expanding flame slowly turned into a gigantic, deep crimson vortex.

As the vortex spun, an ethereal voice that could pierce through one’s Spirit Body finally sounded from the bottom: “…Cheek?"

Upon hearing this voice, the blood vessels in Trissy’s forehead throbbed. It was as if her head had been pierced by countless steel needles as they crazily stabbed and twisted.

Her black hair flared up despite the lack of wind. Every strand grew slightly thicker, and the skin on her face became transparent. Her blood vessels protruded out one after another, densely packed like a spider’s web.

After spending a great deal of effort, Trissy finally managed to control herself. She then heard the voice that could make most Beyonders lose control, chuckling and saying, "It looks like it’s Cheek’s Blessed…

"Back then, we had seen the second Blasphemy Slate together… and we were able to surpass Sequence 1… and live to this day… Now, the only ones left are likely the Artisan, Cheek, and me…”

Trissy ignored Mr. Door’s poignant sigh and said with a twisted expression:

"Honorable Mr. Door, I have something to ask you."

"Speak… The time spent being lost and trapped in the darkness and the storm is just too boring… It’s rare for someone to have a chat with me…” The terrifying voice replied without much change from the slowly rotating dark vortex.

Trissy’s facial muscles twitched involuntarily, still unable to get used to the ravings of this evil god’s equal.

She paused for a few seconds before saying, “…I want to know if there are any unorthodox ways to enter the nine secret mausoleums built by Blood

Emperor Tudor for becoming the Black Emperor,

It was unknown where he was, but Mr. Door’s ethereal laughter sounded through the endless void:

"So it’s because of this…

"This isn’t difficult… I’ll give you a symbol… You can gather the blood of Beyonders from different pathways and mix them together… Mixing it with your spirituality, draw the symbol in front of the mausoleum. Then, you can open the secret passage that leads into it…”

As the existence spoke, sparks separated from the dark vortex, forming a rather complicated symbol in midair.

It was like doors that were stacked in decreasing sizes as they randomly extended without end.

Trissy held back the excruciating pain of her Spirit Body tearing apart. She memorized the symbol and sought confirmation:

"There must be blood from all twenty-two Beyonder pathways?

"Each pathway only requires the blood of a Beyonder, regardless of his Sequence?

"How much blood of each pathway is required?"

Mr. Door replied in the same way that he had been raving in earlier, "Right… there’s no need for too much… Just a small tube will do… Just guarantee that the symbol drawing can be finished…”

Although Trissy wore a painful grimace, she couldn’t help but smile when she received the critical information.

This, combined with her overall expression, made her appear odd, as though she was a lunatic.

After completing her main goal, Trissy asked again to ensure smooth cooperation with Gehrman Sparrow in the future, "The Abraham family wants to know how to get rid of the ancient curse."

The dark vortex was silent for a few seconds before sighing.

"Set up such a ritual… Sacrifice one of the demigods of the Seer, Apprentice, and Marauder pathway… Once I leave the storm and penetrate the darkness… the curse will no longer exist…”

Trissy wasn’t interested in how the Abraham family could escape the ancient curse. After receiving the answer, she couldn’t take it any longer. As she thanked Mr. Door, she began to stop the ritual.

As for Mr. Door, he didn’t attempt to bewitch, threaten, or corrupt her.

After the dark fire vortex disintegrated and the ritual ended, Trissy began to Cogitate, spending nearly an hour to calm the effects of Mr. Door’s ravings.

After doing all of this, Trissy took out a pen and paper and copied the symbol provided by Mr. Door. She described the two answers in detail.

She knew that she was being pursued by Saintess of White Katarina, and there seemed to be even more terrifying hunters that would follow her wake. It was very difficult for her to find the blood of Beyonders of different pathways that quickly, so she planned on leaving this matter to Gehrman Sparrow.

In addition, she believed that even if George III and the others believed that there was no problem with the secret mausoleum and that it was safe enough; thus, not leaving too many guards, there were still precautions inside. It wasn’t something that a Sequence 4 could quickly force their way

through and cause damage. That way, they would be stopped by the reinforcements and lose their best chance.

As for Gehrman Sparrow, even his messenger was at the level of an angel. The strength of the organization behind him was obvious, so they had the ability to destroy the mausoleum at the critical moment, causing the Black Emperor ritual to fail.

She couldn’t complete it herself, so of course she had to find assistance from someone with the ability to accomplish it!

After throwing the letter into a mailbox on a nearby street, the black-haired, black-coated Trissy slowly walked down in the cold and lonely road. On the dim road, she looked at the light from the gas lamps and laughed self-deprecatingly.

"For the sake of a little indignation, I’ve actually gone this far…

"You’re lucky. At least I’ll avenge you…

"And if I die, apart from those who hate me, no one will remember me…”

After receiving the letter from Miss Messenger, Klein sat on the chair and read it several times.

Before he went above the gray fog to divine the authenticity of Mr. Door’s method, he subconsciously thought about how quickly he could gather the blood from the twenty-two Beyonder pathways.

This symbol is very similar to the symbol behind Miss Magician’s chair… I can use my own for Seer… For Apprentice, I can find Miss Magician, and also give her some pressure to write… There are three choices for the Marauder pathway:

Transform a marionette into a mosquito and send a mosquito to bite Hazel; obtain it from Vice Admiral Iceberg’s third mate named Flowery Bow Tie,

and lastly, get it from Leonard’s grandpa…

The Spectator pathway, Miss Justice… The Bard pathway, Little Sun… The Storm pathway, Mr. Hanged Man… the Reader pathway, Vice Admiral Iceberg, or that demigod named Lucca… Secrets Suppliant, get the second mate of Ma’am Hermit, Bloodless Heath Doyle…

The Corpse Collector pathway, Numinous Episcopate’s Patrick Bryan… The Sleepless pathway, my dear poet… the Warrior pathway, most of the citizens of the City of Silver or Father Utravsky…

Planter, Frank… Apothecary, Emlyn…

Arbiter, Miss Xio… Lawyer, Marionette Qonas…

Hunter, Danitz or Anderson… Demoness, get Trissy to provide it herself…

Prisoner, Miss Sharron or Marie… Criminal, I temporarily have no targets…

Mystery Pryer, Ma’am Hermit… Savant, Frank’s experiment assistant…

Monster, Marionette EnunL"

From the looks of it, most of them can be obtained in a very short period of time. The corresponding channels have sufficient trust in me and believe that I wouldn’t curse them with their blood… This Demoness Trissy definitely has a way to eliminate the connection between the blood and the actual body. She won’t object… Only Devil. Although I’ve encountered a few, they have either died or fled. Currently, I have no target in mind…

Yes, I can ask Little Sun if the City of Silver has any Devil flesh and blood left in its inventory. They will encounter some from time to time…

If he hadn’t thought about it, Klein wouldn’t have realized that, in less than two years of his transmigration, he had actually established a deeper

connection with most of the Beyonder pathways.

He immediately retracted his thoughts and seriously considered Mr. Door’s escape ritual.

Sacrifice one of each: Marauder, Apprentice, and Seer demigods… These are the three pathways that can be interchanged… Mr. Door wants to temporarily reconcile the three pathways, and use an ingenious method to open the passage to return?

…The demigods of these three pathways aren’t that easy to capture. It’s possible for the Abraham family to do so at its peak. After the death of the High-Sequence Beyonders in the War of the Four Emperors and the corresponding setbacks, it’s pretty much hopeless…

If Mr. Door could be more patient and give the descendants more time to grow, it wouldn’t be impossible. However, "He" still constantly cries for help, causing the deaths of promising descendants…

Is "He" crazy? A lunatic who looks like a normal person?

After some thought, he burned the letter and went above the gray fog to do two divinations.

The revelations he received was that the method to enter the secret mausoleum was real. Mr. Door’s return ritual was also true.

Looking at the spirit pendulum in his hand, he sat silently in the high-back chair for a long time.

After a few minutes, he clenched his left hand and gripped the topaz pendant tightly. He muttered to himself, All there is left is to wait for the Bizarro Sorcerer potion to be completely digested, and for George III to hold the ritual.

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CHAPTER 1135
FRAGRANT

On the Sonia Sea, Pasu Island.

The Blue Avenger, which had been summoned, finally arrived at the headquarters of the Church of the Lord of Storms. It was docked at a port.

Alger removed the cloth wrapped around his head and jumped off the shipboard, landing firmly on the dock thanks to the wind.

The Wind-blessed potion he had consumed had long been digested. The reason why he had done so was to make himself appear more like the other members of the Church, making them feel a sense of kinship.

Years of experience told Alger that it was best to maintain uniformity with the people around him most of the time. He didn’t want to appear out of the ordinary. Under the circumstances where he had plenty of secrets, it was even more imperative to do so!

"Haha, Alger, control your impatience." A man who had been waiting at the dock came forward with a smile.

He had a head of soft yellow hair and a long robe embroidered with lightning patterns. He was Alger’s former partner, but later on, one chose to be the captain of a ghost ship and continue floating out at sea, while the other returned to be a clergyman.

Alger smiled as he raised his right hand and struck his left breast.

"May the Storm be with you."

"May the Storm be with you." The yellow-haired man, who was in his prime, replied with a smile.

He immediately lowered his voice and said, "I heard that you've already adapted to the Wind-blessed potion?"

Yes, it's very simple. I fly every day and maintain the state of floating. I often use the wind to travel back and forth in different places to quickly adapt. I've already sent a telegram to report this matter." Alger arched his brows to look proud.

The yellow-haired man looked around and maintained his volume from before.

"It's no wonder you were summoned back.

"I heard that, because of the ongoing war, there's a lack of manpower on all sides. The Council of Cardinals has decided to organize a group of Wind-blesseds to advance to Sequence 5 as soon as possible. You should be within those ranks. How enviable. I just became a Wind-blessed, so I don't have the chance."

Organize a group of Wind-blesseds to advance as soon as possible… After knowing that there might be a world war ahead of time, Alger Wilson wasn't surprised. A word suddenly appeared in his mind: cannon fodder!

In fact, just from his contributions for the Bansy Harbor incident, Alger, who was only a Seafarer back then, could've advanced to Ocean Songster without any obstacles. Furthermore, he was usually hard at work, having completed countless missions. In the end, he had only become a Wind-blessed. He had to join the queue for an opportunity to advance to Sequence 5.

And now, there was no need for him to do anything. He was suddenly placed on the list of candidates, and he would soon enter the ranks of the quasi-upper echelons of the Church. He couldn't help but feel suspicious.

Indeed, once a full-scale war begins, the order that prevents people like us from rising will split apart… However, the most important thing is to survive the war. Only by surviving will everything be meaningful… As Alger’s thoughts raced, he asked in surprise, "Sainz, is that true?"

"I can’t be sure. In short, that’s what I heard. Let’s go and catch up. If you have the chance to become a high-ranking deacon or a cardinal, don’t you forget us!" The yellow-haired man named Sainz reached out his hand and patted Alger on the shoulder.

Alger dodged without a trace and replied with a smile, "Definitely.1

In the City of Silver, the expedition team brought back news that there was a sea on the other side of the Giant King’s Court. All the citizens temporarily entered a state of excitement.

After two days of waiting, Derrick Berg finally received a notice from the six-member council, permitting him to receive the Classical Metallurgist’s potion formula.

This meant that the upper echelons of the City of Silver had agreed to exchange for the special mushrooms.

The advancement ritual is to personally refine a Stone of Life… What’s a Stone of Life? There’s no explanation here… Derrick glanced at the parchment in his hand and began preparing a ritual without much thought.

In his opinion, Mr. Fool definitely knew what the Stone of Life was. He didn’t need to worry about Mr. World.

After setting up the altar, he took out two metal tubes, each containing the blood of him and a Dawn Paladin from the City of Silver.

The Dawn Paladin had reached a certain age, and his body could no longer withstand the corrosive effects of the poison in most foods. In the

foreseeable future, he would gradually reach the end of his life. Two days ago, his granddaughter had personally delivered the final stab with a sword.

As for Derrick, he had previously obtained the Chiefs approval and found an opportunity to extract some of the deceased’s blood.

As for the Devil’s blood that Mr. World needed, the City of Silver’s inventory temporarily didn’t have one. However, Chief Colin Iliad said that, as long as the mushrooms could satisfy the needs of the City of Silver’s food requirements, he would organize a small hunting team and go to a region where Devils appeared.

After placing the two metal tubes and goatskin parchment onto the altar, Derrick took two steps back and faced the lit candles as he began the sacrificial ritual.

After a series of tasks, the illusory door that was formed from flames and spiritual materials opened heavily. After the sacrificial items were taken away, a dark glow was left behind.

The brilliance slowly faded as large numbers of mushrooms of different shapes appeared before Derrick’s eyes.

As for whether they "looked" strange, Derrick didn’t even think about it. This was because he had seen mushrooms once—abnormal ones. Therefore, he lacked a point of reference for comparison.

After recalling Mr. World’s description of different breeds of mushrooms and effects, Derrick quickly categorized them and placed them into different leather handbags.

Immediately after, he picked up the Unshadowed Crucifix excitedly and prepared to head for the spire.

However, just as his hand touched the bronze cross, he felt it burn and feel prickly. It was as if a light was seeping out of the rust and shining at the

mushrooms.

"They’re evil and need to be purified…” Derrick was confused, but he eventually decided to believe in Mr. World.

He hid the Unshadowed Crucifix and carried Thunder God’s Roar. He walked all the way to the spire and met Chief Colin Iliad.

"Are these the mushrooms?" As he spoke, Demon Hunter Colin’s eyes reflected two complex dark green symbols. His gaze swept across the different mushrooms that were either pure white and full, or filled with flesh.

Yes…” Derrick began introducing them, one by one.

Colin returned to normal and remained silent for a few seconds.

"There’s an evil and tainted aura emitted from them, but they’re in minute amounts and can be tolerated.

"This must’ve settled down after they devoured the flesh and blood of monsters."

He paused for a moment before saying, "Let’s first test their proliferation ability."

Following this sentence, a number of City of Silver personnel, who were prepared to "usher in" the mushrooms, carried a few monster corpses into the Chiefs room and scattered them over the different kinds of mushrooms.

The moment those mushrooms came into contact with the flesh, they immediately grew hyphae and burrowed into them.

About twenty to thirty seconds later, they began to rapidly expand and spit out spores.

After a while, the corpses of those monsters were densely covered with mushrooms.

However, the mushrooms didn’t stop growing. They kept growing upwards, and in the end, some of them were even taller than Derrick Berg, facing him as if they were "looking down" at him.

…Mr. World didn’t say that they would grow this large… Besides, the speed at which it grows is way too fast… Derrick looked at it in a daze, but he didn’t think it was a problem.

There wasn’t much of a change in Colin Iliad’s expression. Only after the monsters were left with skeleton and dregs did he look around.

"It’s better than I expected. Next, who wants to try the effects of eating it?"

Without hesitation, Derrick took a step forward and said, "Your Excellency, I’ll do it."

He was in charge of "importing" the mushrooms, so he definitely had to personally confirm its safety.

Colin Iliad nodded slightly and said, "Okay."

He then turned his head and said to another City of Silver resident, "Invite Elder Lovia over to prevent any accidents." As a Beyonder who controlled flesh and blood, Lovia could resolve most of the changes in the human body.

Of course, whether the mutated individual could survive was another matter.

Everyone waited for a few minutes before Shepherd Lovia, who was wearing a deep purple robe, arrived in the Chiefs room.

She had just passed through the door when her light gray eyes suddenly narrowed. She instinctively looked at the mushrooms that occupied most of the space.

After staring at it for a while, Lovia looked at Colin Iliad and nodded slightly, indicating that she was ready to provide any help.

Without any hesitation, Derrick Berg chose a black mushroom that was embedded with blood-red threads and marbling, standing at half his height. He tore off the mushroom that had wrapped around the skeleton, and he produced a bonfire and began roasting it.

Gradually, a fragrance that seemed to be able to drill into one's stomach emanated out. This was a smell that the residents of the City of Silver had never smelled before.

Their throats bobbed as they instinctively swallowed a mouthful of saliva.

The bonfire emitted a sizzling sound before the fragrance grew stronger.

This wasn't the usual sound. It was as if it could make one's soul yearn for this strange smell. It was the type that everyone was rather familiar with. It was the natural desire for Black-Faced Grass food after returning to the City of Silver, having not eaten them for a long time.

As the sizzling sounds grew louder and frequent, they felt as though a hand had reached out from their stomachs, eager to grab the food back.

Unknowingly, the other City of Silver residents who had been doing something else in the spire had followed the fragrance and gathered at the door.

It took Derrick a great deal of effort to control himself from tasting the mushroom midway. He waited until it was completely charred yellow on the outside before he took it back and blew at it.

At that moment, everyone’s eyes were on him, including Colin Iliad and Shepherd Lovia.

With his faith in Mr. World and Mr. Fool, Derrick didn’t speak. He lowered his head and bit the mushroom.

"Ssss…” He let out a sound of being scalded before chewing and gulping it down.

After nearly half of the mushrooms were gone, Derrick raised his head, his face slightly red. His mouth was glistening with oil as he mumbled, "It’s such a weird… taste… I can’t help it… I can’t stop…”

Colin Iliad sized up Derrick for a few seconds before turning his head to look at Shepherd Lovia.

Lovia slowly shook her head and said, "No problem."

The surrounding people of the City of Silver immediately let out cheers as they rushed forward and surrounded Derrick. They either wanted to share a piece or ask him what to do with the other mushrooms.

When Colin saw this, his expression gradually relaxed. He slowly closed his eyes and lifted his chin.

He took a deep breath of the fragrance that had filled the room.

The City of Silver held a mushroom ritual? Isn’t this a little strange… Also, what’s a Stone of Life? Yes, the people from the Church of Earth Mother definitely know, and Frank is no exception… Above the gray fog, as Klein listened to Little Sun’s latest report, he opened the parchment that he had received but hadn’t had the chance to read in detail.

The reason why he had rushed back to the real world after the sacrificial and bestowment ceremony was because the serialized horror stories of Backlund’s hospitals in several newspapers had reached its climax. Hence,

he received a lot of feedback over the past few days. He was at the critical moment of having his Bizarro Sorcerer potion digested.

And now, he had already completed this step.

He was already prepared to advance to Scholar of Yore.

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CHAPTER 1136
RUMORS FROM ANCIENT TIMES

Putting down the Classical Alchemist potion formula, Klein cast his gaze towards the two tubes of blood Little Sun had sacrificed.

Then, he beckoned for a ceramic jar wrapped in layers of paper figurines.

This was the Beyonder blood from different pathways that he had previously gathered. It had been placed above the gray fog and sealed with the Paper Angel in order to slowly integrate it into this mysterious space's aura, removing the connection between the blood and the individual. This was to prevent any accidents from happening to the provider when the door of the symbols was opened.

To him, it was fine if he suffered backlash. After all, there was at least one more chance of him reviving. If it would affect those who trusted him and gave their blood, he would rather not do it.

After peeling off the paper figurines at the mouth of the jar and pouring the two tubes of blood into it, he conjured a glass stick and reached in to stir it.

Right on the heels of that, he used Paper Angel and sealed it again.

I'm just short of Prisoner, Devil, and Demoness… After I complete the ritual, I'll personally pay Miss Sharron a visit. It's better to make a request in person regarding such matters. It's too rude to do it by writing letters… Only Miss Magician is a little special. Clearly, she would prefer it if I wrote a letter rather than meet Gehrman Sparrow in person. Heh, she actually

used the excuse that the ink had frozen due to the low temperatures to delay her writing. Heh, are her magic tricks just for show? Thankfully, my potion has already digested, so there's no need for me to push her anymore… Klein mumbled inwardly as he threw the ceramic jar covered in paper figurine back into the junk pile.

After leaving the world above the gray fog, he didn't immediately prepare to advance to Scholar of Yore. Instead, he took out a pen and paper and drew the symbol that was a mixture of concealment and mystery prying.

This was something he had planned to do before he consumed the potion—to ask Arrodes about Sefirah Castle.

As the symbol took form, the light in the originally badly-lit room became darker, as if clouds were drifting past, blocking out the sun.

After more than ten seconds, the full-body mirror with cracks suddenly rippled with aqueous light and silver words quickly appeared:

"Exalted Great Master, your devoted, loyal and humble servant, Arrodes, is here to answer your summoning.

"I-I am still the servant that you trust the most, the closest and most favorite, right?"

This question… I seem to be able to read the panic and anxiety of this magic mirror… Does it feel a sense of danger? After some thought, he nodded in amusement.

"Yes."

Actually, that has never been the case… I'm just comforting you… After answering, he silently added in his heart.

The surface of the mirror lit up and the silver words were dyed golden.

They squirmed and formed a new sentence:

"Great Master, do you have any questions for me?"

"Yes." Klein secretly tensed up. "What do you know about Sefirah Castle?"

Arrodes fell silent for a few seconds before the pale golden words changed:

"I don't know much about this. I've only heard some rumors. In the early days of the Second Epoch, the ancient gods believed that the original Creator left some things behind. That might be a 'kingdom' formed from a certain part of 'His' body or something created by 'Him.' And Sefirah Castle is one of them.

"This was the name that the King of Demonic Wolves, Flegrea, gave. 'He' calls the Hounds of Fulgrim as Sefirah Castle Keepers. However, 'He' failed to enter Sefirah Castle even to 'His' death. Therefore, many powerful creatures suspect that Sefirah Castle doesn't actually exist, but is just an abstract concept."

It had something to do with the original Creator? After pondering for a while, he said, "One of them… How many other entities like Sefirah Castle are there?"

"Eight. There are detailed records on the second Blasphemy Slate. Unfortunately, I haven't seen it." On the surface of the mirror, lines of words appeared one after another. However, the pale gold color faded away, becoming silver once again. "The ancient gods suspect that the source of the underground corruption comes from a place similar to Sefirah Castle. They call it the Chaos Sea. Also, there are rumors that deep in the spirit world city, Calderón City, there are clues to the River of Eternal Darkness. This comes from the ancient god, Phoenix Ancestor Gregrace. As for the others, I've heard of some names, but it's not a complete list. There's Tenebrous World, Knowledge Moor, as well as the Brood Hive that's related to the moon."

There are a total of eight. Chaos Sea, River of Eternal Darkness, Knowledge Moor, Tenebrous World, and Brood Hive… Brood Hive is related to the moon; it sounds very dangerous… I wonder if it has anything to do with the Mother Tree of Desire… Klein silently repeated the key information in Arrodes's response. He had a nagging feeling that he should be able to grasp something, but he didn't gain much from it. He even lacked the ability to piece together the clues.

When he saw that Arrodes had only heard rumors and didn't have any actual understanding of them, he organized his thoughts and said with a smile, "From the looks of it, you might come from the Chaos Sea."

"That's not important. What's important is that I'm your loyal, lowly, and obedient servant." Arrodes said the entire sentence at once.

Obedient, this use of words… Klein silently lampooned before asking, "What are the origins of Dark Angel Sasrir?"

On the surface of the mirror, silver words formed one after another:

"I similarly can't see it, but at that time, there was a myth that said that, when the ancient sun god was born, 'He' was light and darkness combined. After all, 'He' calls himself the Creator, so 'He' must be well-rounded and not lacking anything.

"Later, 'He' separated the darkness in his body and used it to create the first angel with one of his ribs, Dark Angel Sasrir."

This… rib… I can totally imagine it. Back then, it was the ancient sun god who personally fabricated and spread this myth… Amon's brother, your wife has become the Dark Angel! Klein was first alarmed before many strange ideas arose in his mind.

As his thoughts settled, he began to analyze the truth behind this myth.

With such a myth spreading, it will cause the believers to believe that Dark Angel Sasrir is the dark side of the ancient sun god. They would worship "Him" in the same way as the Lord. No one objected or forbade this myth. As for Dark Angel, "He" was ultimately the deputy of the divine kingdom, god's left hand. So this implies that this was very likely true…

What happened afterward can be summarized as the dark side of the ancient sun god colluding with foreign enemies, bewitching the Kings of Angels and assassinating the main body?

This can explain why Ouroboros and Medici joined Rose Redemption. "They" were only following the orders of the "Lord"…

From this angle, isn't the position of Dark Angel Sasrir, in the ancient sun god's divine kingdom, equivalent to The World of the Tarot Club? Hmm…

Thankfully, The World is a fake person. He doesn't have his own spirituality and thoughts…

As he thought about it, he suddenly felt drenched with sweat. He was glad that he was a Seer and not some other pathway.

Based on his previous reasoning, he quickly guessed the reason why Dark Angel was sleeping in the Giant King's Court.

Perhaps it has something to do with the fall of the ancient sun god…

Therefore, the brother of Amon, the Dragon of Wisdom, and the True Creator wish to confirm the state of Dark Angel Sasrir…

However, there are many other problems… In the twenty-two Beyonder pathways, which pathway is this King of Angels, the left hand of God?

The Marauder has Amon, Apprentice has Mr. Door, Spectator, Reader, Bard, Sailor, Secrets Suppliant, Warrior, Sleepless, Planter, Savant, Monster, Hunter, and Arbiter are obviously impossible… Corpse Collector

is also impossible due to the existence of Death in the Fourth Epoch. It's impossible for there to be a King of Angels to exist at the same time—unless the Dark Angel had already fallen to Sequence 2… By the same logic, the Seer and Lawyer pathways can be eliminated for now. It can then be confirmed that the Dark Angel is no longer a King of Angels…

Mystery Pryer, Moon, and Devil are all certain possibilities. I cannot eliminate the possibility that the Hidden Sage, Primordial Moon, and the Dark Side of the Universe are the Dark Angel's "alt"…Yes, there might still be the Mother Tree of Desire hidden within…

It's also possible with Prisoner. There's no clear evidence that this pathway has produced a true deity. Back then, the Chained God might not even be a King of Angels.

After some thought, he said to Arrodes, "It's your turn to ask."

On the cracked full-body mirror's surface, silver words twisted together and formed a new sentence:

"Great Master, may I guess what you want to ask next?"

"…" Klein nodded slightly and answered, "Sure."

"You wish to ask about Sasrir's current state. My answer is, I don't know, as I can't see." Behind the silver words was a smiley face with a simple drawing.

"Not bad," Klein praised. "That's all for today. I will summon you again in the near future at any time."

"Yes, Great Master. Your loyal servant, Arrodes, is constantly preparing to serve you!" On the surface of the mirror, the simple smile on his face turned into a waving cat's paw.

When the mirror returned to normal, Klein took out a pen and paper and wrote down what he had just learned.

This was one of the documents he had prepared for the Scholar of Yore ritual.

In the past few days, he had written a lot of documents on ancient history.

Following that, with the information and two marionettes, he "Teleported" to the Southern Continent.

He didn't dare to advance in Backlund. If anything were to happen to him, Amon and Zaratul would definitely be able to detect it and come straight for him!

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CHAPTER 1137
AMIDST HISTORY

On a barren island in the Berserk Sea.

This place wasn’t far from the Southern Continent, but it didn’t belong there geographically. The reason why Klein had chosen this island as a place for himself to advance to Scholar of Yore was, firstly, because he wanted to avoid Amon and Zaratul to the best of his ability. He also didn’t want to enter the region where the Mother Tree of Desire had a wide range of influence. Secondly, because the Berserk Sea was enveloped by the power left behind by Death, this was, in a way, a part of the Evernight Goddess’s kingdom. If the ritual were to create a huge commotion, it was possible for some effective screening.

Furthermore, this place is very desolate. There aren’t many creatures here, so there’s no need to worry about any accidents affecting the innocent… Klein surveyed the area and began to set up a ritual. He brought the corresponding materials back from above the gray fog to the real world.

Following that, he flipped through the thick ancient history documents and pulled out some records that he couldn’t be certain of. Those that couldn’t be confirmed with divination were also removed.

Pa!

With a shake of his hand, the scarlet flames rose and devoured the stack of paper.

The supplementary ingredients needed for the Scholar of Yore potion were a large amount of real ancient historical records. Therefore, he didn’t want

to take the risk of using things he couldn’t be sure of. He would rather have fewer of them.

After making his selection, he poured the Hound of Fulgrim’s blood into a huge cauldron and placed the few White Frost Crystals that he had weighed beforehand into it.

The moment the two supplementary ingredients came into contact with each other, a thin mist immediately rose up. It enveloped the container and was about half the height of a person and an arm wide.

With a glance, Klein followed his spiritual intuition and temporarily gave up on adding the last supplementary material. He first got his marionette, Enuni, to grab the Demonic Wolf of Fog’s transformed heart and threw the item that seemed condensed from white mist into the cauldron.

As white frost condensed across Enuni’s arm, the mist that emanated from the vessel became extremely dense. It began to contract and expand, as though it was alive, like a slowly-beating heart.

Without any hesitation, Klein controlled his marionette, Enuni, to pick up the pair of eyes from the Hounds of Fulgrim. He stuffed the two dark red flame-like objects into the seemingly corporeal mist.

The mist’s color quickly darkened, making it impossible for him to see the huge cauldron at its core.

He didn’t panic. Instead, he calmly got his other marionette to throw page after page of the ancient historical records into the blob of thick, dark mist.

The thick mist slowly collapsed. After "digesting" the historical records, it finally fell back into the cauldron, like water vapor, turning into something that coexisted as both a liquid and a gas. Its color was dark red, almost the size of a baby’s head.

Upon seeing this scene, Klein removed the spirit pendulum from his left wrist and used divination to determine if the potion was successfully concocted.

He received a revelation that it was rather dangerous, but one that he could barely withstand.

And this meant that the potion was successfully concocted.

Even if it were strictly concocted according to the formula, a Sequence 3 potion is equivalent to poison. If I can withstand it, I'll advance. Otherwise, I'll go crazy, lose control, or even die… After staring at the topaz pendant spinning rapidly in a counterclockwise direction for a few seconds, he pulled up the silver chain and wrapped it around his left wrist.

He cast his gaze at the potion floating in the cauldron as thoughts flashed across his mind:

A Bizarro Sorcerer's acting not only has the key terms of "fear," "horror," "directing," and "inexplicable," there's also some level of mystery, unknown, complicated, and unpredictable aspects of fate. The two aspects combine to form a complete Bizarro Sorcerer… This is a behavioral style, while the other is the attributes…

And to me, my origins are such a mystery that I haven't even figured out the truth. I've experienced so many complicated matters that I've already stopped a true god from descending, scared a King of Angels. Even my fate is so unpredictable that a Snake of Mercury is unable to discern. Therefore, I've already acted in advance and naturally digested that portion of the potion. There's no need to summarize the principles…

This truly reflects the single word "bizarro"…

Yes, the ritual requirements for Scholar of Yore requires me to be completely separated from reality for at least 300 years. Only after I become history and no longer belong to the present era do I consume the

potion. My life while I was sealed within a cocoon and hung above the gray fog is more than enough. But after becoming Klein, I've experienced too many things in the past year. I've already left a mark in the present era. Would it affect the effects of the ritual?

It should be… Fortunately, it hasn't even been two years. The mark won't be too deep and can barely be accepted. After all, it's impossible for me to hang myself up for 300 years again before I consume the potion… There's another decade or so until the apocalypse!

Furthermore, the ancient history I grasp is definitely far superior to any Bizarro Sorcerer. It can be considered as me effectively acting ahead of time. I can definitely avoid many dangers…

As his thoughts raced, Klein took a deep breath and stopped thinking about it.

Wearing a silk top hat and a double-breasted coat, his skin suddenly turned transparent as maggots that contained three-dimensional symbols crawled out.

The transparent maggots were itching to move, as if they were going to crawl into the dense mist in the cauldron, leaving behind only empty clothes and hats.

Klein managed to barely control his state as he calmly extended his right hand and picked up the potion that was wrapped in mist.

The potion didn't seem to have any weight as it floated in front of his face.

Klein opened his mouth and took a deep breath.

The potion instantly transformed and extended into Klein's mouth, making him feel like he was devouring a dark red glow.

The transparent maggots swarmed back into his body, tearing down the parts of the potion and swallowing them.

As his Mythical Creature form was special—both a full body and also separated into many small parts—Klein could only consume the potion in such a manner.

Of course, if he could control his incomplete Mythical Creature form, it would be much simpler.

Without a sound, he felt a cold feeling spread through every Worm of Spirit, with a searing pain.

A familiar, boundless grayish-white fog appeared in front of him. It enveloped the entire world, revealing some of his past experiences.

This included the terrifying legends he created, his conversation with the Red Angel evil spirit; the treatment of the demigod, Lucca, with the help of Miss Justice; hunting Hvin Rambis; dealing with Amon’s avatars; revenge on Ince Zangwill; exploring Calderón City; infiltrating Saint Samuel Cathedral; dominating the seas; stopping the True Creator’s descent; saving Tingen; and various other details of his daily life.

They made conflicts with different people and things, becoming extremely complicated as they merged into a sea. As he "flew" through it, he was unable to find a clear and accurate sense of self. He felt like he was about to be lost in this area. The cold, burning pain constantly drove him forward, so as to expel the influence on him. This made it difficult to return to the real world.

With great difficulty, Klein managed to control this feeling. As he gradually lost consciousness and his body slowly descended, he tried his best to find something that could confirm his identity.

Finally, he saw the deep depths of the gray fog. At the end of the sea was a shattered spot of light. With a thought, he followed his intuition and flew

over in a manner that seemed to travel the cosmos.

There was a figure hanging from the blurry door of light in the spot of light. He was stored in a transparent cocoon as he swayed gently. He looked like the original Zhou Mingrui. This had nothing to do with his surroundings. He was alone and easily grasped.

I couldn't see this before when I used the Yesterday Once More charm, but I can actually do so now… In other words, during the advancement process, I can indirectly influence the Sefirah Castle above the gray fog? Wait, my ability to think has been restored… Klein's consciousness instantly cleared up as he finally understood the essence of the ritual.

By eliminating the interference, he could provide a clear definition of himself to become a Scholar of Yore. This prevented him from getting lost!

Following a similar spot of light, Klein began to fly deeper into the grayish-white fog. Along the way, he discovered that the surrounding fog was scattered with fragments of light. They had colonial phases, times when Roselle ruled, the Battle of the Violated Oath, the White Rose War, the Twenty Year War… These were all bits of history that Klein knew of the Fifth Epoch.

As he passed through them, he naturally split his consciousness and completed an invisible connection, making his definition of his own identity even clearer.

In the Pale Era, during the War of the Four Emperors, the Trunsoest Empire, the Tudor Dynasty, the United Empire, Solomon's first and second Empire, the fall of Red Angel, the Blood Emperor's apotheosis, the Black Emperor's return, and other historical fragments continued to surface as Klein kept rushing forward. They appeared in different spots in the endless gray fog, like the stars in the night sky, they illuminated the path to return.

In such a manner, Klein felt that he was becoming more and more lucid. Every Worm of Spirit's coldness and burning sensation became milder.

He could’ve turned around a long time ago and returned to the real world. However, he didn’t stop and continued flying forward.

Scenes of the fatal attack of the Rose Redemption; the three great angels, White, Storm, Wisdom sharing in the body of the ancient sun god; and the plotting in the Giant King’s Court with the Church of Evernight, Earth, and Combat hiding as secret organizations flashed across the grayish-white fog. The more he proceeded forward, the more relaxed he felt. He felt like he was about to fly up from running down a runway.

At some point in time, a group of terrifying canine-like creatures with dark red eye sockets appeared beside him. They ran around the indiscernible bottom of the gray fog as they followed him by his side as if they were accompanying and guarding him.

Among them, two of them only had one eye.

Klein looked around and smiled. He didn’t stop and continued proceeding deeper into the gray fog.

The history of the Dual Era and the Early Era of Fire swept past him from behind, pointing out the path that led forward. Finally, Klein stopped in front of a lonely fragment of light. Inside was a withered forest and a normal-sized tomb.

He went forward and saw that the grayish-white fog was silently enveloping everything. It was unknown where the other fragments of light were floating.

Feeling his spirituality depleting, Klein didn’t continue the search. He connected his consciousness to his origin, and he suddenly plummeted.

As the gray fog rapidly faded away, Klein felt his body and saw the cauldron in front of him.

He didn’t care about his current state, and he subconsciously looked up into the sky.

He directly saw the gray fog and the ancient majestic palace above the gray fog.

The mysterious space was trembling slightly.

…

In Backlund, a postman who was riding a bicycle stopped. He turned his head slightly and adjusted the monocle on his right eye.

He then muttered to himself, "Sefirah Castle…”

After a few seconds of hesitation, the thin-faced young man curled his lips and laughed. His expression was filled with anticipation.

In a rental apartment at East Borough of the same city, figures hanging in the air swayed gently. At the same time, they simultaneously made a sound:

"Sefirah Castle…”

In the basement of Saint Samuel Cathedral, Leonard Mitchell, who was assigning missions to his team, suddenly heard an elderly voice in his mind:

"Sefirah Castle…”

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CHAPTER 1138
"SCHOLAR OF YORE"

In the highlands, on an altar with eyes, arms, heads, and organs embedded in it.

Dark red blood-red light surged out like a tidal wave, distorting into the shape of a deformed tree.

Amidst a buzzing sound, the human bones, candles, silver plates, and gold boxes trembled, as though they could slice through one’s Spirit Body.

The surrounding supplicants instinctively bowed their heads and prostrated.

Then, they simultaneously came to a realization:

"The Berserk Sea, reef island…”

When he saw the ancient palace above the gray fog and sensed the slight tremble of the mysterious space, Klein felt that he had a deeper connection with the so-called "Sefirah Castle," one that was hard to accurately grasp.

At this moment, he truly felt that place would gradually belong to him.

In just a few seconds, all the abnormalities disappeared. Without any delay, Klein got the two marionettes to put away the items that were still of value, and destroy the rest. He took out a paper figurine and shook it.

With a smacking sound, the paper figurine ignited with a scarlet flame as dense illusory wings appeared behind his back.

When he saw this, Klein was stunned. He never expected that the simple Paper Figurine Substitutes would have hints of Angel’s Embrace.

He then grabbed Qonas and Enuni, using "Teleport" to vanish from the island formed by reefs.

After using several islands in the Sonia Sea as waypoints, he took a huge detour before finally returning to his residence in Backlund’s East Borough.

During this process, he repeatedly used Paper Figurine Substitutes, which had undergone several qualitative changes, to disrupt divination, prophecy powers, tracking, and observation.

Phew, I didn’t expect it to really trigger the changes in Sefirah Castle, resulting in an unconcealable phenomenon… Fortunately, I was sufficiently careful and cautious. I wasn’t careless. If I had advanced in Backlund or the surrounding areas, I’m certain that Amon and Zaratul would’ve already "seen" me… Klein heaved a sigh of relief as he hurriedly took four steps counterclockwise and went above the gray fog to do a divination.

After confirming that he was in a safe situation, he didn’t stay for long. He immediately returned to the real world, and with the help of Cogitation, he began to restrain his diverging spirituality.

After doing this, he took off his clothes, threw himself into bed, and fell into a deep sleep.

Normally, a Bizarro Sorcerer wouldn’t be as exhausted as he was after successfully advancing to Scholar of Yore. He would definitely have energy left to check his physical condition. However, while traveling through history, he relied on his mark to travel a very far distance. He relied on his own mastery of ancient secrets, that far exceeded his current level, to reach the establishment of the Giant King’s CourUn the early of the Second Epoch or the end of the Epoch.

This was equivalent to digesting the potion.

After a few hours of deep sleep, Klein woke up as he slowly opened his eyes.

He sat up, pulled a pillow to prop him up from behind, and rubbed his temples.

After ten minutes of regulating himself, he was completely awake and began to inspect himself.

Indeed, I've digested most of the potion right after I consumed it. At least eighty percent… This is roughly what I expected… but I wonder how much more ancient history I'll have to obtain before I can digest it completely…

From the looks of it, the acting of a Scholar of Yore has two main directions: One is a scholar from ancient times, and the other is a scholar who studies ancient history. Both of them are required. The first is relatively easy because the ritual itself contains the key point of making one a person from ancient times. Once the advancement is successful, one can naturally act as a scholar from ancient times.

The second point is extremely difficult. It would be alright in normal society, but in this world with true gods, devils, and evil existences, just gathering ancient information is a very risky matter. If I endeavor to gather the truth of history, I might die a horrible death at any moment without any reason. The more I understand, the greater the danger…

The reason why I know so much is mostly thanks to the arrangements of a few existences, as well as the complicated fate that Sefirah Castle brings me. This makes me encounter all sorts of things. Of course, even so, I've already died once despite being a true deity's Blessed; what's more, other Scholars of Yore?

Changing the spot of Miracle Invoker and Scholar of Yore will make acting relatively simple. Unfortunately, there's no such thing…

In addition, the previous two meanings have an inclination towards ancient times. I have to pay attention to the word "scholar." What must I figure out from history before I can be considered a "scholar"?

Next, there are a few directions towards my digestion. First, I need to figure out Dark Angel Sasrir's current state and truly replicate the actual process of the Cataclysm. Second, I need to spend some effort to connect the history of the Fourth Epoch together, and not just be fine with having them in disconnected segments. Third, I need to go deep into the details from a macroscopic view. For example, the rise and fall of the Antigonus family…

After confirming that prior acting was effective, and considering his future path ahead of time, Klein combined the mysticism knowledge he had gained from his advancement and his observation of his godhood's divinity, and he had a trial run of his powers to slowly figure out the powers of a Scholar of Yore.

Worms of Spirit can be split into six hundred pieces. The godhood patterns have also changed to a certain degree; it's even more complicated, and it can showcase concepts of strength, strangeness, and supematuralness…

The changes in my godhood patterns firstly originate from the newly obtained characteristic, and secondly, it comes from the mysticism knowledge contained within the potion. This is both a result of the Beyonder characteristic and also something obtained from a higher level… After becoming a true High-Sequence Beyonder, is it possible to directly change the knowledge at a higher dimension to affect Beyonders at other Sequences?

Deciphering a potion formula from the godhood patterns seems like an actual example…

Also, at the level of Sequence 3, the changes in godhood patterns have a personal effect. This is closely related to prayer and responses. As a Scholar of Yore, the corresponding honorific names will be different in nature. This is because of different personalities, experiences, and traits.

Yes, I can allow different Worms of Spirit to instinctively listen to prayers and respond to them when it's a relatively uncomplicated matter. It doesn't affect my other actions… The specially marked ones and more complicated matters will be handed over to my actual body…

A Scholar of Yore can use a Worm of Spirit to act as a god, but what about other Sequence 3 Beyonders from other pathways? It's impossible for them to respond while sleeping, right…

Heh heh, I'll think of my honorific name as a Scholar of Yore later. I'll first study the specific abilities.

Uh… A Scholar of Yore's main ability is to obtain help from history. This is split into two parts. One is to borrow strength from my past self.

This is rather embarrassing for me. It's currently useless because the past me is definitely weaker than the present me. Yes, when I was hanging above the door of light above the gray fog, I was just an ordinary person… Compared to those who were important figures in the past but are now weak due to all kinds of reasons, this is a godly skill. One can be a baby crying for ice cream while engaging in a Sequence 1 battle. It would be impossible to find any weaknesses… The only problem is that it's not long-lasting…

Of course, as more time passes after I become a Scholar of Yore, this will begin to show its effects. I can often borrow strength from my past Scholar of Yore self so that I wouldn't have any moment of weakness. Even if I were to suffer serious injuries… To a certain extent, this is something that's self-perpetuating, preventing myself from ever being in a nadir until my spirituality is completely drained.

Yes, before my spirituality is drained, I can always borrow energy from my past self. There's no limit to the number of times. As for my current spirituality, even without the process of recovering, I can borrow power nearly ten times a day, maintaining it for five minutes each time.

The second part is to summon images from the Historical Void. It can be humans or objects. The more detailed and the better the understanding I have of the corresponding piece of history and matters, the higher the chance of success is and the longer it will last.

Similarly, the lower the target's level is, relative to me, the higher the chance of success and the longer it can be maintained.

In addition, increasing my affinity with the target will increase the chances of success and the time it can be maintained.

These are the three conditions to succeed. Furthermore, when summoning someone of a higher level than myself, or an item, even if I barely succeed, the final projection will only have a portion of the strength and quality of the original. It can't be one who's at full strength. Also, I can only maintain three images summoned from the Historical Void at any point in time, including those summoned by my marionettes…

Currently, even if it's the most ordinary item or something that was once mine, I can maintain its availability for a maximum of fifteen minutes.

The fact that the target has a close relationship with me is worth rumination. In essence, borrowing power from one's own body is also a form of summoning. It's just that one's relationship with oneself is extremely close, so there's no possibility of failure. It's an extreme example.

In other words, if I were to summon the important figures from the Historical Void, it would be best to establish a friendly relationship with "Them" and maintain it for a long time. Yes, if I were to summon Mr. Azik's projection, the chances of success will definitely be higher than projecting other angels…

How is this a Beyonder power? This is obviously studies related to EQ, Relationships, and Interpersonal Communication!

As he sighed with emotion, Klein sincerely felt that the core powers of a Scholar of Yore were godly. After all, those that involved history and time were most likely extremely magical.

However, in order to put it to use to its fullest potential, one had to have sufficient intelligence, and also make the necessary preparations.

This was an unchanging requirement of the Seer pathway.

Yes, when summoning images from the Historical Void, there’s no way to communicate with them. That is to say that a Scholar of Yore can’t interfere with history and change the past. From the angle of acting, this can be summarized as "witnessing fate, affecting the present, and the inability to reverse the past…”

Apart from the ability to transfer a certain part of ailments, wounds, curses, attacks, prophecies, and observations to Paper Figurine Substitutes, there’s another power. It can transfer a certain part to the target. Before one discovers that it’s fake, things can continue proceeding as per normal. Heh heh, if anyone loses their heart while their brain remains active, I can give them a paper heart for a short period of time. He will be able to obtain strength from history to beat and circulate blood…

The time it takes to attain initial control of Spirit Body Threads has shortened to two seconds, and completely transforming into a marionette takes ten seconds. The maximum range for the two is 500 meters… By controlling a marionette, the limit to swapping positions is five kilometers…

Flame Jump is also five kilometers… I can freely control the might of Air Cannon, and at its maximum might, it’s equivalent to a coastal defensive cannon…

A creature that can transform into a physical form whose characteristics have a difference that does not exceed a certain level. Some of the organs created can be used, while others are only decorations…

Phew, this is a Scholar of Yore who has digested most of the potion… After examining himself, Klein slowly stood up.

He planned on entering the world above the gray fog to check on the changes in Sefirah Castle.

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CHAPTER 1139
A DIFFERENT FORM OF COMPANIONSHIP

Above the endless grayish-white fog, Klein’s figure appeared in the ancient palace.

He only looked around briefly, and he realized that there were a few changes.

The most obvious point was that the state of the mysterious space and its layout had been fully projected into his Spirit Body. Even at a great distance, he could still see the grayish-white clouds and that strange door of light.

Apart from the palace that I conjured and the door of light that originally existed, there’s nothing here. It’s empty, boundless, and full of power of a high level… As he murmured, he sat down, raised his right hand, and gently lifted it up.

In the blink of an eye, the entire gray fog boiled. The mysterious space it carried quaked as beams of slightly dark light emitted.

When the light gathered together, it condensed into a translucent angel with illusory wings on its back, as per Klein’s will. It had the same level and power as an angel. It was majestic and sacred, with an oppressive aura.

There’s no need to add the Black Emperor card, the Tyrant card, or the Red Priest card. There’s no need to use the Sea God Scepter either. With my power alone, I can stir most of the powers of this mysterious space to its

fullest potential, allowing The Fool’s angel to become a true Sequence 2 angel. Of course, this angel is unable to respond to prayers or be maintained for too long. It only exists in the "embrace" form and within a few attacks, having some powers in the domain of miracles…

Indeed, being able to revive is a gift from Sefirah Castle. As for how many more times I can be resurrected, I can’t come to a conclusion now. If I can obtain a Grade 0 Sealed Artifact and use its level to observe it, I should be able to see it more clearly… I’ll just treat it as one more time. It’s not a bad thing to err while being cautious. This reminds me to be careful and cautious… This is the way for Beyonders of the Seer pathway to survive…

Unfortunately, this "miracle" can only be used for myself for now…

Yes, at most, in order to truly possess and control this mysterious space, I have to become an angel or even a Sequence 1 angel at least. It lives up to its name as Sefirah Castle. As for that strange door of light, its requirements are even higher. It’s impossible to tell if there are any hidden dangers at the moment…

What’s the meaning of the existence of Sefirah Castle? "Baiting" transmigrators to revive the original Creator? With a flick of his right hand, the holy and powerful angel dissipated in midair.

The entire Sefirah Castle calmed down.

Following that, Klein stood up and took a step towards the grayish-white cloud in midair. He stood in front of the strange door of light formed from countless spherical lights.

The door of light was tainted with some bluish-black color. Each spherical light’s essence was a transparent and translucent worm that formed into a ball.

As he stared at the transparent "cocoons" hanging by the black threads, Klein extended his right hand and slowly reached out to the door of light in

an attempt to touch it.

One inch, two inches, three inches. His hand finally touched the edge of the door of light, but it passed right through as if it was just an illusion.

However, compared to his previous attempt, the illusory door of light was clearly a little stickier, as though it was about to turn corporeal.

This is an item that represents the essence of Sefirah Castle? After pondering for a few seconds, he turned and returned to the ancient palace.

Without any delay, he left the world above the gray fog and began experimenting with the various powers he had just acquired.

I have to first get an honorific name… The prayer response range for a Sequence 3 Beyonder is a region. This range is different depending on the authority that one wields. Clearly, a Sea King's range is a relatively far-reaching type… Therefore, this honorific name of mine also has its limits. The protector of all the poor children in Backlund? It feels odd…

Yes, other people might have a limitation, but it's not necessarily the case for me. I can use the spirit world and the Blessed of Sefirah Castle as a replacement. I should be the only one who is Blessed in both regions. It's unique enough. This way, as long as someone is in the same city or district as me, they can use this honorific name to pray to me.

There's nothing I can do if we're not in the same area. I can't possibly do the same as throwing the Sea God Scepter above the gray fog, splitting a few Worms of Spirit to the world above the gray fog, and using Sefirah Castle's level to respond throughout the entire world… Although I can't confirm the relationship between the Dark Angel and the ancient sun god, this is enough to remind me to be careful with my avatars and marionettes. Also, it's not as simple as splitting a few worms. A large number of Worms of Spirit have to be left in Sefirah Castle to achieve the desired effect. I'm currently unable to do that…

Right, my mental state isn’t too bad. I don’t have a dissociative disorder, nor do I have the irresistible urge to become cold and terrifying. This means that the mark of a Scholar of Yore in history is his anchor… Also, the emperor’s situation worsened only after he became an angel, causing him to have no choice but to rely on his believers as anchors to "anchor" him in place. I’m still one huge level away… I need to find out what else can be used as anchors, apart from believers, to ensure that nothing goes wrong… Amidst his thoughts, Klein picked up pen and paper.

He wrote the first line of his honorific name:

"The Blessed of the spirit world and Sefirah Castle."

After some thought, he began writing the second and third lines based on his rich experience and knowledge he got from his godhood patterns:

The Mystery stemming from ancient times;

The witness of an extended history."

Since a Sequence 3 Beyonder wasn’t a true deity, he couldn’t use a three-line description. After some thought, he added two more lines:

"Protector of magic and drama performers;

"The great Gehrman Sparrow."

In fact, non-true deities could also use three-line descriptions, but one of them had to rely on the level of a true god. For example, Klein could use "Blessed of the Evernight Goddess." Under such circumstances, it was essentially similar to a type of summoning incantation, not an honorific name for prayers, similar to that of messengers. And if the messenger was a spirit world creature, the restriction of being the Blessed of a particular true deity was unnecessary. Therefore, it was often unknown what would be summoned, making it rather dangerous.

After repeatedly deliberating for a while, Klein controlled his marionette, Enuni, and recited the honorific name in ancient Hermes.

A few seconds later, Klein raised his right hand and rubbed his temples with an odd expression.

He didn’t "hear" the prayer.

What’s wrong with this honorific name? Klein carefully deliberated over it a few times and gradually came up with an idea. I might not be the only Blessed of the spirit world and Sefirah Castle. The Hounds of Fulgrim also count… I have to add a limitation…

After some modifications, Enuni once again recited in ancient Hermes, "The Blessed of the spirit world and Sefirah Castle;

The Mystery stemming from ancient times;

"The witness of an extended history;

"Protector of Backlund magic and drama performers;

"The great Gehrman Sparrow."

"I pray for your blessings. I hope you can light up the darkness in front of me."

Just as Enuni’s voice faded, Klein heard his prayer. Furthermore, it was only heard by a few Worms of Spirit. It didn’t affect his actual body at all.

This is very different from the prayer coming from Sefirah Castle. It’s very clear… With a thought, his Worm of Spirit gave a response based on the rules he had made ahead of time.

With a whoosh, a ball of fire appeared in front of Enuni. It floated in midair, illuminating the entire room.

Not bad… If I use Hermes to pray, I have to set up a ritual and draw symbols… As for essential oils and herbs, it doesn't matter if they're provided or not. Am I someone who will be pleased by these things? The symbols are formed from the scrolls representing history, the complete eye that represents witness, and the lines symbolizing change… For the time being, Klein had no intention of spreading his honorific name. After all, letting others know that Gehrman Sparrow had reached Sequence 3 would be a case of him losing a trump card. Furthermore, he had the alternate identity as Sea God and The Fool. There was no need for a new honorific name.

Pa!

With a snap of his fingers, he lit the paper with the honorific name of Gehrman Sparrow on the table.

A Scholar of Yore also has the means to create a fog to lower the temperature, but it's not a core power… Next, I have to try to summon a projection from the Historical Void. Who shall be my first volunteer? As he muttered silently to himself, Klein suddenly sighed.

He then half-closed his eyes and used his godhood to allow a portion of his spirit to enter the gray fog and roam amidst history.

Following the various locations that he had previously established, he instantly arrived in front of a spot made of light.

There was a spacious and bright room with two rows of floor-to-ceiling windows in the spot of light. In the room, a man wearing a dark red coat embroidered with golden lines was standing by the window, looking at the place where the sun had set.

He looked to be in his thirties, with long chestnut curly hair, blue eyes, high nose bridge, and thin lips. He had a neat mustache and looked rather good.

Roselle Gustav.

In a street in North Borough, a thin-faced young man with a wide forehead and a monocle was sitting in a coffee shop by the side of the road. He held a fountain pen and thought seriously.

He raised his other hand and pinched his monocle. Finally, he wrote down a sentence:

"The Blessed of the spirit world and Sefirah Castle…”

Then, the fountain pen stopped moving, as if he had not thought of what to write next.

In a rented two-bedroom apartment at East Borough, Klein took out his golden pocket watch and opened it.

He had already made an appointment with Miss Sharron and Marie to meet in an uninhabited house tonight.

After some thought, he raised his right hand and grabbed at the space in front of him.

A simple, ancient brass key appeared in his palm.

This was the Master Key that had once helped him defeat Wraith Steve and prevent the True Creator from descending. It allowed one to hear Mr. Door’s ravings on the night of the full moon.

Now, by summoning it back from the Historical Void, it could be used for ten minutes.

Heh heh, to a Scholar of Yore, anything that they once possessed, regardless if they were eventually sold, returned, destroyed, or lost for all sorts of reasons, can never really be considered lost. They just exist alongside the Scholar of Yore in a different form of companionship… Looking at the Master Key in his hand, Klein sighed in satisfaction.

With this item, if he could grasp the corresponding ritual, he could directly speak to Mr. Door as well.

After putting away the Master Key, he put on his double-breasted frock coat and silk top hat, picked up his golden cane, and walked out of the room.

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CHAPTER 1140
PLANS

Backlund, East Borough, 7 Pinster Street-

After a busy day, Leonard finally had the chance to ask his questions:

"Old man, what is Sefirah Castle?"

The slightly-aged voice in his mind fell silent for a few seconds. He chuckled and said, "The place where you meet every Monday is most likely Sefirah Castle."

Leonard never expected to hear such an answer. His mind went blank for a moment. He was surprised, shocked, and confused, mixed together with the thoughts of it being impossible for to pop out of nowhere and the poignant feelings of how complicated things were.

After a while, he pressed in a low voice, "What kind of place is Sefirah Castle?"

As though sighing and laughing self-deprecatingly, Pallez Zoroast said, "Actually, I’m not too sure. I’ve only heard some rumors.

"It’s different from the creation myth you know. Rumor has it that the original Creator left behind nine different entities. They were kingdoms, cities, rivers, oceans, and keys. Sefirah Castle was one of them.

"It might not actually be a castle, but something else. As for what its exact form is, you might know it better than me.

"The reason why I’m certain of its existence is because I sensed it when I became an angel, but I was unable to see it and establish a connection with it.

"My great-grandfather mentioned a theory that the nine entities might have something to do with the sefirot of the second Blasphemy slate. Unfortunately, because of various reasons, ‘He’ was unable to decipher the details related to the sefirot."

Leonard calmed down. Leaning back against the sofa, he asked thoughtfully, "Old Man, do you suspect that Mr. Fool is the embodiment of sefirot?"

Based on what he had seen and heard from the Tarot Club and Old Man’s occasional lecture, he had a certain understanding of matters regarding the deities.

After a long silence, Pallez Zoroast replied, "Perhaps…”

Under the strict curfew at night, there were almost no pedestrians on the streets of Backlund. Occasionally, there would be carriages passing by, carrying people of status.

After arriving at the agreed-upon house, Klein wasn’t in a hurry to enter. He half-closed his eyes, raised his right hand, and grabbed at something in front of him. He pulled out another Sherlock Moriarty wearing a black double-breasted frock coat and a silk half top hat while holding a gold-inlaid cane.

This was the image of him from the Historical Void when he left his residence earlier.

As Klein was right in front of him, this image appeared stiff, like a prop on-stage.

According to his previous experiments, Klein knew that this was the mysticism principle of "a unique shared consciousness in time." To put it simply, everyone was essentially unique. If one’s true body remained sentient, the projection wouldn’t remain sentient.

It was the same when summoning projections of the deceased from the Historical Void, a result Klein suspected to be attributed to his insufficient level. In short, his projections could only engage in more mechanical and instinctive battles. Something that was unknown to the Scholars of Yore had prevented them from giving a corresponding answer even if they experienced it for themselves.

This confirmed one of Klein’s guesses. Those fragments a Scholar of Yore could see in the historical fog was something he had learned in real life and had studied. Simply put, the fog needed a Scholar of Yore to light it up, bit by bit.

Of course, Klein also suspected that if the historical fragments of the same matter had been mostly lit up, the rest would very likely be presented naturally.

At least the corresponding ability won’t be lost just because I don’t understand it well enough. As long as there’s a projection in the Historical Void, that state will be a complete snapshot… That’s enough… Klein looked at the projection that could only act on instinct. His body suddenly vanished and entered the grayish-white fog.

Since Hounds of Fulgrim, who weren’t full Scholars of Yore, could live in the Historical Void, there was no reason that a true Scholar of Yore couldn’t. The only problem was that there was a time limit. In addition, if time dragged on, the marionettes in the real world would definitely die. However, this was only changing the form of companionship it had with a Scholar of Yore.

As Klein’s body entered the grayish-white fog, his consciousness suddenly came alive in the projection.

He raised his hand and pressed down on his top hat. Wearing the face of Sherlock Moretti, he came outside of the house. Following their agreement, he took out the Master Key and placed it against the door, turning it gently.

His figure appeared in the room, and under the crimson moonlight, he quickly surveyed his surroundings.

The sofas, cupboards, high-back chairs, coffee tables, and other furniture were evidently old. They seemed to come from the previous century.

In the dark environment, in a gothic regal dress and a matching bonnet, Sharron suddenly appeared on a high-back chair.

"Good evening," this Puppet lady nodded slightly and greeted him.

If she hadn’t spoken, she would be a classic and most exquisite doll.

At the same time, Marie, who was wearing a white shirt and black vest, also phased into existence on the sofa.

…Sir, it’s already winter. Aren’t you cold wearing just this? Ah right, you’re "dead," one who isn’t afraid of the cold… After lampooning inwardly, Klein took off his hat and bowed at the blonde, blue-eyed, pale-faced Sharron.

"Good evening, Miss Sharron."

He then turned around and said to Marie, "Good evening."

To this Wraith who was formerly a Zombie, the deepest impression Klein had of him was his card game with the zombies he controlled.

We should play cards when we have the time… He sighed silently.

The reason why he suddenly thought of playing cards was because he had previously analyzed the combat styles of Scholar of Yore, and he realized

that if he were to encounter Zaratul, both sides would very likely end up playing a card game.

You throw a Consul Roselle card, I'll throw an Emperor Roselle card. You throw a Bernadette card, I'll throw a Benoit. If you throw The Half-Fool card, I'll match it with Amon…

I didn't expect that the battle between a Seer would one day become "playing cards." It's a realistic, abnormally harrowing "game of cards"… Sigh, but Zaratul is a Sequence 1 angel, and he wouldn't give me a chance to play cards. Besides, my success rate at summoning the important figures in the Historical Void is rather low… Klein retracted his gaze and took the initiative to say to Sharron, "I've recently needed to do something. It's rather difficult and dangerous. One of the steps is to collect Beyonder blood from the twenty-two different pathways. As for the Wraith pathway, the only person I can ask for help is you and Marie. You should be skilled at hexes, and you should have a way to remove the connection between your blood and yourself."

In fact, he could've attempted to summon Admiral of Blood Senor on the spot and mix his blood into the porcelain jar. However, he didn't know if it would be effective, nor could he divine it. After all, this involved a level that exceeded Sequence 1, and he lacked information. The only thing he could confirm was that drawing that symbol didn't bring him and the suppliers any danger.

Due to the fact that a Scholar of Yore had many means at their disposal, he had even tried to summon the former Witch Trissy. He easily subdued her and smeared her blood onto Groselle's Travels.

However, it was useless.

After some thought, Klein believed that a logical contradiction on the timeline had happened, preventing him from success. That blood was formerly provided by Trissy of the past. The person Groselle's Travels

pulled in would undoubtedly be the former Trissy, so it was equivalent to changing history.

Since history couldn’t be changed, the experiment failed.

After listening to Sherlock Moriarty’s request quietly, Sharron said without any change in expression, "Okay.

"How much do you want?"

Miss Sharron’s reaction is exactly as I imagined… Klein took out a glass tube.

"One tube would suffice."

Dressed in a gothic regal dress, Sharron raised her right hand slightly. The glass tube seemed to possess a life of its own as it left Klein’s palm and flew over.

Right on the heels of that, the doll-like lady’s right hand landed on her left wrist. Her nails suddenly grew long and became unusually sharp.

With just a light stroke, a wound opened up at her wrist. Blood seeped out, but it didn’t drip down. Instead, it floated up and entered the glass tube.

By the time the tube was filled, Sharron’s wound had healed instantly, leaving no scar behind. The stopper jumped into the tube and spun a few times to automatically seal the tube.

During this process, the pale-faced Sharron wore an impassive expression, as if she had suppressed all the feelings in her heart.

Looking at the tube of blood in her hand, Sharron reached out with her left hand and touched it, slowly sliding from top to bottom.

This was done to remove her connection to the blood.

After doing all of this, the blood tube leaped up and flew back into Klein’s hands.

"Is there anything else I can help you with?" Sharron sat on a high-back chair and said calmly.

"Not for now. Thank you." Klein shook his head and snapped his fingers, igniting a scarlet flame in his palm.

The flame quickly rose and enveloped the glass tube.

By the time the redness dissipated, the blood was gone.

This was a new change in "Flaming Jump." It could transfer the items on him to his marionette or body.

Apart from this, all sorts of Beyonder powers from before had been enhanced and modified.

Having used his new powers skillfully, he looked at Sharron and asked casually, "How’s the digestion of your Puppet potion?"

When he first met Miss Sharron, he felt that she was like a doll. He believed that, regardless of her nature, or it being a result of the temperance principle, it would’ve been a form of "prior acting." It would be of great help to the digestion of the Puppet potion.

"Not bad," Sharron replied calmly. "I should be able to digest everything in another one to two years."

One to two years… Indeed, no matter how fast it is, it’s counted in years. But for me, it’s been less than half a year…

This isn’t something to be proud of. It was all arranged… Of course, if you count the time I was hung above the door of light, it’s counted in

millennia… Miracle Invoker… If I can escape this fate, I might be able to create a miracle… Klein sighed inwardly and gently nodded.

"What are your plans for the time being?"

Sharron said, "I hope to restore Teacher’s body."

Marie, who was sitting on the sofa, added, "But didn’t you say that the leader of the Secret Order, Zaratul, is in Backlund and is closely related to the Rose School of Thought?"

"Yes," Klein said with a smile. "Wait patiently. There will be a chance."

This was actually a form of consolation. Even though he had become a Scholar of Yore and had found many helpers, he had no intention of dealing with Zaratul at the moment. A Sequence 1 in full would definitely be unimaginably terrifying!

Furthermore, the more he exposed himself to the path of Seer, the more Klein could understand how terrifying and difficult it was to kill Zaratul.

After stopping George Ill’s apotheosis, Klein planned on leaving Backlund and giving himself more time to grow.

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CHAPTER 1141
DEEP WINTER

Sonia Sea, Pasu Island, Chasm of Storm Cathedral.

This was the headquarters of the Church of the Lord of Storms, the holiest of holy temples, a place blessed by a god.

The murals that were painted in blue, silver, green, and golden colors seemed rough, but they had a sacred and majestic vibe to them. Coupled with the dome that stood at a height with an excess of a hundred meters, it made all who stood there feel how puny they were. It made one unable to resist bowing their head.

Alger Wilson had already undergone the ritual and had "truly" become a Sequence 5 Ocean Songster. At this moment, he had come here with the same batch of recently advanced Beyonders, awaiting the preaching of Pontiff Gaard II.

Indeed, it’s really easy to lose control when consuming excess potions. I’ve already digested all the past potions, but I nearly succumbed this time… After I leave Pasu Island, I’ll borrow the Unshadowed Crucifix from The Sun and purge the excess characteristic. This can both be exchanged for money, and it can also be used to secretly nurture some Beyonders who are loyal to me… Alger used the reflection of the blue stone tiles on the ground to see that his hair had darkened and thickened.

At this moment, the sound of a booming musical instrument exploded in the hearts of every Beyonder, spreading extreme fear.

Pontiff Gaard II walked out with a scepter in hand, went up a dais, and faced the crowd. He said in a deep, rumbling voice, "Congratulations, everyone. You are one step closer to the Lord."

He was wearing a papal tiara with sapphires, emeralds, and other gems. He wore a dark blue robe that was nearly black. On top of it was silver and gold silk embroidered with symbols of lightning, storms, and oceans. His aura was deep and majestic, as though a tempest was about to strike.

This Grounded Angel, the spokesperson of the Lord of Storms, was a middle-aged man who looked to be in his forties. However, everyone knew that Gaard II had been helming the Council of Cardinals for nearly a century.

As a Blessed of the Gods, this level of longevity wasn’t strange in the eyes of the believers. It was normal to not have anything to fear.

Upon hearing the pontiffs praise, Alger didn’t have any thoughts. He clenched his right fist and struck his left breast, shouting, "Holy Lord of Storms!"

In the next fifteen minutes, they quietly listened to Gaard II’s preachings.

After completing this process, Alger received his mission from a high-ranking deacon. He was to head to Sonia Island and lay an ambush in the surrounding waters, in search for opportunities to attack the port, or supply ships and Feysac merchant ships.

Backlund, Empress Borough, Inside the Hall family’s luxurious mansion.

Just as Audrey put on her blue cloak in preparation to bring her golden retriever, Susie; her maidservant, Annie; and the others to the Loen Charity Bursary Foundation at Phelps Street, she saw her father, Earl Hall, enter through the main door.

"Father, good morning. Did you… not come home last night?" Audrey looked him up and down in puzzlement.

You could tell?" Earl Hall stroked his lovely mustache and asked with a smile.

Realizing that her father was in a good mood, Audrey turned her green eyes and said with a faint smile, "Your coat reeks of cigarettes. It implies that you haven’t taken it off for some time. Not to mention that’s an outdoor set of clothing."

Apart from this, there were many other details that could lead to the same conclusion, but Audrey deliberately didn’t mention it.

As Earl Hall took off his coat and handed it to his valet, he chuckled and said, "Not bad at all. You’re very observant. It looks like your work at the bursary foundation has greatly benefited you.

"I was at the Prime Minister’s the entire night, waiting for news."

Having said that, Earl Hall sighed and said, "Winter County and Midseashire’s front line has once again repelled the Feysacian attack. With the onset of the harsh winter, we can finally catch our breaths."

Audrey blinked, perfectly expressing her surprise.

Earl Hall immediately smiled.

"I understand your puzzlement. The newspaper only mentions what we want the people to know.

"The defense lines at the Amantha mountain range and the various cities along Midseashire’s coast aren’t as robust as you think. In the first round of the attacks, our fleet and soldiers suffered a tremendous loss. In order to not cause any panic, we announced that there were wins on both sides. We also

made all the large shipyards and factories work like mad to contribute to the war machine.

"In this period of time, the two lines were almost breached several times. Many critical areas were lost and recovered. These repeated "see-saws" was apparently a human meat grinder.

"Luckily, we've finally lasted to this point. This winter will be the turning point of the war."

Actually, I know… The number of people who died, went missing, and the casualty numbers might be concealed, but it still presents quite a few problems… Besides, winter might not necessarily be a good thing. Feysac's Weather Warlocks are very good at using such situations… Audrey's heart sank as she hurriedly controlled her emotions and smiled.

"That's great. I hope we can quickly have peace restored."

Earl Hall was taken aback as he said, "His Majesty plans to give a speech to everyone in the kingdom on Saturday and tell them that we will prevail.

"When the time comes, the cities and villages will be gathered at their respective squares. The latest technology will be used to allow everyone to hear his speech."

The latest technology… Gather the entire kingdom in various squares to listen to the king's speech… Audrey suddenly thought of Mr. World's reminder and decided to inform him of this matter.

Organize a large number of people to listen to a speech… This must be the corresponding ritual, right? George III is about to hold the Black Emperor ritual? After receiving the latest news from Miss Justice, Klein returned to the real world with a solemn expression.

He paced back and forth in the rental apartment and didn't delay any further. He took out a pen and paper and quickly wrote:

"I’ve already gathered the Beyonder blood of twenty pathways. I’m just short of Assassin and Criminal.

"George III will be holding a speech for most of the kingdom’s citizens this Saturday. You should know what this might mean.

"In addition, I need the ritual to communicate with Mr. Door."

After folding the letter and getting Reinette Tinekerr to send it out, Klein slowly exhaled as he couldn’t help but think of all sorts of thoughts.

The Demoness’s blood shouldn’t be a problem. Trissy seems very determined to foil George Ill’s scheme…

I can reveal something to Queen Mystic, that I’m able to enter the secret mausoleum… Although her main goal is to revive the emperor and she is unwilling to make an enemy out of George III, the emperor might not be able to return if George III succeeds…

I’m waiting for the Chief of the City of Silver to return to provide the Devil’s blood… The hunting team that he led has set off for more than ten days. They should be returning soon… In theory, there’s still time. There’s no problem… If not, I’ll use the two contingencies. First, I’ll use the Blatherer’s aura to replace the blood. Second, I’ll summon the Devils that I’ve encountered in the past from the Historical Void and extract their blood…

In a room in the Backlund Bridge area that didn’t look anything special.

The lustrous black-haired Trissy reached out and retrieved a letter from the mirror.

She opened it and her brows gradually frowned. It was especially endearing.

Is it finally happening…? Trissy’s expression changed a few times. She seemed hesitant, resistant, afraid, and confused.

Finally, she smiled and muttered in a twisted voice, "I’ve killed so many people and caused so many tragedies. Even if I were to die this time, it wouldn’t be a total loss…”

After a few seconds of silence, Trissy took out a glass test tube from her black dress’s pocket.

It wasn’t her blood, but another Demoness’s. Her original name was Sherman, who had later called herself Shermane.

As a qualified, senior Demoness, Trissy had found an opportunity to take some of Shermane’s blood while nurturing her. A necessary component for curses; it might not have been of use most of the time, but it could effectively prevent any accidents.

After Shermane’s death, Trissy didn’t abandon the tube of blood. This was because there were many occasions when Demonesses needed such materials, just like now.

City of Silver, in a particular residence.

As soon as the lightning frequency increased, Derrick got out of bed, lit the stove, and quickly grilled some mushroom bread.

This bread was even more exquisite and delicious than the original Black-Faced Grass. He loved it very much, and he looked forward to his three daily meals.

The only problem was that the yield of mushrooms that could make bread wasn’t too high.

Due to the limited number of monster corpses, every resident was only limited to one claim a week, enough for four to five meals.

After thousands of years of hard work, the area around the City of Silver was relatively safe, with relatively few monsters.

Derrick heard that someone had deliberately placed himself in the darkness to hunt monsters for the nurturing of mushrooms, hoping to be bait.

Then, he was eaten.

Those mushrooms have made everyone feel optimistic." That s not good." Derrick thought of the wistfulness before the Chief left and shook his head. He picked up a jar he obtained from another city ruin and poured out some white milk.

Frankly speaking, he didn’t like milk, but it was described by Miss Justice as something that could help humans grow taller and stronger. This was enough to move him.

As a resident of the City of Silver, Derrick knew that, as he hadn’t chosen the Giant pathway, the chances of him growing taller and bulkier in the future were low. However, he secretly hoped to reduce the gap between him and his friends. Milk gave him that opportunity.

Gulp. Gulp. With a serious expression, Derrick drank today’s milk rations.

Just as he was about to get some mushroom bread, he suddenly sensed something and looked out the window.

A person grew out of the shadows outside the door and said from afar, "Derrick, the Chief wants me to give you this bottle of blood."

The Chief is back? Derrick suddenly stood up and said, "Alright, thank you."

The moment he finished speaking, he saw the shadow in the gap come alive, pushing out a small metal bottle.

Derrick knew very well that it contained the Devil blood that Mr. World wanted.

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CHAPTER 1142
WARNING

After removing the Paper Angel wrapping the ceramic jar, Klein poured the bottle of Devil's blood into it, and he stirred it with a glass stick he conjured for some time.

Phew, I've finally gathered everything. He looked for a few seconds and sighed.

This way, he still had enough time to prepare before George III's ceremony.

As for whether the Assassin and Devil blood had enough time to be rid of the connection with its original host, he wasn't concerned, as he had confirmed that the original owners of the two sets of blood were dead.

He divined the origins of the Assassin blood to figure out if it belonged to Demoness Trissy. If it did, he considered leaving some and smearing it on the surface of Groselle's Travels after everything was over.

He was left in disappointment, but he wasn't surprised. He had long realized that Trissy was as cautious as he was.

The Demoness pathway also has the Instigator Sequence. It requires a high level of intelligence… Yes, the Instigator and Conspirer potions should have the effect of increasing one's intelligence. Otherwise, Danitz's future would be bleak… As he thought, he threw the ceramic jar into the junk pile.

He then returned to the real world and began to browse through the detailed ritual Trissy had provided.

This was a ritual that could help him speak to Mr. Door during the full moon.

"A total of nine gems… Isn't this too extravagant?" he casually muttered as he read it.

As a tycoon who had donated quite a bit of money, he still had nearly 30,000 pounds in liquid assets (14,000 pounds in cash, 15,000 pounds worth of gold bars, 35 pounds of gold coins, and some change). It wasn't that he couldn't afford gems, but it was too wasteful.

After thinking for more than ten seconds, he decided to try using the images in the Historical Void as stand-ins. After all, he had no intention of pleasing Mr. Door. Once the ritual ended and the gems disappeared, Mr. Door wouldn't be able to do anything to him.

If it doesn't work, I'll consider purchasing it at the jewelry store.… Klein stood up and set up a ritual in the room outside the rental flat.

After finishing his other preparations, he stretched out his right hand and slowly and heavily grabbed at the thin air in front of him.

He pulled out an ancient brass key from the air.

This was the key tool to summon Mr. Door, the Master Key.

Right after that, Klein grabbed at the air in front of him solemnly again and pulled out an object from thin air.

The item emitted a tranquil glow that was in the shape of the full moon. Embedded around it were a row of scarlet gems. In the middle was a symbol representing the moon and many mysterious patterns.

Scarlet Lunar Corona!

It was the Scarlet Lunar Corona that currently belonged to Sharron!

It could create the effects of a full moon, allowing the person holding the Master Key to hear Mr. Door's ravings.

If he only wanted to hear what Mr. Door was shouting, this would've been sufficient. There was no need to hold any more rituals, but his goal was to speak to the King of Angels. Therefore, he had to follow the procedure.

After placing the Master Key and the Scarlet Lunar Corona on the altar, he recalled for a moment and reached out his right hand again, pulling out a handful from thin air.

This time, he took out a gorgeous necklace made studded with diamonds and jadeite.

Hmm… My experiences as Dwayne Dantès are rather useful after all. Otherwise, how could I have come into contact with so many female members of high society and dance with them, allowing me to see accessories of different styles and materials? And without such close proximity for observation, how could I easily summon the corresponding Historical Void images? This can last fifteen minutes. That's enough… Having met his simple goal, Klein sighed in satisfaction.

Then, he continued to extend his right hand, preparing to gather the nine gems he needed from the ladies and madams he knew in the past.

In a second, his hand stopped in mid-air and his expression turned odd.

I forgot that I can only maintain three Historical Void images… What should I do? Swap this necklace and find an accessory that has at least nine gems? Hmm, let me think about whether I've seen anything like that before. Yes, I can use dream divination to recall… This… Is dream divination meant for times like this? Seer and Scholar of Yore are quite compatible after all. Well, this is also an extreme form of magic… Amidst his thoughts, Klein was just about to find a chair and do the divination when he suddenly frowned.

He realized that something was amiss.

Under normal circumstances, it was impossible for him to forget that he could only summon three Historical Void images at the same time.

This is a subtle warning from my spirituality? Looking at the Master Key and the Scarlet Lunar Corona on the altar, he waved his right hand gently, causing them to vanish.

Then, he took four steps counterclockwise and recited the honorific name. He went above the gray fog and sat at the seat belonging to The Fool.

He conjured a pen and paper and carefully wrote:

"Speaking to Mr. Door now is dangerous."

This divination was clearly directed at Mr. Door, so Klein was bound to suffer a certain backlash effect. However, he had already obtained basic ownership over Sefirah Castle, allowing him to use the power of an angel, so he believed that he could withstand Mr. Door. After all, "He" was exiled and sealed.

He removed the spirit pendulum on his left wrist and held it with his left hand, allowing it to hang over the surface of the paper.

He closed his eyes and recited the divination statement seven times in a high-strung manner.

Without a sound, a shadow suddenly flashed across his mind. It seemed to completely screen his spiritual perception.

He hurriedly opened his eyes and saw that the topaz pendant had shattered into powder.

After my initial grasp of Sefirah Castle, some divinations are more concealed. It won't cause any accidents?

Yes, is it because my safety is involved in the matter that this has happened, or is it because the gap between me and Mr. Door has been narrowed to a certain extent? Of course, this is referring to the Mr. Door who is in a sealed state… Or perhaps, the effects of the two combined?

The present result shows that speaking to Mr. Door holds untenable danger… Why though? Klein frowned, unable to come up with any effective speculations or reasonable explanations.

After a while, he leaned back against the high-back chair and shook his head with a sigh. He gave up on his original plan.

I can only make more preparations in other areas… With his left hand pressed down, the topaz pendant instantly recovered. After all, it was only a projection above the gray fog.

Because of the changes in the divination earlier, Klein made some connections. Perhaps prying into the secrets of the twisted and translucent maggots on the main peak of the Hornacis mountain range might not be as dangerous as before.

That's highly likely to be a Sequence 1 angel of the Antigonus family. It might even be The Half-Fool that Leonard mentioned to me… If my prying can hold on for a while longer, I can directly discern the formulas of the Sequence 2 Miracle Invoker or Sequence 1 Attendant of Mysteries. Hmm, there's only one chance. I don't know what sort of developments would happen when dealing with a crazy monster… I'll wait till I'm completely accustomed to the Scholar of Yore potion before making the attempt… Klein rubbed his temples before disappearing from above the gray fog.

After returning to the real world, he wasn't in a hurry to clean up the altar. Instead, he sat down and seriously considered what other abnormal preparations he could make.

The so-called normal ones were: meeting Queen Mystic once to discuss the details of the cooperation; give Will Auceptin, Reinette Tinekerr, Pallez

Zoroast more gifts; pray to the Evernight Goddess and increase the chances of summoning the ascetic, Arianna's Historical Void image; familiarizing himself with the core powers of Scholar of Yore…

As for the abnormal ones, it was purely based on Klein's own imagination.

After some thought, Klein's expression turned solemn. He frowned slightly and reached out his right hand to grab the air.

This time, he didn't drag anything out.

Klein did it another ten times, but all of them met with failure. He had no choice but to accept a fact:

It was impossible to succeed purely by relying on himself!

He then took out his wallet and took out a paper crane. On the surface, he wrote with a pencil:

"Give me some luck. I'll bring you some ice-cream from the Srenzo Restaurant."

After folding the paper crane, he entered the room and lay down on the bed. He restored his spirituality by sleeping.

In his hazy dream, he saw thin, silver snakes forming a response:

"Five!"

"No problem." Klein smiled and made a promise.

At the next moment, he woke up.

He sat up and reached out his right hand again, grabbing a total of ten times.

He still met with complete failure!

I can't do it even if I'm lucky enough… It's too difficult… Klein subconsciously wanted to use his finger to rap the edge of the bed, but he instantly restrained himself. It was a habit of his above the gray fog, so it wasn't suitable for him to bring it to the real world.

After pacing back and forth for a long time, he seriously considered all kinds of connections. Finally, he left the bedroom and went to the altar outside which had yet been tidied up. He brought an item back to the real world.

It was an ancient book made of goatskin with a dark brown cover.

Groselle's Travels.

Picking up the book, he took a deep breath, half-closed his eyes as if sensing something.

Slowly, he reached out his right hand and grabbed very lightly.

Failure.

Another grab.

It was still a failure.

After five consecutive failures, Klein's actions became even slower, as though he was taking out a piece of charcoal from a glowing-red stove.

Suddenly, the muscles on his arm tightened and he carefully pulled back.

His right hand slowly retracted, slowly dragging out a rather dull, ancient-looking quill.

This came from Revival Square of the Southern Continent's West Balam's Northern State, right beside Ince Zangwill's corpse.

This was 0-08 before Amon's brother picked it up.

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CHAPTER 1143
REASONABLE DEVELOPMENT

I can only maintain it for about a minute or so… That’s way too short, isn’t it? A thought flashed through Klein’s mind. Without thinking about anything else, he took two steps to the desk.

He put down Groselle’s Travels and quickly wrote on a piece of paper with 0-08:

"George III plans to use this speech to bait out all his enemies who want to sabotage his ritual. However, if everything goes smoothly and nothing happens, he’ll take the opportunity to consume the potion and reveal his trump card to aim for divinity. After all, there are too many unknowns in the future, making it unsafe. Furthermore, he has made appropriate preparations for the ritual, they’re already prepared to an adequate level.

"This is a very reasonable development."

After Klein wrote the last sentence, and before he could check if there was anything wrong with the written content, the dim quill in his hand disappeared without a trace, as though it had never existed.

And those few words seemed to drain all of his energy, making him feel dizzy. He took a few steps back and collapsed into his chair.

It doesn’t make sense… It wasn’t exhausting for Ince Zangwill back then… Uh, it should be because I forcefully summoned it, and I didn’t dare let 0-08 weave a story on its own. When I wrote on the piece of paper, I had to rely on my own spirituality to support it. As for Ince Zangwill, he could get 0-

08’s cooperation, so it wasn’t that draining… Klein closed his eyes and used Cogitation for a while before feeling better.

Under normal circumstances, having had no physical contact with 0-08 and merely meeting it once had made it impossible for him to summon this Grade 0 Sealed Artifact. However, on the one hand, he had the Snake of Fate to personally augment his luck, and on the other hand, he had Groselle’s Travels. This was the item left behind by the Dragon of Imagination Ankewelt. Inside it was the City of Miracles, Liveseyd. It had a connection to a certain degree to an existence like 0-08. If it wasn’t for some high-level existence’s disruption, these two items would’ve long been reunited.

Klein didn’t know if this fate and particular connection could increase the chances of a successful summoning. He only wanted to give it a try since he didn’t stand to lose anything. To his surprise, he really succeeded.

And it was precisely because of this that he didn’t dare to use Groselle’s Travels to bear the contents of 0-08’s projection. He didn’t even dare to let them come close, afraid that something irreversible would happen.

This was Backlund, which had an extremely dense population!

Yes, logically speaking, there shouldn’t be any accidents. After all, 0-08 is a Historical Void projection. It’s fake. Groselle’s Travels was conjured by the Dragon of Imagination, and it’s also fake. A fake combination can’t be real in any way. They lack the foundation of a Beyonder characteristic… I can go back to the uninhabited reef island to test it… Klein rubbed his temples and returned to the desk. There, he began reading what he had just written.

He didn’t directly write that George III would be unsuccessful in his advancement and die on the spot. He believed that if he interfered with a Sequence 1 angel, the projection of 0-08 wouldn’t be able to be so direct. He had to be more tactful.

Furthermore, there was also the Psychology Alchemists and Amon's brother. Overly obvious effects would definitely be detected and easily made use of. All he could do was beat about the bush to mitigate the unknown.

I hope it works… After staring at it for a while, he folded the piece of paper and stuffed it into his pocket.

Then, he sacrificed Groselle's Travels back above the gray fog.

After doing all of this, Klein began to consider another problem. It was when he would head out to buy some ice-cream for Will Auceptin.

Backlund has Zaratul, and it's very possible that Amon is there. If I head out too frequently, we might run into each other. It's a little dangerous… Why don't I summon some ice-cream for Will from the Historical Void? It's very real when eating it, and it'll disappear in fifteen minutes. There's no need to worry about gaining weight at all. It's just splendid… Klein couldn't help but mumble inwardly.

In the end, he decided to change his clothes and leave the house because he had to keep his promise!

…

Saturday morning, the sky was gray and misty. It made one feel inexplicably stifled.

This was a common scene in Backlund's deep winter. Although the smog wasn't as thick and pungent like last year, the geographical environment and climate characteristics had determined that such situations would definitely exist for a long period of time. Furthermore, victory over environmental pollution was never something that could be declared in a year or two.

After putting on a black coat that covered her knees, and a black veil hat, Melissa quickly walked to the door.

Benson held his hat and shook his head.

"A young girl who isn’t even twenty years old should be dressed like a teenager. You look overly mature and old-fashioned in that, understand? Old-fashioned."

Melissa glanced at her brother and simply replied, "The price of a pound of bread has risen by a quarter-pence."

"This price…” Benson tsked.

He then took out a silver pocket watch covered in vine-leaf patterns and snapped it open.

"Let’s go. There’s still a long way to go to the municipal square."

Melissa tersely responded and went out into the streets with her brother.

"Good morning, Mrs. Daniel." After taking a few steps forward, Benson saw a neighbor leaving. He greeted her with a smile.

He was good at chatting and had long established a good relationship with his neighbors.

The lady named Mrs. Daniel wore a pure black dress. She was in her forties and had a thin face. Her face was covered in a thin black veil that hung down from her hat. When she heard the greeting, she nodded and replied simply, "Good morning, the two of you."

She didn’t make any small talk, and she coldly walked away.

As he watched her back, Benson deliberately slowed down his pace. When they finally opened up a distance, he turned to ask his sister, "What

happened to Mrs. Daniel?

"I’ve been too busy recently, so I haven’t visited the neighbors in a long time."

Melissa pursed her lips and said, "Mrs. Daniel’s eldest son was confirmed to have died on the front line at the Amantha mountain range. News from yesterday."

"That tall, bashful, but thoughtful, kind, and sincere young lad? When he came back the last time, he said that he was promoted in the army and became an officer…” Benson asked in surprise.

Melissa nodded.

"I couldn’t imagine that Larry would die just like that…”

Just like how she couldn’t imagine the tragic deaths of her classmates at school.

In just a few seconds, some people could no longer speak, communicate, or study.

Benson was silent for a moment before sighing.

"I’ve been busy lately. Actually, I’ve been dealing with bereavement payments, but perhaps the list I received didn’t include Larry, so I’m not sure.

"There’s a lot of information on that list. Some are cheerful, others are humorous, others are the only child within a family. Some are determined, while others are the leaders of the soldiers around them. Some just got married and don’t have children. Some are preparing presents for their youngest daughter, while others had love letters with them. They planned on sending it at the post office after the battle… But, they’re all dead."

Melissa and Benson fell silent at the same time, and neither of them spoke for a long time.

When they were almost at the intersection, Melissa looked at the road ahead and said in a low voice, "What do you think His Majesty will be talking about in his speech today?"

"Perhaps it’s a form of musters, or perhaps it’s to convey the faith that we will prevail," Benson said in passing.

Melissa turned to look at her brother.

"This isn’t like you, Benson. Shouldn’t you be making some snarky remarks?"

"It should wait till the speech is heard and the specific content is understood. The most basic principle of being a person is to not make comment on things that one doesn’t know enough of. Otherwise, they would be worse than a curly-haired baboon," Benson said with a smile.

At this moment, he saw another neighbor.

The other party’s hair was white, and his face was half-covered with a scarf. He was wearing a thick jacket and was holding a cloth bag in his hand as he hurried past the siblings.

"Mr. Thomas’s dressing is so strange… Does he still need to do something else?" Benson looked at the back of the man and asked in puzzlement.

Melissa replied in a low voice, "Mrs. Thomas is sick, and that spent quite a bit of their family’s savings. Recently, with food prices sharply increasing while Mr. Thomas’s income remains the same, he has to queue up at the soup kitchen every few days to get some bread. He’s a decent gentleman, so he probably doesn’t want others to recognize him.

"Also, the food at the soup kitchen is always limited. If one’s late, there might not be any left. They’ll have to go to the cathedral, the workhouse, and other places. The handouts just happen to start after His Majesty’s speech, so Mr. Thomas probably wants to go there directly."

Benson nodded slowly and asked in concern, "What’s wrong with Mrs. Thomas? I know a few good doctors."

"A disease caused by anxiety," Melissa explained what she had heard. "Mrs. Thomas is very worried about her youngest child who’s serving in the army."

"You mean Thomas Jr.?" Benson frowned slightly.

After receiving his sister’s confirmation, he fell silent, as if recalling something.

After a while, when they approached the nearest municipal square, Benson looked ahead and whispered, "Thomas Jr. is already dead…”

"…” Melissa didn’t respond, but her expression was a little dazed.

They walked forward silently, as if they were relying on inertia.

More and more people appeared in front of them. These people were either dressed in formal attire or holding canes, dressed up as gentlemen. Otherwise, they were dressed in blue, green, yellow, and red-colored skirts; sweaters and leather jackets matched with pants; or dark-colored petticoats. Their colors were dull.

They came out of their houses and from the streets they were on, like water droplets splashing upward. They merged together at the intersection, forming a tiny stream.

The stream surged ahead, combining with other tributaries, and flowed into the square’s entrance, interweaving into a majestic torrent.

The torrents slowly surged forward, flooding the square.

Amidst this torrent of humans, Melissa felt like she was as puny as a water droplet.

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CHAPTER 1144
NARROWLY

Due to the fact that they had arrived early, the seats that Melissa and Benson could choose from weren’t too bad. They could directly see something strange on the grayish-white stone pillars in the middle of the square. Its two heads dramatically differed in size and were painted with dark blue paint. It was connected to some cables.

At the foot of the object was a troop of soldiers in red shirts and white pants. They were carrying grayish-white metal backpacks, as well as complicated structures and small-caliber rifles. They were watching their surroundings in high alert.

As more and more citizens gathered, the square began bustling with activity.

At nine o’clock sharp, the strange object on the stone pillar suddenly produced sizzling sounds. Finally, it changed into a deep and thick voice:

"Ladies and gentlemen, I’m your emperor, ruler of Loen, East Balam, and Rorsted Archipelago, George Augustus III."

…That thing can talk? It’s using the principles behind the telegram? Melissa’s eyes widened as her attention shifted from the speech to the strange thing.

…

"Ladies and gentlemen, I’m your emperor, ruler of Loen, East Balam, and Rorsted Archipelago, George Augustus III."

At Memorial Square in West Borough, Audrey accompanied her father, mother, and elder brother near the platform. She looked at the king in his formal attire as she attentively listened to his speech.

As she knew in advance what George III would be focusing on today, and the mood that would be created, Audrey didn't wear anything that she was fond of. Be it the colors or style, they were nothing a girl would wear. It was the same as the Earl's wife, Caitlyn. The dress was simple and conservative. It was black in color without any traces of accessories.

"…I'm very happy but also feel heavy-hearted to tell everyone that we've finally stopped the first stage of the Feysacian attacks. We've foiled their plans of annihilating Loen within three months…

"…But many outstanding young people have already died at the front lines and died in this war. They had a better future ahead of them. They should've accompanied their parents in growing up, aging together with their spouses, and allowing their children to grow up in a loving environment and have a good childhood…

"…The Feysacians have destroyed everything…"

Knowing why this war had started, Audrey wasn't incited by the King's speech. She only felt that he definitely had talent in inciting drama.

She heard slight sobbing sounds coming from the crowd around her. She could feel the sadness rising bit by bit as they intertwined and brewed.

Her eyes reddened uncontrollably.

The king's speech was very fake, but the sorrow of the people was real. In particular, Audrey had seen many family members who had been killed, having helped those who had lost their children, husbands, and father overnight.

This is a great resonance of emotions, the best place to consume the Manipulator potion… Audrey suddenly came to a realization, but she was unable to make use of it because, not only had she not digested the Dreamwalker potion, but she had yet to provide enough contributions to Mr. World.

She slowly took a deep breath and controlled her emotions. She shifted her gaze away from King George III and let her thoughts wander.

Mr. World is very concerned about today’s speech. I wonder how he’s going to exploit this…

I hope it won’t lead to a serious accident…

That thing called a "radio broadcast" is based on the principles of wireless radio transmission? Mr. World mentioned that certain factions at sea have already put such technology to use… Compared to the sea which is constantly affected by storms, something like this is clearly more suitable for use on land…

As the thoughts flashed through her mind, the stern and old-fashioned George III finished the first part of his speech and solemnly said, "Let us mourn for our heroes here. Ladies and gentlemen, recite this together with me in your hearts:

"In the name of Emperor George III, I wish for the dead heroes to be at peace. I hope they will become eternal in the kingdom of the deity they believe in."

This sentence carried an indescribable sense of dignity, making everyone, including Audrey, involuntarily lower their heads, clasp their hands, and silently recite, In the name of Emperor George III…

…

In the name of Emperor George III… On the other side of Memorial Square, Klein, who was wearing a black coat and an ordinary face, stood and prayed with the crowd around him at the same time. He appeared completely normal.

After three minutes of silence, he used an avian marionette standing on the roof of a nearby building to carefully observe George III's every move in an attempt to find a sign that the king was about to quietly leave and enter the mausoleum to consume the potion.

According to Klein's understanding, the "in the name of Emperor George III" segment was core to the entire Black Emperor ritual. If one were to consume the potion, it would definitely happen at this moment, or within two to three minutes after the collective mourning. The effects would likely be lacking if there was any delay.

Eh, George III is also silently mourning. He isn't doing anything else… Klein held back his impatience and puzzlement as he patiently waited.

Tears streamed down many people's faces as the mourning gradually came to an end. Everyone opened their eyes one after another. At this moment, George III didn't do anything. He spoke again and continued his speech.

"We've already endured through the most difficult part. We'll definitely defeat this evil and brutality. This is the power of justice. This is the power of every soldier at the front lines. This is the power of every factory worker…"

This… The arrangement by 0-08 wasn't successful. George III has no intention of becoming a god today. He's just trying to "bait" any enemies who want to destroy his ritual. In any case, he can still give many more speeches like this in the future? Klein frowned slightly as thoughts flashed through his mind.

Suddenly, his expression turned solemn as he thought of a possibility.

In the blink of an eye, Klein switched places with Enuni, who was hiding in the sewers. The latter was dressed the same as him, and his external appearance looked identical to him.

Following that, Klein took four steps counterclockwise and went above the gray fog. With the help of the crimson star representing Miss Justice, he used his "true vision" to observe the situation in the square.

He was already a Sequence 3 Beyonder, so there was no need for him to use the Sea God Scepter to widen his field of view. Of course, compared to a Scholar of Yore, a Sea King’s "true vision" was obviously much larger. However, there was no need for that.

The moment his gaze landed on the stage where King George III was giving his speech, his gaze froze. There was no one there, or rather, there was only a fake "phantom"!

It was an "imagined" George III giving the speech!

Before the speech, Klein had been wary of this problem. He had specially observed and confirmed that it was the real George III. Who knew that, within a few minutes, the real George III would become an imaginary George III.

In the midst of his silence, he had used the Black Emperor pathway’s powers to distort and silently swap himself with a substitute? George III should’ve already entered a secret mausoleum and is consuming a potion in an attempt to advance! With a thought, he quickly checked the surrounding area and discovered that there was something abnormal beneath the platform. Boundless black energy was secretly emanating from there.

He then picked up the Black Emperor card on the surface of the long bronze table and tried sensing it. Using the law of convergence of Beyonder characteristics, he confirmed that the power belonged to the Black Emperor pathway and came from "Distortion" powers.

Impressive. While using a speech to "bait" the enemy, he disguised himself as a fake person and secretly left to consume the potion… There's not much time left… Klein's heart tightened as he immediately returned to the real world. In the sewers, he recited in Jotun, "The sacred spirit that pursues knowledge;

"The mysterious world's lighthouse;

"Eyes that pry into fate;

"The royalty above the sea;

"The pure and holy Bernadette Gustav…"

This was the honorific name of Queen Mystic, but it was somewhat different from a normal Sequence 3's. Its range was very large and was effective all across Backlund. With regards to this, Klein suspected that the eldest daughter of Emperor Roselle had used a Grade 0 Sealed Artifact to achieve this effect.

Bernadette rarely told her honorific name to anyone, afraid that some enemies would use the prayer and automatic response property to lock onto her position before she reached Sequence 2. This was very similar to what Klein had thought of.

Klein had come to an agreement with her that, as long as he recited her honorific name, she would choose any secret mausoleum and open the door with the symbol drawn by the blood in an attempt to destroy it.

Both of them didn't have any hopes of success, because the guards in the mausoleum would definitely chant the honorific names of the angels every once in a while, causing a situation that allows "Them" to see the corresponding areas through the prayer point of light. Once "They" discovered something amiss, "They" would immediately rush over to help.

Bernadette's main purpose was to attract attention!

Of course, if those angels were to arrive at a slower pace, Queen Mystic could also go from providing support to being the main offensive force.

After doing this, Klein immediately stretched out his right hand to grab the air.

As his arm pulled back, a figure appeared in front of him.

It was a woman with average facial features and dark eyes. She wore a simple robe and a tree bark belt. Her raven-black hair hung down as she stood bare feet without any shoes or socks.

The Evernight cloister’s matron, the ascetic leader, the Servant of Concealment, the Grounded Angel, Arianna.

I succeeded in one try… Klein was shocked, but he didn’t think too much about it. He quickly said, "Keep my existence concealed and protect the people of Backlund."

He was worried that after George III lost control due to the destruction of his ritual, he would rush out of the mausoleum and harm the people of this city.

"Alright," Arianna replied with a calm expression. She wasn’t rigid or stiff at all.

…It can’t be "Her" in person, right… Actually, my summoning wasn’t successful, but the Goddess had already gotten Ma’am Arianna to secretly return to Backlund. The moment "She" sensed that "She" had been summoned, "She" came over… An angel of the concealment domain also has a certain degree of control over "Their" Historical Void image? As a thought flashed through his mind, he realized that he had entered a special state, no longer being sensed by the outside world.

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CHAPTER 1145
THREE ARROWS AT THE SAME TIME

Klein didn’t have the time to think about such trivial matters. After having his existence "concealed," he immediately got Enuni to switch places with a new marionette who was formerly a pirate.

Immediately following that, he activated Creeping Hunger and brought Enuni and Qonas to the secret mausoleum in Awwa County.

As he could only maintain three images from the Historical Void at the same time, it was impossible for him to abandon his marionette and directly come over by using a summoned projection. It would occupy a crucial spot. As for the remaining marionettes in Memorial Square, they wouldn’t die on the spot in half an hour. They would only appear to be in a daze. However, this wasn’t something that would attract too much attention while listening to a speech. Finally, if he didn’t return, the Red Gloves team from the Church of Evernight would clean up his tracks.

At the same time, outside the secret mausoleum in East Chester County, there was a young lady in a yellow layered dress and a black, old-fashioned bonnet. Pea vines grew out of nowhere as they appeared.

Her chestnut hair cascaded down naturally. Her eyebrows were long and straight, and her eyes appeared as though they were filled with a blue sea.

Looking at the mountain wall in front of her, Queen Mystic extended her right hand and quickly formed a symbol in the void.

Following the movement of her fingertips, drops of bright red blood that resembled shattered gems seeped out and froze in midair.

Soon, a complicated symbol formed from layers of "doors" appeared. They trembled slightly and seemed to resonate with something somewhere else.

In the blink of an eye, the blood-colored symbol extended into an illusory translucent door. Through it, one could vaguely see a gigantic mausoleum formed from black rocks.

Bernadette immediately walked through the illusory door and arrived inside a dim and dark area.

The light here came from the lights of stone pillars and strange underground moss growing on the cliff walls. Together, they illuminated the secret mausoleum in the light fog at the bottom.

The symbol provided by Mr. Door was really useful!

At this moment, as a ritual was being held deep underground, faint lights gathered, forming a figure midair in the darkness.

The figure had a square face, black hair and blue eyes, a high nose bridge, and a thick beard. He looked rather solemn.

His appearance and image wasn’t unfamiliar to many citizens of the Loen Kingdom. This was because he had been printed on the front side of ten-pound notes. Of course, people who had never touched ten-pound notes in their entire lives could also see his statue or portraits at Memorial Square.

He was the Loen Kingdom’s Founder and Protector, the first king, William Augustus I.

This was an entity referred to as "He"!

With the help of the ritual, "He" had come here directly from Backlund!

Bernadette remained impassive. With a flip of her hand, a new item appeared.

The item was golden in color, like a miniaturized water flask. However, a candlewick extended out from the mouth of the flask.

As Bernadette caressed the surface of the item with her right hand—one that was covered in mysterious and complicated symbols—the candlewick silently ignited.

The light it emitted was like a sticky water stream that sprayed upwards, forming a blurry and twisted golden figure.

"Eternal Genie of the Lamp, my second wish is to obtain the strength of a Knowledge Emperor for one day." Seizing the opportunity when William Augustus I had yet to fully descend, Bernadette spoke in a solemn voice.

The item in her hand was called "Magic Wishing Lamp." It might’ve come as early as the First Epoch. Although it had never been obtained by the seven Churches, it had the corresponding Grade 0 Sealed Artifact number.

"0-05"!

This item could grant its owner any ten wishes, but this was either done in a distorted form, or it came with unpredictable and terrifying outcomes.

None of its previous owners had a good ending, including Roselle Gustav.

This emperor had warned his daughter that she could use the proper choice of words and make preparations to avoid the harm brought about by the first two wishes, but she absolutely couldn’t make the third wish. Absolutely not!

…

Meanwhile, the concealed Klein arrived near the secret mausoleum in Awwa County without alerting anyone.

Although time was tight, he didn’t rashly approach the mausoleum by drawing the symbol and opening the door. Instead, he reached out his right hand and grabbed at the air in front of him.

After five consecutive attempts, the muscles on his arm suddenly tightened, as if he was pulling something extremely heavy.

As he retracted his right hand, a figure quickly appeared.

The figure’s skin was bronze in color. He had a medium build, black hair, brown eyes, and soft facial features. Beneath his right ear was a very thin mole. It was none other than Azik Eggers.

However, unlike the Mr. Azik that he knew, the figure’s gaze was cold. He wore a deep black robe embroidered with golden threads. He wore a golden bird-shaped crown, as though he was looking down on all living creatures.

This was the former Death Consul, a former Sequence 2 angel!

Without sizing him up further, Klein reached out again and "grabbed" into the void.

This time, he didn’t seem to have pulled anything out, but in fact, he had summoned the former him from ten seconds ago, the him who was in a concealed state!

Then, Klein threw a small metal bottle at his projection and made himself enter the gray fog’s Historical Void.

In his past self, his consciousness suddenly came alive and became extremely agile.

This concealed Klein brought the projection of Death Consul Azik and came to the secret mausoleum where the entrance couldn’t be seen. He took out a small metal bottle and used his spirituality to draw with the blood that shimmered like gems. In midair, he quickly outlined the symbol that Mr. Door had given.

The symbol rapidly formed and resonated with a particular point in the mausoleum, expanding into an illusory door.

In a concealed state, Klein and Death Consul Azik passed through the door and entered the corresponding secret mausoleum.

At that moment, the guards inside had already discovered that there was an intruder and had activated the ritual they had prepared in advance. However, all they could see was the lofty Death Consul.

Somewhere in Backlund, the former, former Duke of Southville, Dlink Augustus, was just about to use a ritual to open a passageway and descend into that secret mausoleum when a man beside him suddenly frowned and said, "That’s Azik Eggers. No, ‘He’ is very rigid. It’s like a historical projection summoned by the Secret Order’s Scholar of Yore.

"Your Highness, let me go over. Stay here and be wary of the Scholar of Yore who’s lurking in the dark. Although they aren’t angels, they’re quite troublesome."

Dlink Augustus was a slightly arrogant elder. His black hair was mixed with silver threads, and he was clean-shaved. Upon hearing that, "He" laughed and said, "Isn’t the Scholar of Yore just beside ‘Him’? Although he’s in a concealed state, I’ve already discovered him through the disorder of the surrounding area.

"He’s misleading us, making us think that he’s deliberately attacking with a historical projection while his true body has gone elsewhere. In fact, he’s hidden beside Azik’s projection. Once this Death Consul attracts the

attention he wants, and when we place our main forces elsewhere, he'll use the concealed state to approach the mausoleum to cause destruction.

"Besides, regardless of the reason, since he's summoned an angel's projection, you won't be able to kill the target in a short period of time even if you carry a Grade 0 Sealed Artifact. If this implicates the mausoleum, our efforts and persistence would've been in vain.

"If that Scholar of Yore has done three levels of misdirection and really went to another mausoleum, he won't be able to summon an angel from the Historical Void. You can easily eliminate him."

While he said his first sentence, Dlink Augustus had already entered the passage through the ritual's activation. The rest of "His" words were spoken by the phantoms that "He" had left behind.

Inside the secret mausoleum in Awwa County, Azik Eggers scanned the area with an indifferent expression. "His" body suddenly swelled and transformed into a giant serpent that covered the area above the mausoleum.

This giant serpent was both illusory and real, as though it was formed by something incomprehensible to humans. Its entire body was covered with huge dark-green scales. White feathers grew out from the gaps, and each scale and feather had strange symbols of different shapes. Just the mere sight of them made one's flesh decompose, turning them into zombies.

This was "Quetzalcoatl," the serpent spoken of in Southern Continent myth. "His" eye sockets were burning with pale-white flames as an exaggerated, thick pair of wings spread from "His" back.

Amidst the howling wind, the feathered serpent in midair lunged forward with its upper body and spat out a pale-white flame that covered the entire mausoleum.

…Mr. Azik's Historical Void projection is definitely much weaker than before, but it's still very powerful… As expected of the biological son of

Death, the consul of the Balam Empire… Although the concealed Klein had done a summoning experiment previously at sea, he never expected that Azik's projection would be so powerful.

At that moment, points of faint, gloomy glows flew out of the mausoleum, putting an end to the tidal-like pale-white flames' advancement.

Following that, they formed a figure. It was none other than the Sequence 2 Balancer, Dlink Augustus.

The moment the concealed Klein saw "Him," he suddenly turned rigid and stiff. He began acting based on instinct—a result of him returning to the Historical Void and being outside the secret mausoleum.

Then, he teleported to a secret mausoleum under the Tussock River and took out another small metal bottle. In a concealed state, he used his spirituality to draw the blood out to outline the symbol.

A few seconds later, the symbol resonated and turned into a door. With his marionettes, Qonas and Enuni, he walked in.

Of course, in the river and forest outside, he still had marionettes he just converted.

…

A figure appeared near the Ruins No. 1 in the outskirts of Backlund.

Her raven hair was radiant, and her face was slightly round. She looked beautiful, with a hint of sweetness and an outstanding bearing. She was none other than Demoness Trissy.

After Trissy approached Ruins No. 1, she also took out a small metal bottle and drew the symbol provided by Mr. Door with the blood.

An illusory door rapidly took shape.

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CHAPTER 1146
A REAL CHARLATAN

As she passed through the illusory door, Trissy hid herself and jumped down from the cliff at the entrance, towards the dark valley below.

The secret mausoleum that originated from Blood Emperor Tudor was hidden here.

During the descent, Trissy’s body was as light as a feather. She lost most of her weight, but her speed was in no way slow.

None of the remaining guards noticed that she had sneaked in.

Just as Trissy was approaching her target, she heard a voice say, "Concealment is prohibited here."

Trissy’s figure instantly appeared out of nowhere. And in the area above the towering mausoleum in the dark valley, there was a man who had appeared at some point in time.

This man had a long, rectangular face with a white hairband on his head. He had a mustache that curled up around his mouth, and his brows were extremely thick, setting off his relatively large eyes.

He was dressed in formal attire and wore a cloak. The tips of his shoes were extremely long, and his attire didn’t seem to match the times. He was the demigod who supported George III, Prince Grove.

On the head of this Sequence 3 Chaos Hunter, there was a crown made of thorns. Pure light constantly gathered into the crown, interweaving into a

"sea."

Sealed Artifact 0-36.

…

Klein swam beneath the Tussock River when an image suddenly appeared in his mind just as he led his marionette, Qonas and Enuni, through the illusory door.

A black cathedral stood in front of them with its spacious door opened, revealing a man in a pair of dungarees, a gentleman in a formal suit and top hat, a lady with frilly designs along her sleeves, and a lady whose dress formed flowers with laces…

They were suspended in midair, motionless.

"Caw!" "Caw!" "Caw!"

Black ravens circled the top of the cathedral, letting out heart-stopping cries.

Without making any guesses, Klein felt like he had fallen into a crack on a frozen lake. His body turned cold as his hair stood on end.

Countless thoughts surged in his mind as they collectively shouted out a name:

Zaratul!

In the blink of an eye, Klein instinctively made a decision. He planned to switch locations with his marionettes from the outside world, and directly leave the "cathedral" in front of him.

Clearly, he had encountered a "miracle." He didn’t enter George III’s secret mausoleum after passing through the illusory door; instead, he had come to

a baffling place.

In the next second, he discovered that the Spirit Body Threads that were connected to his marionettes had been severed. They were rapidly floating upwards towards the interior of the pitch-black cathedral.

If it wasn’t for his intuition that exceeded his own level, allowing him to detect danger ahead of time, he definitely wouldn’t have been able to react in time. He definitely would’ve been hung up and become a member of the marionettes.

He didn’t have time to think too much about it. He quickly controlled his Spirit Body Threads and collected them all, connecting them to himself, forming one "circle" after another.

This allowed him to temporarily extricate himself from the danger, but it also made him lose his marionettes, Qonas, and Enuni, in just a second.

The two marionettes’ necks suddenly tightened as they were lifted up by an invisible hand before being hung up in the cathedral’s interior.

Together with the original corpses, they swayed in the wind and produced voices that were different but said the exact same thing:

"Welcome back…”

…

In Memorial Square, the "imagined" King George III was still giving a speech.

“…I will further lower the wealth requirements needed for election eligibility. I will hand over even more rights to the House of Commons…”

Although the people didn’t understand why there was such a development in the speech, it sounded good to them.

These are all bills that have been approved by the House of Lords, but there’s no need to tell the public during this speech… It’s like the King is emphasizing that he will definitely follow these bills in the future… Audrey was puzzled, but she couldn’t come up with a convincing explanation.

In the dark and majestic secret Ruins No. 1 in the outskirts of Backlund.

The real George III had already worn a black crown and consumed the potion.

"His" body was transforming towards the shadow of order, extending in a magical state. As for the nine mausoleums, they were the islands in the sea of nothingness. They were the components of his entire rule. As for the people who were chanting "Emperor George III" at the same time during the ritual, there were like countless numbers of lighthouses. Together, they "anchored" this ruler of Loen, East Balam, and the Rorsted Archipelago, making "Him" completely transcend reality and become a part of the shadow of order.

During this process, George III’s thoughts wandered uncontrollably as though they were being torn apart:

The Secret Order’s Zaratul actually contacted me directly, hoping to provide me with help…

"He" said that "He" saw some of Gehrman Sparrow’s thoughts from the Capim case, the attack on Ailment Maiden, the silencing of Crazy Captain, and Qonas Kilgor’s disappearance. And "His" divination results made "Him" cooperate with me, offering to help me guard a mausoleum. There, "He" waited for Gehrman Sparrow to take the initiative to walk to "Him," because of his own goals and the law of convergence of Beyonder characteristics…

"He" also said that the most important thing to do when dealing with a qualified demigod of the Seer pathway is to be patient and determined…

What a charlatan…

"He" even brought Abomination Suah…

I used my powers to sign a contract with "Them"…

Together with the helpers I invited from the Twilight Hermit Order, as well as Grove, who wields a Grade 0 Sealed Artifact, even if most of the demigods of the military and royal family are fighting at the front lines or protecting Backlund, I don't have to worry about the ritual being destroyed. Unless a true deity descends into the real world…

And that's impossible… So, I originally wanted to use this opportunity to lure out any resistance, but in the end, I decided to use this opportunity to directly advance…

Heh heh, since Grove still doesn't know about these hidden cards. Well, he has no right to know…

In less than two minutes, I'll become an eternal god, the Black Emperor who rules over reality…

…

"Caw!" "Caw!" "Caw!"

In the dark world with the ravens' cawing, the corpses hanging from the black top of the church descended and passed through the main door.

Their eyes were locked onto Klein, who was outside.

Almost at the same time, a figure slowly but firmly outlined itself in midair.

Without caring about what it was, Klein quickly snapped his fingers while maintaining the special state of his Spirit Body Threads.

Pa!

A red flame surged out from his wallet and instantly enveloped him.

The flame was quickly extinguished, and Klein remained where he was, unable to leap out.

He didn’t show any signs of being depressed as he immediately activated Creeping Hunger to attempt to teleport.

Klein instantly turned transparent as he appeared again, unable to take a single step.

His origin and destination had strangely been connected.

At that moment, the figure in midair had already taken form. He was dressed in gorgeous clothes, with long chestnut-colored curly hair, blue eyes, high nose bridge, and thin lips. He was none other than the Roselle Gustav from when he was an emperor.

"He" looked down at Klein as countless illusory symbols appeared in his eyes.

Klein’s mind instantly swelled as he was injected with a large amount of unknown knowledge.

His head felt like it was exploding in an instant while his other thoughts were completely occupied, so much so that he couldn’t even lift a finger.

Instinctively, he allowed that knowledge to split up and become injected into hundreds of Worms of Spirit.

This allowed him to regain his ability to control his body as he quickly grabbed the space ahead of him with his right hand.

His arm suddenly sank, and then he suddenly pulled back. When the marionettes passed through the cathedral’s door and began their attacks, another two figures appeared in midair, dragging out a scaleless, silvery-white tail.

As he released his right hand, a giant serpent appeared in this dark kingdom.

"His" eyes were bright red and cold, and his body was covered in patterns and symbols. There were countless wheels in the details.

Snake of Fate!

Actually, this wasn’t something that Klein could summon out from the Historical Void. Instead, it was Will Auceptin descending with the burning of the paper crane after using the Yesterday Once More charm.

Klein had just used Flaming Jump moments ago to seek help from the Snake of Fate.

And the reason why he wanted to "grab" at something was to conceal his true intentions. It was to prevent the opposing angel from discovering the location of the Snake of Fate, putting Dr. Aaron’s family in danger.

This wasn’t like how he had previously dealt with Amon’s avatar back then, as he had no confidence in eliminating all the clues. Therefore, he had discussed with Will in advance on how to deal with such situations.

Fortunately, the intent Will Auceptin expressed indicated that the truth of the "summoning" from before hadn’t been exposed.

At that moment, the gigantic Snake of Mercury rose up and bit its tail, turning into a mysterious and exaggerated wheel.

In midair, two figures appeared on both sides of Roselle’s projection. One of them was Queen Mystic Bernadette, whose real body was in an intense

battle with Sequence 1 Hand of Order William Augustus I. The other was formed from pure light, and a pair of shining wings grew on his back. It was obviously at the level of an angel!

Suddenly, the two angel projections that appeared quickly vanished. The attacks they directed at Klein, and the controlled marionettes, retreated back into the cathedral and were hung up again.

Qonas and Enuni walked out one after another. With him, they passed backward through the illusory door and left the world with resonating cawing, appearing beneath the Tussock River.

Snake of Fate. Reboot!

The giant serpent’s figure vanished as well. Without any hesitation, Klein activated "Teleportation" and passed through countless spirit world creatures to another secret mausoleum. He used the remaining blood to outline the symbol and opened the illusory door.

This time, he entered the interior and saw a solemn and dark mausoleum. He summoned the Sea God Scepter and released a terrifying "Lightning Storm," again and again, destroying the target.

Then, he turned around and left the scene.

Everything went so smoothly, just like a dream.

Yes, a beautiful dream.

Klein, who could always maintain his lucidity in dreams, had realized that he was in a real dream created by someone else the moment he entered the ruins where the secret mausoleum was!

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CHAPTER 1147
CHAOS

Klein pretended not to notice the real dream. As he tried to stop his projection of the Death Consul, he tried to summon another version of "himself" from the Historical Void to fool the guards of the Tudor ruins, allowing his body to escape the dream and sneak into the secret mausoleum to achieve his goal of destroying it.

At the moment, he could only maintain three Historical Void projections. Death Consul Azik Eggers was one, his self-projection in a concealed state was another. He couldn't be certain if the leader of the ascetics, Arianna, was considered one. However, to be safe, he had to disperse one of them before he made another summoning attempt.

Regarding Arianna's state, apart from suspecting that "She" had descended in person due to "Her" state, Klein had other theories. Perhaps the leader of the Evernight cloister had deliberately entered a concealed state after sensing that "Her" projection from the past had been summoned while being located in the Amantha mountain range. "She" had vanished from the real world, allowing the projection to gain sentience. This was completely feasible, especially since the authority of "concealment" likely gave "Her" a certain degree of control over "Her" historical projections.

When it came to a concealment angel like this, Klein was unable to use the feedback from Scholar of Yore's maintenance of the historical projection to confirm "Her" true situation. Therefore, he didn't make any changes, so as to prevent any accidents from happening.

Just as he was about to summon his past self, the real dream silently disappeared. Everything around him returned to normal.

He was standing on a cliff at the entrance. Below him was a dark and majestic mausoleum.

An old man with an ordinary appearance was levitating in midair. Under the glow from the moss and the light from the stone pillars inside the cliff, he calmly looked at Klein and sighed in ancient Feysac.

"You weren't actually fooled by the dream I crafted."

This old man's hair was completely white, but it was thick enough. There weren't many wrinkles on his face, and his appearance wasn't anything special.

The Spectator pathway's Sequence 3 Dreamweaver? No, at least, he's not an angel… Klein tensed up and didn't respond. He immediately took out his silver adventurer's harmonica and blew into it.

No sound was produced, but Reinette Tinekerr, who was wearing a dark and complicated long dress, walked out.

One of the blonde, red-eyed heads in "Her" hands immediately spat out a rectangular diamond-like charm. Another head chanted in ancient Hermes, "Yesterday!"

Yesterday Once More!

Miss Messenger was borrowing strength from "Her" past self!

Compared to a Sequence 1 Snake of Fate, the power "She" borrowed could last longer.

However, the charm didn't change at all.

In midair, the elder in the gray robe gently chuckled and kindly reminded them, "Don't use ancient Hermes in front of me."

…Hermes… This is Hermes, the one who lived since the Second Epoch and created ancient Hermes? An angel of the Spectator pathway… The origin of the Psychology Alchemists… Klein was first shocked before he realized something.

Hermes was participating in the battle, so it was unlikely "He" had a strong desire to stop him!

No, perhaps "He" is deliberately acting to lower our guard… Beyonders of the Spectator pathway are the best at manipulating the hearts of others… Just as this thought flashed through his mind, Reinette Tinekerr's other two heads began chanting in Jotun and Elvish:

"Yesterday!"

The rectangular diamond-like charm was instantly ignited by a transparent flame before fusing with the void.

Reinette Tinekerr's body began to rapidly expand as the four heads in her hands flew up and landed on "Her" neck.

The four heads became illusory one after another.

In an instant, Reinette Tinekerr transformed into a huge cloth doll that resembled a castle. "She" was dressed in a black gothic dress with countless mysterious symbols and sinister vines. "Her" eyes were blood-red.

"She" swept his gaze across ancient Hermes. "She" opened "Her" tightly shut mouth but didn't make a single sound.

The "Spectator" pathway's angel flashed with a faint light, turning into a plump, white rabbit.

Ancient Bane, Transformation Curse!

The rabbit didn't panic at all. Its body began to swell, becoming half the size of a mountain. One stomp was sufficient to trample him to death.

To an angel of the Spectator pathway, merely believing in "Their" strength allowed "Them" to be powerful enough without being at a disadvantage due to "Their" appearance!

As the rabbit turned into a monster, a subtle change happened in the ruins. Reality and illusion intertwined, making Reinette Tinekerr a little confused as to whether "She" was in a dream or in the real world.

Klein could differentiate between the two. While he had noticed that, not only was Miss Messenger in a Mythical Creature form, but the surface of the rabbit's body was covered in grayish-white scales. All sorts of patterns intertwined together, forming three-dimensional symbols that seemed to connect to the mind.

Angels are truly terrifying. They use their complete Mythical Creature form right at the start… As Klein sighed, he didn't even dare take a second look to gain more knowledge. Firstly, he didn't have the time to do so, and secondly, his level wasn't high enough. Seeing a complete Mythical Creature form would definitely lead to being affected and receiving some negative effects. This was something he had to avoid in a dangerous battlefield.

Taking advantage of the battle between Miss Messenger and the gigantic rabbit that had transformed into a dragon, Klein used the strong winds to head for the secret mausoleum. As he recited a particular honorific name in Jotun, he reached out to grab at the air.

First time, failure; second time, failure; third time, still a failure!

Just as one fat, white rabbit after another appeared in Klein's island of consciousness, causing him to elevate his consciousness to fight back and be unable to take multiple things into consideration, he instinctively reached

out his right hand and finally touched a particular image in the Historical Void.

As he pulled back his arm, the image quickly outlined itself. She was a woman wearing a dark-colored robe and a wide hood. She had a beautiful face and slightly dull black eyes.

This was the concealment angel of the Church of Evernight that he had met before.

Later, he found out in the foggy town that this was Mother of the Sky, the daughter of the ancient god, Flegrea, and suspected to be the vessel for the Goddess's descent.

Since he was able to successfully summon the ascetic leader, Arianna, from the Historical Void in one try, Klein definitely thought of trying to see if he could summon "Her."

He had been chanting the honorific name of the Evernight Goddess!

The employing of Historical Void projections by Scholars of Yore had a difficult-to-overcome restriction. It was that he was unable to summon something that involved the Uniqueness. However, objects that were merely a vessel of a deity's descent depended on how much of the deity's power was carried by the corresponding Historical Void projection or if it involved the Uniqueness. Similarly, if he wanted to summon Amon, it was impossible to summon the actual body, but an avatar would work.

To be safe, the person who he summoned was the one who had smiled at him during the Great Smog of Backlund, and he succeeded after three attempts!

Of course, if it wasn't for the Goddess's tacit approval, or perhaps providing some level of help, he might not have succeeded given a hundred attempts, a thousand attempts, or even ten thousand attempts.

The beautiful lady didn't look at him, the summoner. Instead "She" turned "Her" head and looked down at the secret mausoleum.

The entire underground ruin quaked as the dark and majestic mausoleum began to shake. Ripples appeared as though it was about to be moved into a concealed world.

At this moment, two arms extended out from the outside world. One was pressed towards the gigantic doll, Reinette Tinekerr, while the other spread out its fingers to grab at Klein.

These two arms were more than ten meters long. They were pitch-black on the surface, flowing with sticky liquids. Some of them were strangely protruding, some had skulls as heads, three-dimensional eyes, or barbed tongues.

Abomination Suah!

The remaining guards in the underground ruins went crazy. Some raised their swords to kill their companions; or they raised their guns, aimed at themselves, and pulled the trigger.

Klein's skin began to crack, and his consciousness was disturbed by a sensation of madness. He was unable to respond effectively.

The concealment angel he summoned retracted "Her" gaze through pure instinct, and "She" looked up at the two arms that seemed to come from the depths of a nightmare.

Tremendous fear caused Suah's arm to tremble slightly. Not only did "He" fail to grab hold of Klein, "He" was even cursed by Reinette Tinekerr, causing "Him" to be covered in green fur.

Immediately following that, they began to fade as they struggled with all their might, trying to escape their concealed states.

And at this moment, three figures appeared in midair in the underground ruins. They were Emperor Roselle; the first Loen king, William Augustus; and the abstract angel formed from pure light.

The Historical Void projections summoned by Zaratul followed closely behind!

With so many angels descending at the same time, just the effects from "Their" auras alone caused the entire space to quake, not to mention the intense battle "They" were engaged in.

In an instant, the pitch-black mausoleum shook even more vigorously. There was even an obvious crack on its surface.

Klein wasn't surprised at all, because this was his last contingency plan.

When the enemy was too powerful and prepared, preventing him from creating an opportunity, then it was best to draw everyone together while destroying the mausoleum; thus, creating chaos!

This was the inspiration he got from the encounter outside Bayam City.

Back then, Abomination Suah and the byproduct of the Artificial Death project attacked remotely while Sea King Kottman, Miss Messenger Reinette Tinekerr, and a demigod from the Rose School of Thought had participated in it, resulting in the collapse of an innocent mountain.

At that moment, Klein wanted the secret mausoleum in this ruin to be like that mountain.

He didn't believe that angels could control the damage to "Their" surroundings when in an intense battle!

And the lineup this time far exceeded the previous one!

It's still not enough… Then let's make it a little more chaotic… As he controlled his Spirit Body Threads to prevent them from floating upwards, he dodged and sensed the mysterious space above the gray fog. Using his basic control over it, he made it tremble slightly.

In midair, a grayish-white fog appeared as the majestic palace appeared faintly.

Sefirah Castle!

In an instant, the sky above the Holy Wind Cathedral in Backlund turned dark, as if a storm was brewing.

A bird with dark eye circles watching over the Tussock River downstream moved its gaze.

…

In the outskirts of Backlund where Ruins No. 1 was, Demoness Trissy had been robbed of several powers and suffered serious injuries. She was on the brink of death.

Bang!

She slammed against the cliff, almost embedding herself into it. Blood was everywhere.

At this moment, she took out an item. It was a rectangular diamond-shaped charm.

Yesterday Once More!

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CHAPTER 1148
NOT LATE

There were very few chances to use charms in high-level battles. No one would take the initiative to leave an opening for their opponent while they chanted the incantation. The reason Trissy was able to complete the corresponding action was because she had ignited wicked black flames from the inside out. As for the black flames, they seemed to absorb all the heat in the surrounding areas, causing thick ice crystals to form. Beyond the ice crystals, there were almost invisible spider webs that wrapped around them, forming huge cocoons.

Relying on the three layers of defense, Trissy managed to buy almost two seconds, so she took out the rectangular diamond-shaped charm and chanted, "Yesterday!"

The transparent flame ignited amidst the wicked black flames. The diamond-like charm silently disintegrated before merging with the void.

This was something Klein had specially provided to the Demoness, so as to allow the damage from the three prongs to become the main assault point at any time.

Trissy immediately saw the grayish-white fog and realized that the scenes in the past were like stars, densely packed together.

There were scenes of the young him wandering the streets, coming under the control of the mafia, swindling, cheating, and stealing from others. He later joined the Theosophy Order and became an Assassin. There, he enjoyed ending lives and the bloodshed, instigating others to tear off their masks and reveal their true bestial nature. Due to various reasons, he had no

choice but to become a Witch. She began creating catastrophes and it was arranged by the Demoness of Pleasure that she would become Prince Edessak’s mistress. Realizing that she was becoming less and less like herself and that she was slowly losing herself to the pleasure, she felt extreme fear and yearned to escape. However, having fallen deeper into hell, she experienced immense pain and chose to be extreme.

With a thought, the scenes magnified and occupied her entire vision.

Under the light, the lawn outside the window was bright, and the horses were walking slowly. The holes of the golf course could still be vaguely seen, and inside the house, there was an antique cabinet blocking the view from the door.

The past Trissy stood at the edge and looked out, wearing a sapphire ring on her left hand.

At that time, she wasn’t even a Sequence 5, and she didn’t have the strength the current her needed to borrow. However, she had a ring from the Demoness Sect that was closely related to the Primordial Demoness.

This ring was the thing that Trissy wanted to borrow!

All of a sudden, the intricate ring that was inlaid with a sapphire gem appeared on Trissy’s pinky. And unlike in the past, the present Trissy had fused with the mark and submitted to the Primordial Demoness. She had been greatly enhanced as a Sequence 4 demigod.

In other words, even though she wasn’t a robust deity’s descent "vessel," she already had the qualifications to be one.

And that sapphire ring allowed her to temporarily grasp a certain amount of initiative.

Looking at the scenes in the past, the cocoon formed by Trissy’s spider silk cracked inch by inch. The thick ice crystals silently melted as the wicked

black flames corroded. She raised her left hand, closed her eyes, and smiled as she placed the sapphire ring between her eyebrows.

The ring melted like metal as it flowed into Trissy's head in a surreal manner.

At that moment, the wicked black flames were completely deprived by Prince Grove as a burning white spear of light shot out.

At the front of the spear, two pure white wings spread out as they embraced the tip of the spear, like an angel, sealing off the surrounding space, and preventing the target from escaping.

At that moment, Trissy opened her eyes. They were a deep black color.

Her hair flared up one by one, each becoming as thick as a snake. The outer layer was slippery and diabolical, with clear black and white eyes embedded at the ends, or heads that looked like venomous snakes. Their mouths were slightly open as they flicked their tongues.

The spear that was condensed from pure light stopped in front of Trissy, as though it was being pressed down by an invisible hand, making it difficult for it to advance even an inch further.

It quickly turned grayish-white in color, turning from incorporeal to corporeal, as if it was carved out of stone.

With a whoosh, the spear rapidly plummeted to the edge of the cliff, shattering into countless tiny pieces.

The grayish-white color around Trissy rapidly spread out in every direction as if it had a life of its own. Wherever it passed, the stones became hard while everything else turned to stone.

The various rituals that had been set up in Ruins No. 1 were now tainted with grayish-white colors, preventing the angels guarding the other secret

mausoleums from discovering the changes and coming over immediately.

Prince Grove was instantly surrounded by a grayish-white aura that emanated out of the void. With him only being capable of using the crown of thorns to maintain a small safe zone, there was no way for him to use any "Prohibition" powers.

Trissy, whose eyes had no borders marking her whites from blacks, didn’t even look at her opponent. With her snake-like hair blotting out the sky, she took a step towards the secret mausoleum at the bottom of the dark valley.

Boom!

The ground began to shake violently as a dull thud sounded from deep within. Red asteroids with fiery tails appeared out of nowhere as they flew past Demoness Trissy and smashed at the mausoleum.

In an instant, this ruin was inundated with catastrophes.

George III, who was at the critical moment of "His" advancement, sensed this and immediately felt a strong sense of confusion and anger.

With great difficulty, "He" split off some of "His" strength, and with the help of the preparations he had put in place, he forcefully distorted the surrounding area and isolated the dark and solemn secret mausoleum from the real world, preventing earthquakes and meteors from approaching the target.

Boom! Boom!

Amidst all kinds of catastrophes, the cliffs crumbled one by one as the ruins began to collapse. George III’s angry voice sounded from the secret mausoleum that formed a world of its own:

"Are you mad?"

For a Sequence 4 to forcefully accept the power of a true deity, the only outcome was death!

Trissy laughed. The skin on her face had been pushed to its limits. Inch by inch, they crumbled, revealing the blood and flesh that was squirming wildly underneath.

This extremely terrifying Demoness scoffed and said, "Isn’t the ending of a lovely story supposed to have all the bad guys die?

"For example, you, or me…”

Before Trissy could finish her sentence, she wore that tragic smile on her face as the asteroid plummeted into the twisted secret mausoleum in a bid to destroy it.

…

In another mausoleum, Klein didn’t put on a strong front. He quickly ended the connection with Sefirah Castle as though he was praying to The Fool for help.

The commotion from before had nearly caused all the angels present to stop. Unfortunately, the concealment angel Klein had summoned was a Historical Void projection. It only continued fighting based on instinct, turning the situation even more chaotic.

At this moment, William Augustus I’s projection pulled out a silver sword and pointed ahead before slicing downward.

There was no need for "Him" to say anything else. The chaos in the ruins came to a stop as the battlefield was divided into different sections.

Hermes faced the beautiful and impassive lady. Abomination Suah suppressed Reinette Tinekerr; the Historical Void projections of Emperor Roselle and the Angel of Light surrounded Klein; William I stood at an

isolated spot, ensuring that none of the aftershocks attacked the mausoleum below.

As expected of the Hand of Order… Klein’s pupils dilated. Without thinking, he reached his right hand into the inner pocket of his clothes, and he stretched out his left hand to borrow strength from his past self.

The Death Consul, the Evernight cloister’s matron, and the concealment angel were figures that exceeded Klein’s own level. Be it summoning or maintaining "Them," it was a terrible burden on his spirituality. He had no choice but to borrow some power from his past self before his spirituality completely dried up.

This way, he was filled with fake spirituality once more. For the next five minutes, it was no different from real spirituality.

Then, Klein saw light.

The angel formed from pure light, which also had illusory wings on "His" back, made the layers of light surge towards him like a tidal wave, drowning him.

In the bright white sea of light, something suddenly appeared. It rapidly plummeted and approached the secret mausoleum.

It was a dark-colored book that consisted of goatskin.

Groselle’s Travels!

Using his ability to split into Worms of Spirit, and his enhanced ability to shapeshift, he shrank into bookmarks made of flesh, embedding themselves into the book, using it to block the endless light’s purification and melting effect.

But even so, he was still severely injured because the light still could illuminate part of his body.

This wasn’t the end. Standing right beneath Groselle’s Travels was Emperor Roselle, dressed in gorgeous clothes, waiting there with his hands raised.

"…” Without second thoughts, Klein could only activate the first method he knew of to protect himself:

Hiding in the Historical Void!

Boom!

A loud thunderclap boomed outside the ruin.

It rumbled in the distance in the beginning, but by the end of it, it was ringing in one’s ears.

Klein, together with the projections in the Historical Void, and all the living beings in the ruins were awed and turned stiff. Instantly, the "sea of light" dimmed.

But no, there was a figure that wasn’t affected—the concealment angel of the Church of Evernight. The beautiful but dull-looking lady took the opportunity to phase her body, transforming into many symbols that symbolized concealment and terror. She extended the strange world, enveloping Hermes, Reinette Tinekerr, Suah’s arm, the Angel of Light, and William Augustus I within.

Although Klein had summoned a Historical Void projection—a watered-down version—some essential parts remained!

The chaos that Klein was anticipating was finally here!

As for George III’s other helpers, such as that King of Angels, they were still in other mausoleums.

The moment the nearly transparent world took form, the angels inside began to resist.

Amidst the chaos, the strange world easily tore apart.

However, with the remnants of the angel’s power being directed, the lady rushed out and headed for the secret mausoleum at the bottom.

Boom!

An even louder clap of thunder rang out. Emperor Roselle, who had attempted to stop them, was once again awed, unable to make any further attempts.

In an instant, the dark and majestic secret mausoleum was hit. The cracks on its surface sank deep, causing its dark interior to present itself.

In these rifts, blood appeared out of nowhere. Some were bright red, and some were dark.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

Having restored his human form, Klein held Groselle’s Travels while collectively launching Air Cannon with his scattered Worms of Spirit.

The mausoleum which was already on the verge of collapse had finally collapsed, and even more blood gushed out.

…

With the destruction of a mausoleum, George III’s advancement ritual was no longer stable. "He" lacked the key pillar of support.

If only one mausoleum was under attack, "He" might’ve been able to rely on his tenuous connection with them to put up a resistance to a certain degree. But now, "He" had suffered too intense of an attack.

"His" already incorporeal body suddenly boiled, unable to maintain the "Distortion" outside. The mausoleum that was isolated from reality finally

appeared in front of Trissy.

On Trissy’s tendril-squirming face, the corners of her mouth curled up.

…

Backlund City, Memorial Square.

"My subjects…” The stern and old-fashioned George III with his mustache was finishing his speech when there was a loud explosion.

His flesh and blood transformed into a flurry of fireworks that sprayed into the air.

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CHAPTER 1149
ESCAPE

When Audrey and company below the platform saw this scene, it was as if they were admiring a large magic show. For a moment, no one realized what had happened.

A few seconds later, the scene started to turn disorderly. Amidst screams, the king's guards all rushed up the platform.

The Cabinet ministers and the House of Lords nobles subconsciously sought a place to hide, or they mustered their courage to follow the guards to check the scene.

Audrey looked on in a daze. She wasn't too surprised, but she felt that it was surreal.

If Mr. World paid strong attention to someone, it meant that they were being watched by Mr. Fool. And to date, none of Mr. Fool's goals had failed.

This was the will of a deity.

In the other municipal square in Backlund, Melissa, Benson, and company also heard the explosion before realizing that the king's speech had come to an abrupt stop.

After a moment of silence, people began to turn rowdy as they began breaking out into a discussion amidst hushed whispers.

Fear of the unknown and fear of the future slowly occupied their hearts.

…

In the outskirts of Backlund, inside Ruins No. 1.

George III's mind was a blur. "He" felt something that couldn't be resisted inside "His" body as a volcano of extreme madness erupted in his mind. It was changing "His" body while distorting everything around "Him."

Indistinctly, "He" saw a huge black throne, one which "He" was sitting on. "He" wore an emperor's crown, looking down upon the real world with great pride. "He" had rein over his subjects, and "He" was equal to the deities.

"He" reached out "His" hand in an attempt to grab this future, but countless curses and attacks of unknown origins kept striking "Him." It prevented "Him" from touching that future.

"No…”

George III's hand, which had faded, hung in midair as "His" consciousness tore apart as "His" body mutated completely.

Trissy, who had been reduced to a blob of flesh and blood, enveloped that shadow of order using her countless thick snake hair.

Boom!

In the outside world, in the area corresponding to Ruins No. 1, large amounts of dust were stirred up into the sky like the thickest of smog.

Boom!

The area became a humongous crater that was connected to the Tussock River, opening up an inlet for the river water to rush in.

Rumble!

High up in the sky, lights dimmed as a storm containing immense horror enveloped the area.

Further away on a mountain peak, two figures watched this scene without anyone speaking a word.

They were the Demoness of Unaging Katarina, who was wearing a pure white robe, and the pale, hooded Red Angel evil spirit.

After two seconds, Saintess of White Katarina sighed softly and said, "The reason we wanted to find her was because Primordial told us that she has strong inclinations towards self-destructing."

The Red Angel evil spirit listened silently as "His" expression twisted slightly.

"I know who interfered with my response."

Katarina thought of various answers, but she couldn't be sure. Ultimately, she chose to remain silent.

The Red Angel evil spirit slowly said a word, "Evernight."

After a pause, "He" suppressed "His" emotions and added, "Otherwise, I would've long found Trissy Cheek."

Without waiting for Katarina to respond, the Red Angel evil spirit turned around and left.

…

In another ruin, a hint of joy flashed past Klein's eyes when he saw the secret mausoleum collapse and spill out copious amounts of blood. But it was ephemeral because he had to turn his attention back to his situation.

With George III's ritual failing and him not becoming Black Emperor, it meant that his goal had been achieved. What followed next was to escape!

At that moment, while the mausoleum's destruction didn't have any significant impact, Reinette Tinekerr followed "Her" agreement with Klein, and she didn't stay any longer. "She" first entered the spirit world and fled deep inside it.

The power "She" borrowed from "Herself" was coming to an end!

The maintenance of the beautiful, concealment angel had already reached Klein's limits. After it transformed into a strange world, it naturally disappeared.

Inside the half-collapsed ruin, Klein faced the arm of Abomination Suah, Hermes from an ancient time, Emperor Roselle's projection, William Augustus I's projection, and the Angel of Light projection, as well as the thunder that pointed at an unknown location. Anyone of them had the ability to easily kill him.

And for him to summon a Historical Void projection at the angel level wasn't something that could succeed within a few attempts.

Without any hesitation, Klein's body turned incorporeal as he attempted to hide in the Historical Void.

At this moment, a vortex suddenly appeared in the grayish-white fog in his vision. It was made up of countless transparent maggots that extended out transparent and slippery tentacles.

Zaratul!

Zaratul's actual body had appeared!

"He" had been waiting in the Historical Void for Klein!

At that moment, Klein's action of entering the Historical Void could no longer be reversed. All he could do was watch helplessly as he was pulled in by the vortex and thrown into the center!

He wanted to snap his fingers and ignite another paper crane, but he realized that no flames could rise up there.

Having probed him once, Zaratul was confident of "His" trump card. By relying on "His" level suppressing him, and the authority of bizarreness, "He" made Klein unable to control the flames anymore!

In addition, Klein's intuition told him that the destination after making a "Teleportation" attempt was mysteriously connected to the vortex formed by the transparent maggots.

He was unable to escape, nor could he summon enough helpers.

However, Beyonders of the Seer pathway never perform unprepared.

The vortex formed by the transparent maggots slowly spun as it received a "visit" initiated by Klein. The transparent and slippery tentacles swam over in an unstoppable manner.

They reached towards him, but they only wrapped around the ancient book covered in dark-colored skin.

The blood on the book's surface hadn't completely faded.

Groselle's Travels!

At the most dangerous moment, Klein pricked his fingers, allowing his blood to flow onto the surface of Groselle's Travels. Then, with a whoosh, he entered the book world and temporarily escaped the fatal trap set up by Zaratul.

The moment he entered the book world, he immediately stretched out his hand and grabbed forward, pulling out a marionette that he had temporarily possessed from the Historical Void.

Hvin Rambis!

He had once tested that he could summon the projections of true history here. After all, it belonged to Sefirah Castle, and praying to The Fool in the book world wasn't obstructed. Of course, if that didn't work, he had other ways to resolve it. He could summon Justice Audrey who existed in the book world's history!

In short, he needed a Mid- or High-Sequence Beyonder from the Spectator pathway to bring him into the sea of collective subconscious, into the City of Miracles, Liveseyd, and into the Hall of Truth.

Time was of the essence, so the faster, the better. This was because he had no idea how long before this Sequence 1 would be able to grasp the secret of Groselle's Travels, much less whether the other party would forcibly descend into the book world.

He could only race against time!

Hvin Rambis, who was wearing a formal suit and a dark red bow tie, held onto him with a stiff expression. He directly entered the sea of collective subconscious formed by countless shadows.

With the power of a Manipulator, they quickly shuttled through and arrived at the City of Miracles, Liveseyd, in seconds, appearing before the entrance of the Hall of Truth.

Klein released his control over his marionette, Hvin Rambis, and under the nudge from the strong winds, he "ran" through the door.

As he passed by the colorful murals, his inner voice resounded in the hall:

The chances of summoning 0-08 here should be higher…

Using it to draw or write at the end of the mural on the left side can affect the real world…

Through its arrangements, I can make Zaratul make a mistake, allowing me to find a safe escape route…

No, it's still easier to let Amon's avatar join the battle royale and implicate Zaratul. That will be easier to fulfill…

It's no wonder the Goddess wants to "bait" Amon into Backlund…

The mural on the right represents the book world. I can use 0-08 to draw another temporary door for me to leave…

While "flying", Klein's right hand kept grabbing at the void ahead.

Five times, ten times, twenty times. When Klein borrowed strength from his former self, his right hand suddenly sank as he dragged out a dull classic quill.

0-08!

In the next second, Klein arrived in front of the huge pillar that was multiple arm spans wide.

This had a clear sense of being worn down by time. It was the throne of the Dragon of Imagination, Ankewelt.

Klein circled around the stone pillar and arrived at the end of the mural. He raised the quill, 0-08, and was about to write.

He had never tested for any changes when using 0-08 in here before. He was afraid that it would result in an excessive accident and alert Amon's

brother, making his ploy of preventing George III from becoming the Black Emperor to be detected in advance.

At this moment, he no longer needed to bother about such matters. He could wholeheartedly weave the development that he needed.

Suddenly, 0-08, which was about to begin writing, disappeared. It disappeared before it reached the time limit!

What's happening… Klein felt alarmed.

He then realized that his words in the Hall of Truth hadn't been projected. There was silence all around him.

With his spiritual perception triggered, Klein slowly turned around and saw that the time-worn rock had turned into a hundred-meter-tall cross at some point in time.

In front of the cross was a huge, blurry figure standing there. Facing everything with its back, it was observing all life with compassion.

Inside the Hall of Truth, there were rows of black, high-back pews, but only one supplicant.

The supplicant had his eyes closed as he sat in the middle of the first row. He wore a rather simple white robe with a pale gold beard that covered half his face. His hands were clasping a silver cross in front of his chest as he wore a genial and calm look.

Adam.

Twilight Hermit Order's Chair, King of Angels Adam.

Klein didn't even know when "He" had arrived.

At this moment, Adam looked up, revealing his clear, limpid eyes that resembled a child's.

He slowly stood up, speaking with a calm expression:

"George III's death causes Loen to suffer a heavy blow. Unable to sit idle any further, Intis decides to take this opportunity to launch an attack. This war officially develops into a war that sweeps through the world.

"Can you accept such an outcome?"

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CHAPTER 1150
MAD DASH

Although there was no concept of temperature in the Hall of Truth, Klein still felt a chill down his spine when he heard that. He felt a wave of heat, and he wanted to defend himself, but when he opened his mouth, he didn’t know what to say.

For a few silent seconds, his figure was reflected in Adam’s limpid eyes before he said with some difficulty, "I accept it…

"But I will try my best to minimize the damage caused by the war in the future, so long as I’m still alive."

He paused and asked in a deep voice, "Is this the price you exacted for the bestowment?

"Back when a certain ascetic here mentioned your true name, you had already noticed this book and secretly made arrangements?"

Adam, who was dressed in simple white robes, didn’t respond. He walked towards the mural on his left and stopped in front of one of the murals. He looked up slightly and quietly admired it.

On the mural, a book consisting of goatskin flew up into the clouds and landed in a gigantic claw.

After watching for a while, Adam said with a warm voice, "You may leave."

He immediately felt that he had been rejected by the Hall of Truth, the sea of collective subconscious of the City of Miracles, and the book world. He involuntarily floated up and flew out of the area.

During this process, he saw Adam return to the front of the black pews. Holding the silver cross pendant, he closed his eyes and prayed sincerely to the huge and blurry figure.

Outside the sea of collective subconscious, an illusory door silently appeared. It stood in midair and was connected to the outside world.

The book world also began to ostracize him, "squeezing" him out of the huge door.

Suddenly, Klein returned to the real world and returned to the grayish-white fog. He was in the state he was in prior to entering the Historical Void.

Unlike before, he hadn’t been locked down by the whirlpool formed by countless transparent maggots. As for the slippery tentacles that were almost invisible, they wrapped around Groselle’s Travels slightly and disappeared into thin air.

Without having time to lament over the loss, Klein’s thoughts raced, and he made a choice almost purely on instinct.

He leaped into the grayish-white fog in another direction and hid in a shattered spot of light. This was the so-called Historical Void.

Klein regretted it the next second because Zaratul’s slippery and terrifying tentacles had extended out from the grayish-white fog. The countless translucent maggots were no longer formed a spinning whirlpool as they disintegrated into a tidal wave that surged towards him.

Zaratul could actually fight in the Historical Void!

This was the suppression effect that high-level members of the same pathway had against lower-level ones.

A demigod of the same Seer pathway was always the best choice for dealing with a Seer demigod of a lower Sequence.

Without any hesitation, he "ran" through the spots of light and into the depths of the fog of history, just like his advancement.

Scenes of the secret mausoleum collapsing, Backlund suffering an air raid, and the tragic Great Smog flew behind him. However, the dangerous premonition in his heart didn’t weaken at all; instead, it intensified significantly.

He even "saw" a thick shadow getting closer and closer, covering himself.

This was a tidal wave formed by the transparent maggots and the slippery tentacles!

Klein ran as fast as he could, constantly chanting the honorific name of the Evernight Goddess in Jotun in his mind, hoping to be saved. This was the only thing he could do, and "She" was the only existence that could save him at the moment.

Of course, if he knew of Amon’s honorific name, he would definitely attempt to provoke this Blasphemer.

Only by messing things up would he have a chance of surviving.

Roselle’s declaration as emperor, the modification of the steam engine, the Battle of the Violated Oath, the White Rose War, and the Twenty Year War flashed past one by one. Klein realized that his body was being increasingly covered by shadows, and his consciousness was gradually slowing down. He had a feeling that he was having his Spirit Body Threads controlled.

At this moment, Hounds of Fulgrim ran out of the grayish-white fog’s various spots of light.

They were covered in pitch-black short fur, their eye sockets burning with dark red flames as the corners of their lips extended to the back of their heads.

This group of monsters-like creatures, the Sefirah Castle Keepers, ran past Klein and rushed behind him.

He immediately regained his lucidity.

F*ck! he cursed himself, his eyes slightly red as he continued "running" with his vision blurred. He went from the Fifth Epoch to the Fourth Epoch, and from the Fourth Epoch to the Third Epoch.

The massive shadow that resembled the tidal wave behind him paused for a few seconds, then it continued surging towards him as if nothing had happened, drowning out the Historical Voids he passed through.

Klein didn’t hold back in expending his spirituality. He used all his might to "run" with the light spots that he had lit in the fog of history. He ran from the Third Epoch to the Second Epoch until he arrived at a lonely fragment of light. Around him was a withered forest and a normal tomb.

This was the period of history where Giant King Aurmir buried his parents.

As for the "tidal wave" that was formed by Zaratul, it didn’t seem to understand this history well enough. It stopped at some unknown era and didn’t manage to catch up.

At that moment, Klein’s spirituality was almost exhausted. And in the fog of history, he could only borrow power from the current Void. But clearly, there was no past projection of himself here.

And when his spirituality was exhausted, he would have no choice but to leave the fog of history and return to the real world. When that time came, he would be facing Zaratul again.

Phew… Klein exhaled and pulled out another paper crane. He snapped his fingers and lit it.

However, after waiting for a few seconds, he failed to see the Snake of Fate, Will Auceptin, appear.

In the Historical Void, there's no way to use ordinary paper cranes to contact Will… Why hasn't Amon appeared yet… As his thoughts flashed, he could only repeat in Jotun, "The Evernight Goddess who stands higher than the cosmos and more eternal than eternity. You are also the Lady of Crimson, the Mother of Concealment, the Empress of Misfortune and Horror, Mistress of Repose and Silence…"

After holding on for a few seconds, he suddenly had an idea. Hence, he didn't hesitate to leave the fog of history and return to the real world.

Just as his figure appeared, his "Spirit Body Threads" floated into the air and was grabbed by a slippery, transparent tentacle.

And opposite him, another figure appeared at the same time.

It was the barefoot, linen-robed ascetic leader, Arianna.

Based on Klein's abilities, the angel-level historical projection he had summoned must've disappeared. Therefore, the person who came was undoubtedly the actual body.

The Evernight cloister's matron glanced at Klein, and instantly, he vanished under Zaratul's tentacle.

Klein entered a concealed world belonging to Arianna. It was night time, and it was a monastery with many ancient buildings erected. There was a

huge and holy crimson moon hanging high in the sky.

Using the experience gained from their past cooperation, Klein immediately used "Traveling" to appear in the crimson moon, leaving this concealed world in order to appear elsewhere.

After returning to reality, Klein had already distanced himself from Zaratul. Hence, he didn’t hesitate to use "Traveling" to directly leave. And having held Zaratul back for a short period of time, Arianna entered a concealed state and left the battlefield.

Boom!

A terrifying thunderclap boomed as the transparent tentacle that attempted to reach out to where Klein had disappeared suddenly retreated, disappearing along with the actual body.

Having "Teleported" to the sea, Klein couldn’t be bothered to borrow strength from his past self. He first summoned a paper figurine from the Historical Void and shook his wrist.

Most of the items he had with him had been destroyed when he became a "bookmark." It was unknown where he had lost his marionettes, Qonas and Enuni. Of course, they might’ve evaporated under the illumination of the Angel of Light.

Pa!

The paper figurine burned with scarlet flames as it leaped up into the form of an illusory angel that had layered wings on its back. It embraced him and removed any traces.

Then, he activated "Traveling" once again and left the area.

…

In the secret mausoleum in East Chester County, William Augustus I and Queen Mystic Bernadette managed to sense the death of George III, either through the changes in "order" or via their clairvoyant abilities.

The latter didn’t stay any longer. Her body suddenly separated like a collection of soap bubbles that reflected light, scattering in all directions before bursting.

William Augustus I wasn’t in the mood to stop or chase after her, but "He" didn’t feel much pain.

…

After making a huge detour, Klein, who had used Angel’s Embrace three times to remove his traces, finally returned to Backlund secretly. It was probably the safest place.

He didn’t return to the apartment he had previously rented. Instead, he found a hotel in the Backlund Bridge area and got a room.

Of course, he didn’t forget to change his appearance, height, and temperament.

The more ordinary and common his appearance was, the less attention he would garner.

After entering the room, Klein endured the mental fatigue and physical trauma he received, and he began to chant the honorific name of Sea God Kalvetua. He planned to take four steps counterclockwise and head above the gray fog. He wanted to use his "true vision" and the real Angel’s Embrace to confirm his surroundings to eliminate any latent dangers.

Fortunately, Zaratul should’ve signed a contract with George III, so "He" can’t leave the mausoleum "He" was guarding as "He" pleases. Otherwise, I would most likely have become "His" marionette in that chaotic battle… The appearance of "Him" and Abomination Suah exceeded my

expectations… Klein heaved a sigh of relief and took one step in a counterclockwise manner. He opened his mouth and chanted in Mandarin, "The Exalted…”

Suddenly, Klein’s body trembled. His voice came to a halt as he froze on the spot.

In his line of sight, a figure had appeared on a chair beside the full-body mirror in the room. He was a young man of medium build, wearing a dark-colored jacket and trousers. He looked like a mixed-blood man with Loen and Balam roots.

This was the marionette that Klein had lost—Winner Enuni.

Enuni smiled as he faced Klein’s pair of eyes that could no longer move.

"Don’t randomly leave your marionettes around. They can be tracked."

As he spoke, he slowly stood up. He casually took out a crystal monocle from his pocket and slowly wore it on his right eye.

*traitorAIZEN: HOLY F*CK!!!*

(End of the Fifth Volume—Red Priest)

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CHAPTER 1151
DECEIT

(Start of the Sixth Volume—Lightseeker)

In a hotel in the Backlund Bridge area.

Apart from his thoughts that still belonged to him, Klein could no longer control anything else. Even his eyeballs couldn't move.

He knew very well that this was likely a deeper level of "Parasitizing."

In this state, he could only look ahead of him in fear and despair. He watched as Enuni, who was wearing a monocle with a smile on his face, changed into Amon's original form. He took a step forward counterclockwise and opened his mouth to speak in Mandarin in an articulate and mellow manner:

"The Immortal Lord of Heaven and Earth for Blessings."

…Did "He" steal my thoughts just now, or my ability to speak Mandarin… It should be the former; otherwise, "He" wouldn't be able to grasp this ritual… Klein's pupils couldn't widen as he watched. He felt an unprecedented sense of anxiety.

As though sensing his emotions, the monocled man turned to look at him and smiled. He then took another step counterclockwise and whispered in Mandarin, "The Sky Lord of Heaven and Earth for Blessings."

Following that, this Blasphemer carried on the ritual with great familiarity. With every step "He" took, and every chant of the incantation, Klein's heart sank even deeper into a dark swamp, as though he could no longer see any light.

“…The Celestial Worthy of Heaven and Earth for Blessings."

When Amon took the final step and recited the final incantation, a boundless grayish-white fog suddenly appeared in front of Klein. He heard layers of pleas.

There was no need to listen carefully, as he understood what it meant with his spiritual perception.

After advancing to Scholar of Yore, he had obtained basic control over Sefirah Castle. No matter who it was, even if they had the correct ritual and corresponding incantation, they needed to obtain his permission to enter the world above the gray fog!

Reject "Him"! Klein was instantly delighted as this idea clearly surfaced within him.

However, just as he had this thought, he had forgotten it. Standing there, he looked like a statue carved from stone.

His intention of rejecting Amon had been stolen by "Him."

"…” Klein once again felt despair, but the grayish-white fog in front of him and the prayers in his ears didn't disappear.

"…” Klein was first taken aback before he understood what was going on.

I understand! I have to head above the gray fog myself and control Sefirah Castle to give "Him" permission to enter! There is no default option!

This thought was like a straw which Klein grabbed at without any hesitation. It prevented himself from sinking into the water silently without anyone hear him cry.

Although he still didn't know how to make use of this matter, his intuition told him that a slim possibility and his only hope could be hidden in this detail.

At this moment, Amon stopped the attempt and cast "His" gaze at Klein.

Clearly, "He" had failed to successfully enter Sefirah Castle.

This Angel of Time adjusted the monocle on his right eye and smiled without any change in expression.

"Honorable Mr. Fool, your idea of saving yourself is very interesting."

Amon had used the standard Loen language, but every word seemed to be able to stir the powers of nature, creating one "explosion" after another in his mind.

…How is he so sure that I'm The Fool and not the Blessed of The Fool… Klein felt his body turn cold as the hope that had just surfaced sank into the water once more.

"How am I certain?" Amon tsked and pulled the chair from before over and sat down. "He" pointed at the round stool opposite "Him" and said, "Sit down, don't stand on ceremony."

The moment "He" finished his sentence, Klein couldn't help but stride forward and sit on the round stool.

Amon looked around the room and grabbed Klein's black silk top hat. He put it on his head and said with a smile, "Did you think that I wasn't aware that the ritual would be unsuccessful?

"It hasn't been long since Sefirah Castle produced an anomaly, so how could I forget?

"I just want to see your reaction. And you subconsciously felt despair and instinctively rejected me. That was very interesting. If you weren't the one who was called The Fool, how could you have such thoughts?

"Dear Mr. Fool, am I right?"

As "He" repeated the four rhetorical questions, Amon looked rather pleased, as though "He" was an old hunter who had caught the fox's tail.

…*I fell for his scam.*… Only then did Klein realize why Amon wasn't disappointed at all.

He subconsciously wanted to deny it, but after some thought, he calmly said, "Kill me."

Eh… *I can speak now?* Klein tried to control his body, but it was completely impossible.

In the next second, he was prepared to recite the honorific name of the Evernight Goddess, but this thought was immediately lost.

The thin-faced Blasphemer Amon pressed down on his right monocle and maintained his excited state from before.

"So that you can be reborn in Sefirah Castle?"

…*The more I talk to this fellow, the more mistakes I make.*… Klein shut his mouth tightly and didn't say another word.

When Amon saw this, "He" shook "His" head with a smile.

"There's no need to be so afraid. Actually, there's no bad blood between us."

Uh… Sitting on the round stool like a doll, Klein was stunned for a moment, but he didn't respond.

Amon leaned forward slightly and looked into his eyes before continuing with a smile:

"The only conflict we have is regarding Sefirah Castle.

"But do you really wish to shoulder that fate? Aren't you worried that the original owner of Sefirah Castle will revive within you?"

"…” This was something Klein was very concerned about, making him at a loss for words.

Amon pinched the crystal monocle and didn't urge him to answer. He smiled and said, "If you give me Sefirah Castle, all the problems will be resolved.

"That way, whether the original owner of Sefirah Castle comes back to life, or if the corresponding fate can be shouldered, the person who needs to worry is me, not you.

"Also, I'll be the one to take over the subsequent arrangements of my zealous brother, 'Door,' and Lil' Zaratul's pursuits and the benediction of Evernight.

"And you will be freed from all this and just stay as a Sequence 3.

"Heh, why would I want to kill you? What's the point of killing a Sequence 3? Even if I want to retrieve the characteristic, it's still expendable. My prey will only be Pallez, Lil' Zaratul, and 'Door.' The rest will purely depend on my mood.

"As for the organization that you established, I can also help you maintain it. It's very fascinating and interesting.

"If you think this price isn't enough, then I can make you my Blessed. Heh heh, are you not pretending that The Fool is the Angel of Time Amon in the City of Silver? This can turn into a reality in the future. I will lead them out of the Forsaken Land of the Gods and see the light outside.

"When the time comes, you'll still have a chance to advance to Sequence 2 and become an angel."

…This… This is practically taking over all my worries and hardships. There are only benefits left… Klein, who didn't have a huge desire in becoming a true god and controlling Sefirah Castle, heard his heart palpitate with excitement. If he hadn't known that Amon was the number one master in deceit, he would've agreed to it on the spot. But in the end, he still said without any expression, "Kill me."

"Is that the only thing you know how to say?" Amon said without any signs of anger. He looked at Klein with piqued amusement.

To "Him," this was a very interesting matter. It was completely understandable that "He" would encounter difficulties during the process. They only served to make success even more fulfilling and delightful.

I'm just a heartless broken record… By lampooning, Klein eased his depression and despair. Instead of answering, he asked, "How do you know that the City of Silver thinks that you are The Fool?"

He didn't dare to say that the City of Silver still suspected that The Fool was the god that Amon believed in, afraid that he would provoke him.

Of course, if Amon was the type of person who would lose his intelligence after being provoked, he definitely would've tried doing so. This was because he now suspected that, after gaining initial control of Sefirah Castle, he would be reborn above the gray fog after his death. Unfortunately, Amon wasn't a King of Angels from the Storm pathway, but a God of Trickery that gave even the true deities a headache in the Fourth Epoch.

Amon laughed and said, "Do you think I only have two avatars in the City of Silver? Since you, The Fool, and The Hanged Man have intervened, then I'm happy to quietly watch from the sidelines."

…The City of Silver is still accommodating Amon's avatar… Who's the fellow who was "Parasitized"…Yes, previously, the members of the Giant King's Court's exploration team weren't "Parasitized." This is something that can be confirmed… As his mind tensed up, Klein felt that it was only natural. This was because Leonard had once told him that seeing one Amon meant that there were a bunch of Amons lurking around. It wouldn't just be a small handful.

Without much thought, Klein tried hard to come up with an attempt to create an opportunity.

"You didn't rob me of my destiny directly because you can't handle it right now?"

Amon nodded frankly and said, "Yes, that's why I want to make a deal with you peacefully.

"But since you rejected my offer, I can only bring you to see my real body, to a sufficiently safe place. Then, your destiny will be taken away. When that happens, your ending will not be as good as I just said earlier."

As he spoke, the black-haired, black-eyed man with a broad forehead and thin face slowly got up and walked towards the door. With that, Klein stood up and followed behind like a puppet.

As he reached out to open the door, Amon seemed to recall a question. He pressed down on the crystal monocle and turned to look back at him.

"What's the fourth line of your Scholar of Yore honorific name?"

In mysticism, every existence's corresponding honorific name wasn't that strict. As long as one used the correct format and certain descriptions to

narrow the scope to prevent any ambiguity, they could point towards the corresponding hidden existence. This was also why quite a number of heretics who knew anything about mysticism could randomly make up honorific names while still receiving feedback.

Of course, if it wasn't for the honorific name given by the hidden existence, there was no way to enjoy receiving "feedback." Whether they established a connection or not depended on whether the existence was interested in the supplicant.

Previously, Amon had used his understanding of the Scholar of Yore and Gehrman Sparrow, and the powers of the Marauder pathway's Sequence 7 Cryptologist, to restore the full honorific name that could point accurately to Gehrman Sparrow. However, "He" didn't attempt to pray and use the "automatic response" to establish a connection to lock onto Klein's location, because his godhood intuition told him that there was a problem with the fourth sentence, dooming him to fail.

The fourth line of Klein's honorific name flashed across his mind, but he had no intention of telling Amon.

At that moment, Amon opened his mouth and read out his thoughts:

"Protector of Backlund magic and drama performers…”

This so-called "Angel of Time" and "Blasphemer" fell silent for a few seconds after saying it out loud.

Then, he smiled, very happily.

After laughing, Amon adjusted his monocle on his right eye and said with a smile, "To be honest, this is all very interesting.

"Are you really not considering becoming my Blessed?"

Klein opened his mouth and gave a familiar answer:

"Kill me."

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CHAPTER 1152
"ERROR"

Upon hearing Klein’s reply, Amon smiled and shook his head. As "He" reached out to open the door, "He" casually asked, "How did you think of such an honorific name?"

"It needs to have a certain connection with myself, but also be able to avoid others from using the prayer’s automatic response to lock onto me. There aren’t many such honorific names." Seeing that his identity had been exposed, there was no need for Klein to hide it any further. Furthermore, he hoped to use such a conversation to grasp an opportunity.

At the same time, his mind raced as he began thinking about how to save himself.

I’ve been deeply parasitized. If I have any thoughts that aren’t beneficial to Amon, it will be easily sensed and detected by "Him”…

Today is Saturday, and it’s almost Monday again. If The Fool suddenly stops the Tarot Gathering without any warning, the other members will definitely be terrified, nervous, and confused. Here, those who have the means to contact The World will definitely attempt to summon the messenger to ask for the reason. And once Miss Messenger approaches me, "She" will be able to discover the existence of Amon. Then, "She" can use the Yesterday Once again charm to recover to "Her" peak condition. With the complete strength of an angel, "She" has a sizable chance of rescuing me from Amon’s avatar…

The most important thing for me now is to persist and "live" for two days!

Yes, since Amon can’t steal my fate right now, why did "He" try to trade peacefully? Even if I agreed to it, "He" wouldn’t dare to let me go above the gray fog to grant "Him" permission. That would mean that I’m free from "His" control and able to Sefirah Castle to effectively purify and make a counterattack against the "Parasite”…

Is the "agreement" itself a switch, and there’s no need to follow up on it?

Amon deliberately didn’t mention this…

As expected, it was a scam!

Having grasped a sliver of hope, Klein decided to stall for time as long as possible for the next two days. The focus of Amon was still on the honorific name that no human and angel could think of.

As he walked out of the room, he scratched his chin and said, "Have you provided any protection to Backlund’s magic and drama performers?"

I’ve protected a Trickmaster before… Having made plans, Klein was much more cooperative than before. He answered simply, "I’m a Magician myself. I’ve ‘performed’ many times in Backlund."

The monocled Amon nodded.

"Barely counts."

He then walked out of the hotel room and went down the stairs to the street. Like a servant, he followed behind without any abnormalities.

Looking to his left and right, Amon pinched his monocle and sighed with a smile.

"How regretful."

"What’s there to regret?" Klein asked in puzzlement.

I’ve already been caught by you. What else do you have to regret?

Amon pressed down on "His" silk top hat and maintained "His" smile.

"You can make a guess. If you can guess correctly, I can give you a better ending."

Klein didn’t believe in "His" promise at all. In order to not be tricked into revealing more secrets, he shook his head and said, "I can’t guess it."

"How boring," Amon said simply. "He" clenched "His" right hand into a fist and lightly tapped on "His" monocle.

From the pedestrians, the trees by the side of the street, the sparrows on the rooftops, the rats in the muddy corners, and all kinds of living creatures in the air, illusory worm-like figures flew out, returning to Amon like stars.

This son of a god’s status instantly rose to the level of an angel.

As for Klein, he raised his left hand, and the human-skinned glove suddenly turned transparent.

This was the activation process of "Traveling."

At that moment, the only thing on him which was real was Creeping Hunger. The rest were made by using the powers of a Faceless, as well as the glove using flesh and blood as the material.

Seeing that "Traveling" was about to begin, Klein was taken aback as he blurted out, "Why didn’t you teleport in the room?"

He had expected Amon to leave Backlund with him. After all, this was a place where even a King of Angels had to be wary of. However, he couldn’t understand why "He" would open the door, go down the stairs, and leave the hotel in such ordinary fashion.

The eye behind the monocle swept across Klein as the corner of Amon’s mouth slowly curled up.

"I’ve already answered you. What a pity that you didn’t seek help from Pallez."

This Angel of Time had an obvious smile on "His" face, but there was no emotion in "His" black eyes. It made Klein shudder.

H-he’s certain that I have some connection with Pallez Zoroast… Is it because of what happened the last time? No, stop it! Klein attempted to Cogitate, trying his best to control himself from thinking too much, so as to prevent his thoughts from being stolen by Amon.

Amon glanced at the panicking passers-by on the street in an impassive manner before looking up at the gray sky and saying, "I can only wait for the next opportunity. The most important thing now is to bring you to that place."

As they spoke, both of them turned transparent at the same time and vanished from the hotel’s entrance. None of the people who came over felt anything amiss.

After passing through countless indescribable spirit world creatures and overlapping layers of different saturated colors, Klein and Amon appeared above the sea.

Beneath their feet was a huge fissure. The blue seawater had been cut off as they plummeted deep into the bottomless "darkness" like a waterfall without ever filling it.

This was the entrance to the ruins of the battle of gods.

With a thought, Klein asked, "You’re taking me to the Forsaken Land of the Gods?"

The magnificent "waterfall" was reflected in Amon’s monocle. "He" nodded slightly and casually replied, "That’s right. When we get there, even your messenger won’t be able to sense you through the contract."

The Forsaken Land of the Gods was clearly separated from the spirit world. Only by relying on Sefirah Castle could a connection be made.

…Amon knows what I’m planning to do… The flame of hope that was ignited in him was extinguished by the cold reality.

He couldn’t find another way to save himself for the time being.

At this moment, the levitating Amon muttered to "Himself," "If my mausoleum in Backlund hadn’t been destroyed by the Church of Steam, we could’ve used the Abyss as a springboard to head there directly. We wouldn’t have to go through all this trouble."

"…” Klein guiltily changed the topic.

"The Abyss is connected to the Forsaken Land of the Gods?"

"No." Amon shook "His" head and said with a relaxed expression, "But I can use some of its characteristics to go anywhere."

"I heard that there were some nasty changes in the Abyss." With a thought, Klein probed.

Amon turned "His" head and glanced at him without concealing "His" curiosity.

"You’re actually aware."

"Yes, I once thought of exploring the Abyss." Klein didn’t speak further, afraid that the King of Angels of the Marauder pathway would discover that he could read Roselle’s diary.

At this moment, Amon suddenly laughed.

"You want to explore the Abyss?"

"What’s so funny about that?" Klein was very interested in what had happened to the Abyss to begin with; thus, he took the opportunity to cooperate with Amon in an attempt to know more.

Just as he finished speaking, he suddenly had a new idea:

Using the conversation he had with Amon, he could grasp more historical secrets to speed up his digestion of the Scholar of Yore potion. That way, he could try using it to deepen his control of Sefirah Castle and escape from his current predicament.

This thought flashed through his mind as he quickly restrained himself and stopped thinking about such matters.

In regards to his question, Amon chuckled and said, "Your visiting of the Abyss is like offering yourself as a beautifully packaged gift to someone who wants it."

“…Dark Side of the Universe?" Klein was first alarmed before he made a guess.

Amon nodded.

"‘He’ was originally the only surviving ancient god, the Devil Monarch, Farbauti. Now, heh."

Without finishing "His" sentence, Amon leaped and jumped into the huge, illusory rift with the strong winds.

With that, Klein lost the support of the wind and fell straight down.

After an unknown period of time, the water that resembled a fountain surged upwards rapidly, throwing him and Amon to the other side of the severed face.

Just as he entered the ruins of the battle of gods, Klein was hit by bright sunlight. He suddenly heard a series of intense and crazy ravings.

It was like a thin needle that pierced through his eardrums and stabbed into his brain, filling every thought with immense pain.

As for the Worms of Spirit that formed his Mythical Creature form, they gradually changed, as though they were about to give birth to a degenerate consciousness that didn’t belong to him.

The True Creator’s ravings!

With regards to this, Klein could barely withstand it, but it was difficult for him to hold on for too long. There was no way for him to go too far in the ruins of the battle of gods.

At this moment, he saw that the monocle on Amon’s right eye absorbed all the light around them. It became unusually bright and white.

Then, a thick darkness ruled the sky.

Amon directly stole the "day" of the ruins of the battle of gods!

In the darkness, this Angel of Time’s avatar brought Klein to an island and made him sleep against a stone pillar.

Soon, Klein arrived in the hazy dream world. He saw the projection of the Giant King’s Court, which was filled with an epic feeling, opposite the black cloister and the cliff.

Amon, wearing the black silk top hat and crystal monocle, appeared beside him. With a relaxed smile, "He" pointed at the projection of the Giant

King’s Court that was frozen in the sunset.

"That’s the entrance to the Forsaken Land of the Gods."

After some thought, Klein raised his doubts:

"Don’t you need to enter a dream at a specific location to open the entrance?"

He couldn’t help but feel a glimmer of hope again. He thought that it would be great if Amon wasted a week or two of his time in the ruins of the battle of gods.

"That’s right." Amon didn’t deny what Klein had said. "He" casually said, "If you wish to open the entrance, you have to travel on a ship to the core of this ruin’s waters. This might take more than a month, and you will experience many dangers that you’re currently unable to withstand. As for me, I don’t have to."

"Is it because you’re the son of the Creator?" Klein guessed in deliberation.

"No." Amon had one hand in "His" pocket as "He" turned to walk to the black cloister’s entrance. "In chaotic places like this, ‘order’ is in shambles, and the laws governing them have mutated. There are too many things that can be exploited."

As this Angel of Time walked, "He" turned to look at Klein.

"The Marauder pathway’s Sequence 0 has a very abstract name, Error.

"It was named by my father. ‘He’ once used a strange word of unknown origins to represent it:

"Bug.

"When translated, it’s a trojan horse of fate, the slug of time, the loopholes in rules, the manifestation of all errors."

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CHAPTER 1153
THE SUNSET TUNNEL

"Error"…Bug… Is that the essence of the Marauder pathway? As he came to a realization, Klein also confirmed one thing.

That was that the ancient sun god, the City of Silver Creator, Amon's father really did come from Earth.

The word that Amon said was standard English!

Fellow Earthling, your two children have really caused me so much pain… If only they were all like Bernadette… As he lampooned inwardly, he asked curiously, "You want to use this dream world's… loophole?"

Klein controlled himself and didn't use the term "bug" to describe it, lest it would arouse suspicion in Amon due to his overly ordinary fluency when speaking the word. He would then reveal a trump card for no reason.

Faced with a King of Angels who could steal his thoughts and deeply "Parasitize" him, he had very few trump cards to begin with. He had to make good use of every single one of them. Who knew when they might end up being effective.

At that moment, Amon had already walked out of the black cloister.

"He" had one hand in his pocket, and without doing anything, the heavy door opened automatically, as though it was welcoming the arrival of a distinguished guest.

"You can think of it that way, but in actual fact, it's a little more complicated than that." Amon didn't show the might of a Blasphemer at all as he casually answered Klein's question, "This dream world doesn't have any errors, or rather, loopholes. It's just that, due to the clashing of remnant divine powers, some places appear more chaotic. And I can use this chaos to create a loophole."

As the huge door that was prepared for the giant was completely opened, Amon pinched his monocle and walked into the hall, venturing deep inside.

During this process, "He" smiled and gave a more in-depth explanation:

"You should know very well that this cloister is composed of dreams."

"Yes, it comes from the dreams of different living beings in the ruins of the battle of the gods." After some thought, Klein added, "It might also be left behind by some dreams from the past."

At that moment, the man and angel walked on a winding black staircase. The light of dusk shone through the stained glass from high above, bringing with it a feeling of burning holiness.

Amon touched the human skull engraving on the railings and smiled as "He" took in the surroundings.

"Generally speaking, the area you enter this dream world is where you end up when waking up, regardless if you're in the dreams of other living beings in other seas."

Unable to nod, Klein could only express his opinion with words.

"That's right."

"And after I create a loophole, I can wake up in the corresponding location by entering other dreams. Clearly, this cloister is much smaller than the sea

ruins outside. The structure is even narrower. Perhaps, we can reach our destination in a few minutes." There was a hint of joy in Amon's tone.

To "Him," creating and exploiting loopholes was a joyous matter.

…This… Amon is actually able to use such a method to quickly pass through the ruins of the battle of the gods. We won't even be wasting an hour or two, much less one or two weeks… As expected of a King of Angels, the Blasphemer of the Fourth Epoch… The glimmer of hope that was generated in Klein vanished instantly.

He wasn't sure if Amon had deliberately not mentioned it in advance, so as to enjoy watching the bubbles of "His" target's hope being popped time and time again. Or if "He" didn't care about such trivial matters. All he could do was to curb his heavy depression and say, "You want to control the core dream of this illusory world?"

He remembered Queen Mystic Bernadette mentioning that she didn't dare enter the black wooden door in the deepest depths of the cloister.

"It's not me, it's us," Amon replied with a smile.

"He" seemed to suddenly recall something. He raised his hand to adjust his monocle and asked with interest, "Why did you put a monocle on your marionette?

"I didn't even need to prepare one myself."

"…” Feeling awkward for a second, Klein thought for a second and decided to answer truthfully, "Not long ago, in order to digest the Bizarro Sorcerer potion, I deliberately wore this monocle in front of the Red Angel evil spirit."

Amon, who was walking down the stairs suddenly paused. "He" turned "His" head to look at Klein and smiled.

"Very interesting."

This Angel of Time said thoughtfully, "To think that Medici hasn't completely died. Next time, if I encounter 'Him,' I'll disguise myself to look like you, and then I'll wear a monocle in front of 'Him' again."

Poor Sauron Einhorn Medici… As a whole King of Angels, can you not be so senseless… Is this the so-called "God of Mischief"? When Klein heard that, he felt wistful, not knowing what to say.

Amon pressed down on the crystal monocle and asked, "Did you wear this monocle on your left eye?"

"How did you know?" Klein was shocked, imagining that Amon had stolen the scene from the fog of history.

"How did I know?" Amon said with a smile. "There are two possibilities. Firstly, it's because you're of a Beyonder of a low level, so you're definitely not a match for that fellow Medici. You were afraid that if your disguise was too realistic, then you would incur a fatal subconscious attack and deduced that you would be better of doing so. Secondly, if you had the intention of imitating me and ended up doing an accurate imitation, then I might be able to use the ripples generated by fate to detect the incident. Since I didn't notice it, it must mean that the monocle was worn on the wrong spot.

"Make a guess. Which possibility is it?"

…I will choose the most dangerous possibility, regardless of whether it's true or not… This way, I will be even more careful and cautious in the future when it comes to matters like this… Of course, there must be a future first… Since Amon didn't show any signs of viciousness or oppression. Klein had unknowingly let down his guard and felt that Amon was an easy-going King of Angels. But now, he suddenly snapped to attention as he came to a realization that this was a trait of a master swindler!

"The second possibility." Klein gave his answer.

Amon didn't say if he was right. "He" reached the bottom of the stairs and came to the lowest level of the cloister. He stopped in front of a black wooden door covered in strange patterns.

"I've been here before. Once this door is fully opened, the power inside will shatter the dream world in its entirety," Klein said as he attempted to extract more historical secrets from Amon.

Amon reached out for the handle, his thin face impassive as he said, "This is my father's final dream. The corresponding location is where 'He' perished."

…The ruins of the battle of gods was where Rose Redemption attacked the ancient sun god, the source of the Cataclysm? When Klein heard that, he tensed up as his thoughts raced.

With regards to this answer, after understanding the formation of Rose Redemption, he had a corresponding theory regarding the various abnormalities in the ruins of the battle of gods. He wasn't too shocked now, and the Scholar of Yore potion had even been digested to a certain degree.

Immediately following that, he let out an indescribable sigh.

This was the closest he had gotten to the ancient sun god.

Previously, when he saw it through dream divination, they were separated by a distant stretch of both space and time.

The ancient sun god and Emperor Roselle were the protagonists of an era, but in the end, they ended up miserable. The ending was tragic… Roselle still has the means of being revived. I wonder if this former "Creator" had any similar setups… Dark Angel Sasrir? The True Creator? Amidst his thoughts, Amon opened the black wooden door covered in strange patterns.

There was a sea inside, and the blinding sunlight shot straight at it. There seemed to be a rich gold color hidden in the waves.

Klein didn't understand what the thick gold represented previously, but now, he had a preliminary idea.

It was the blood of the ancient sun god!

Before "He" died, "He" was affected by the power of the "Evernight" and fell into a dream. He dreamed of his body being torn apart, staining the sea with blood.

Clang!

As the black wooden door opened, an unimaginable aura emanated out, causing the entire cloister to violently shake, as though it had encountered an earthquake that could destroy this world.

Amidst the dust and collapsed stone bricks, the two of them entered the golden sea through the wooden door.

Following that, he felt his Spirit Body melt as his psyche evaporated. In seconds, he would become fertilizer for the dream.

At this moment, bright and pure white light shone out from Amon's crystal monocle, instantly shattering the dream world.

"He" returned the "day" he had stolen to the ruins of the battle of the gods, allowing the place to turn from night to day!

At the same time, "His" and Klein's figures turned somewhat transparent. Then, they appeared in midair above a sea that was dyed golden.

The temperature here was higher than what Klein imagined, but it wasn't as dangerous as the dream.

Or rather, the sea in the core region of the ruins of the battle of the gods was separated into safety zones due to various clashes of divine power. As long as one didn't blindly explore the area, then there wouldn't be too much of a problem.

In the next second, Amon's monocle drew in all the light from "His" surroundings, making himself appear extremely bright.

"Day" was stolen and "night" had fallen once again. After the two landed on an island in a safe zone, they once again entered the dream world.

This time, they appeared outside the black wooden door covered with strange patterns.

Amon adjusted "His" monocle, which "He" wore on "His" right eye, and pulled it with "His" left hand, "stealing" the distance between the entrance and the cloister.

Both of them took a step forward at the same time, leaving the cloister and arriving at the edge of the cliff. Opposite them was the projection of the Giant King's Court that was frozen in the dusk.

Klein originally thought that Amon would follow procedure and chant the corresponding honorific name, but to his surprise, "He" only raised "His" right hand and snapped "His" fingers.

The clouds that separated the two mountains instantly boiled as they parted to the left and right, revealing an invisible dark rift at the bottom.

The projection of the Giant King's Court on the opposite side suddenly sucked all the rays of light from the sunset over, letting them surge forward and fill up the deep crack.

Hence, in between the two mountains, an orange-red light road appeared in the clouds.

"Let's go." Amon gave a low laugh as "He" leaped down the cliff. With the fluttering of "His" clothes, "He" landed on the passage formed by dusk.

Unable to resist, Klein could only follow and jump down the cliff.

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CHAPTER 1154
I'LL GIVE YOU A CHANCE

The path that was formed by dusk didn’t seem to contain anything, but after Amon and Klein landed one after another, they didn’t continue falling, as though they were walking on the ground.

This time, Amon didn’t "steal" the distance. Instead, "He" "brought" Klein along as they approached the majestic projection of the Giant King’s Court. From time to time, "He" would observe and admire the beautiful scenery.

Walking above the sea of clouds, they walked along a sunset bridge with the legendary palace in the distance. It was supposed to be a joyful and refreshing matter, but Klein felt as though he was walking into the Abyss, doing so one step at a time. The more he struggled, the deeper he fell.

Once he entered the Forsaken Land of the Gods, many things that he relied on would be useless.

Before long, Amon and Klein arrived at the projection of the Giant King’s Court and stood in front of the tallest building.

On one side of the building was a steeple, and on the other side was a spire. The main door was far more than ten meters tall, with it being mainly a grayish-blue color. It was covered with symbols, labels, and patterns. It was where the Giant King lived, the place where Dark Angel Sasrir slept.

Klein glanced at the pitch-black hole to the left of the door, roughly determining that the door in the dream didn’t need a key to open. Otherwise, the True Creator’s believers wouldn’t have been able to pass

through. After all, the actual key back then was in Vice Admiral Iceberg’s collection room.

"Next, we’ll be able to enter the Forsaken Land of the Gods once the door is opened. However, we’ll definitely attract the attention of others by doing so." Amon chortled and took a few steps diagonally to the edge of the door. "We won’t open the door, but instead directly head over."

As "He" spoke, the Angel of Time raised "His" hand to adjust "His" monocle.

A dark blue color appeared in the corner of the grayish-blue door. It was an illusory door without any sense of being corporeal.

"The ‘Door Opening’ power of an Apprentice is a very low-level ability, but it’s perfect when used here." Amon lowered "His" right hand and introduced in satisfaction.

Taking two steps, "He" passed through the illusory door.

Hmm, there are no useless Beyonder powers, only useless Beyonders… If I directly push the door open, I’ll draw the attention of others… But from who? The True Creator? "His" holy residence, "His" divine kingdom should be somewhere in the Forsaken Land of the Gods… If I can lure "Him" over and let "Him" clash with Amon, I might be able to find a chance to escape… Without any ability to control himself, Klein followed behind Amon without leaving much of a gap, stepping into the blurry dark blue door.

The moment he stepped through, he felt the world spin around him. Even his spirituality seemed to be tom apart.

After the abnormality disappeared and his condition was restored, he realized that he was on a beach that was soaked in the glow of the sunset.

The sand and stones here were all black in color. Deep blue waves surged over from afar as they crashed into the coast, one wave after another, but they didn’t produce any sounds like they should have.

They were quiet, like a grand illusion.

This sea is an illusion… Coming in would probably result in one appearing here, but it’s not necessarily the case for leaving… According to the principle of reciprocity, if one wants to leave, they can only open the residence of the Giant King, where Dark Angel Sasrir is in deep sleep? With a sudden realization, Klein turned his head and looked in another direction. It was a mountain bathed in dusk. On it were countless palaces, towers, and many majestic city walls.

This was the legendary Giant King’s Court.

Even if the City of Silver could find a path that leads to the beach, it would be meaningless… From the corner of his eye, he saw that Amon had changed his image.

"He" wore a black classical robe and a pointed hat of the same color. He changed from being a gentleman from the present era to an ancient mage that originated from the Fourth or even the Third Epoch.

With a thought, Klein continued looking at the Giant King’s Court which wasn’t too far away. He casually said, "Dark Angel Sasrir is sleeping in the palace of the Giant King."

Amon stood to his side as "He" looked in the same direction and said without any change in expression, "I know.

"I’ve entered the Giant King’s Court and even visited the graves of Aurmir’s parents."

As expected… One of Klein’s guesses was finally confirmed.

He deliberated and said, "What answers you searching for1?"

"You can make a guess." Amon continued looking at the Giant King’s Court and laughed.

If I had any idea, I wouldn’t need to ask you… After thinking for a few seconds, he said, "Some secrets of the First Epoch?"

You can say that," Amon replied without much concern.

Klein hesitated for a moment before saying, "Aren’t you curious about Dark Angel Sasrir’s condition?"

"I am." Amon didn’t change the direction of "His" gaze as "He" said with a smile, "But compared to me, there are still many people who are more interested in that: my zealous brother, The Hanged Man, the Dragon of Betrayal, as well as Evernight, Storm, and White. I want to see who’s the first one who isn’t able to hold back. Heh heh, if I can steal everything of importance inside at the critical moment, ‘Their’ expressions will definitely be very interesting."

This thought… The reason for stirring up such a huge matter was purely to cause trouble, to gain some excitement? Klein frowned slightly and realized that Amon’s values were different from that of humans.

This is a natural Mythical Creature… Completely different from humans… Eh, why can I frown on my own… Just as he came to a realization, he sensed that something was missing in his body.

He subconsciously turned his head to look at Blasphemer Amon.

There was a semi-translucent Worm of Time with twelve rings in Amon’s hand. "He" smiled as "He" looked into Klein’s eyes and said with some anticipation, "Since we’ve already arrived at the Forsaken Land of the Gods, there’s no need to worry about external interference. I’ll give you a chance.

"Before I reach my true destination, I will no longer "Parasitize" you. You can use every method that you can think of to escape, and I will try my best to stop you.

"Good luck. Don’t disappoint me."

For a moment, Klein couldn’t believe what Amon had just said. He suspected that Amon was bluffing him.Read more chapter on vipnovel

But when he thought of Amon’s behavior all this while, he felt that it was something that was in line with "His" character.

"Alright." As his thoughts raced, he took a deep breath and solemnly replied under the orange glow of the sunset.

Backlund, Parliament House.

Due to King George Ill’s sudden self-destruction, none of the nobles and Members of Parliament were allowed to return to their respective homes. Instead, they were gathered here to receive heavy protection from the three Churches and the military.

Dressed in a pure black dress, Audrey stood behind the railing on the second floor and quietly looked down.

As the matter had happened too suddenly and lacked any prior warning, she still found it surreal despite receiving some indication from The World Gehrman Sparrow.

She seemed to have transcended reality and was watching a performance.

Her father, brother, and the other nobles and Members of Parliament were gathered in cliques as they occupied different small rooms. From time to time, one would walk out of the small room, bringing with them the stench of smoke and their gentlemanly attire as they rushed to another discussion circle.

The ladies and madams sat in the lounge. Most of them had yet to return to their senses as their eyes were dazed and their bodies trembling.

The parliamentary staff and the military's middle and low-ranking officers were running about everywhere, transmitting information from different places.

A soldier dressed in a red shirt and white pants walked in from the outside and handed a stack of paper to the officer in charge of the hall. The officer glanced at it and immediately called for his assistant. He pointed at the small room where Earl Hall and the rest were in. Without asking anything, the adjutant took the documents and ran towards his destination.

All of this happened in a very quiet environment. Only the sound of footsteps and faint whispers echoed in the air. It was as if it was a huge oil painting drawn on the canvas of the real world. The gorgeous decorations, dark colors, dim lights, and the expressions on everyone's faces created an extremely heavy atmosphere.

Audrey pursed her lips slightly and looked at it for a while. Her mood was still at a nadir, and she only managed to maintain her calm by relying on Placate.

Why would Mr. World deal with the king…

The death of the King will definitely bring deep hatred…

It doesn't matter what Sequence the King is, because he has never shown it. This doesn't affect the overall strength of the kingdom, but this incident is enough to explain one thing: The three Churches, royal family, and military have fractured apart. The internal strife is quite serious…

The situation with Loen will be very dangerous. Its enemies will definitely not let this opportunity go… As her thoughts raced, she saw a man in a black coat rush into Parliament House.

He suppressed his voice and started talking to the officer in charge of the lobby.

As an experienced Spectator who could observe the subtle expressions and body language, reading lips was undoubtedly Audrey’s strength. As she watched, she interpreted the corresponding content:

Intis has used the excuse of conflict in the borders of the Homacis mountain range to gather a large number of troops there.

Audrey bit her lip lightly as that familiar feeling of not belonging there arose again. It was as if she had seen a novel’s description play out in the real world.

The grayness of the sky seemed to grow thicker. No one spoke in the house where the Morettis lived.

Benson stood behind the oriel window with a solemn expression as he looked at the people rushing down the streets.

It was unknown what he was thinking.

Melissa sat on the sofa beside the coffee table. She lowered her head and looked at the crude machinery she made. It was as if she had become a statue.

"Sigh, the situation has become even more chaotic." Benson exhaled as he touched his hairline. He turned his head back and forced a smile. "Regardless, Backlund is definitely safer than most places."

Melissa didn’t raise her head. Instead, she said with an ethereal voice, "Klein found a good job, and our lives gradually improved. In the end, an accident took him away…

"We moved out of Tingen, and you got a job as a civil servant. I entered university and started on the correct path. In the end, war broke out…

"It wasn’t easy for us to get used to this environment. We were praying that the war would end early. In the end, the king was blown to pieces…”

Having said that, Melissa slowly lifted her head and looked at her brother with a confused expression.

"Benson, is it that difficult to obtain and maintain a better life than what we had before?"

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CHAPTER 1155
WALKING IN THE DARK

Backlund, East Borough.

Fors, who had just returned from the land of ice and snow, was wrapped in thick layers of clothing. She looked at the burning charcoal stove in front of her as if she had fallen into a terrible environment again. She couldn’t help but shiver a few times.

"George III is already dead. The things that happened before will definitely come to an end. Perhaps we can move out of this place and head to North Borough or Hillston Borough.

"The houses there have fireplaces!"

Xio sat on a chair opposite her and similarly stared at the warm furnace. She replied with a slightly confused expression, "Let’s wait another week or two.

"To be honest, I still can’t believe that George III was killed so easily… I didn’t have time to do anything."

This bounty hunter, who had become a Judge, sounded disappointed, confused, and puzzled. It felt as though she had lost her motivation in life.

Fors temporarily forgot about the damage caused by the cold as she consoled her, "I don’t think that this was done by Gehrman Sparrow. It was done by those people who used Shermane. They were the only ones investigating the secret motives of George III. Your actions have

contributed to his death to a certain degree. It’s as if you had exacted your revenge in an indirect manner.

"Eh… There shouldn’t be any more surveillance or suppressive measures placed against your family. You can try to start a new life. If you have the chance, you might be able to use proper channels to make an appeal for your father."

Upon hearing the last few sentences, Xio raised her head.

"Yes, the situation is getting more and more chaotic now. I’m worried that they’ll be affected by the war.

"Fors, do you think it’s safer to be in Backlund, or in an ordinary city that isn’t near the borders?"

Fors thought for a few seconds and shook her head calmly.

"I don’t know."

She added, "I plan to ask Mr. World. He must have a better grasp of the overall situation. Do you still remember? He warned us beforehand that something would happen around George III, and to avoid approaching him."

In addition, Fors also wanted to ask where the next stop of her "travels" would be so that she could make preparations early.

"Yes!" Xio nodded instinctively.

Fors flipped through the newspapers she supported with her knees, and she drank the coffee she had left. Then, she slowly got up and entered the room inside. She prayed to Mr. Fool in a low voice, asking "Him" to pass her questions to The World Gehrman Sparrow.

…

In the Forsaken Land of the Gods, near the Giant King’s Court.

Without being "Parasitized" at a deeper level, Klein followed Amon to the foot of the mountain. In the frozen dusk, they circled to the front of the mythical land.

Although Amon had given him a chance to escape, he wasn’t in a hurry to do so. This was because he knew very well that Amon had the strength and level of at least a Sequence 2. "He" was an angel in the truest sense of the word, an entity he couldn’t fight head-on. Besides, a Marauder was known as an "Error," a loophole, a bug. Its powers were very strange, making it impossible to guard against. Klein believed that whatever normal means he could come up with to save himself would be ineffective.

I can only stay patient and wait for an opportunity that can be used… During this process, I have to keep making attempts to observe Amon’s response… Yes, I still have to take note of a problem: I can’t believe anything Amon says. "He" has already retrieved the Worm of Time and removed my parasitized state. At least, in terms of my condition, "He" isn’t lying, but this might not be the whole truth. I can’t rule out the possibility that "He" has left a Worm of Time lurking in my body. "He" might take control of my body at a critical moment… As these thoughts surfaced in Klein’s mind, he "chatted" with Amon, asking about Dark Angel Sasrir. However, he saw that nearby, in the distance, the dusk was fading away as darkness blanketed the area. Lightning bolts that snarled from time to time lit up half the sky.

They had arrived at the boundary of the Giant King’s Court and were about to leave the mythical kingdom.

Once I’m in the darkness, I’ll either evaporate into thin air or encounter a sudden terrifying monster attack… With a thought, Klein pretended not to know anything as he continued proceeding forward. He went from the orange dusk and into the deep darkness.

At this moment, Amon, in his black classic robe and pointed hat, accompanied with a monocle, reached out "His" hand and pulled back a lantern covered in thin animal hide.

Inside the lantern, a candle made of some unknown oil emitted a faint yellow light and a slightly pungent smell.

"Carry it." Amon threw the lantern at Klein.

"…” Klein caught the lantern and fell silent.

A few seconds later, he probed, "Where did you get this from?"

At that moment, Klein imagined that Amon had summoned a projection from the Historical Void.

Amon pinched the crystal monocle and said with a smile, "I stole it from the human camp up ahead. Oh, that’s the City of Silver’s Afternoon Town camp."

It was stolen… Klein’s eyelids twitched. He didn’t ask further as he carried the lantern into the endless darkness.

The dim yellow light was like an invisible defensive barrier as it quickly spread out, creating a warm zone in the dark night.

At this moment, the lightning in the sky kept flashing. The gap between them was rather long, and there was almost no thunder. It occasionally boomed.

According to the general knowledge he had learned from Little Sun, this was nighttime in the Forsaken Land of the Gods. It was the most dangerous period.

As he proceeded forward, he first used the Faceless powers which had undergone a qualitative change. Together with Creeping Hunger, he

adjusted his eye structure to adapt to this special environment. Following that, he used his spiritual perception to survey his surroundings.

He felt that, in the darkness, there were many eyes staring at him, with creatures of indescribable shapes hidden. However, every time the lightning lit up and shone brightly, there was nothing.

He wasn't worried at all about the serious backlash from using Creeping Hunger while not feeding it. From his point of view, there were only two outcomes. One was that Creeping Hunger attempted to devour him, but had its thoughts stolen away by Amon. The second was that Creeping Hunger successfully devoured him, the wearer, allowing him to be resurrected; thus, escaping from his current predicament. The latter was something he was looking forward to, while the former didn't offer any losses, other than leaving Creeping Hunger somewhat perplexed.

After proceeding forward for a while, he saw the City of Silver's Afternoon Town camp that was built using an abandoned building.

Beyond those boulders and walls that were formed by stone pillars, the bonfire quietly burned and illuminated most of the areas inside, making them completely different from the outside world.

The members of the City of Silver's exploration team were either patrolling or watching the area under the light's illumination to prevent any accidents.

One of them was a Dawn Paladin who was nearly 2.3 meters tall. He was standing at the top of a stronghold and looking into the distance, wary of the monsters hidden in the darkness.

Suddenly, he saw a faint yellow flame coming from afar in the darkness.

This… This Dawn Paladin's pupils dilated as his heart raced.

Apart from newborns and children who had yet to receive education, everyone in the City of Silver knew that this land had been forsaken by

God. No one else would use fire in the darkness to create light. Even monsters who were good at controlling flames would be hidden in a dark environment before they attacked. As for the other humans, all the cities that the City of Silver had discovered to date had already been destroyed and turned to ruins. There were no survivors. The only outsider they had seen to date was the strange little boy, Jack.

And at that moment, a flame appeared in the depths of the darkness, one that was constantly moving!

What does this mean? The Dawn Paladin who was standing in the stronghold couldn't think of anything at that moment. He could only feel his body trembling slightly.

The dim yellow light slowly approached from afar. It passed by the campsite and headed beyond Afternoon Town. Vaguely, the Dawn Knight saw two silhouettes that belonged to humans. They walked deep into the darkness, and their silhouettes were strangely illuminated by the light.

Holding what looked like a lantern, they slowly left the camp and disappeared into the endless darkness.

At some point in time, the Dawn Paladin was already holding his breath until the faint yellow light was completely gone.

There are other humans? No, they can't be humans! The Dawn Paladin's eyes narrowed as he carefully turned around to inform the Elder of the six-member council presiding over this camp.

At this moment, he discovered that one of the lanterns hanging on a stone pillar was missing.

This Dawn Paladin's body stiffened as cold sweat broke out on his forehead.

…

As he walked away from Afternoon Town, Klein endured the stares of numerous pairs of eyes in the depths of the darkness. He secretly made use of the powers of a Scholar of Yore, as well as his connection with Sefirah Castle, to sense the grayish-white fog that was interwoven through history.

He had succeeded.

This proved that the Forsaken Land of the Gods wasn’t isolated from Sefirah Castle.

The holy residence of the True Creator, or even the divine kingdom, is located in this piece of land… If I were to trigger Sefirah Castle and create an anomaly, would it cause "Him" to cast "His" gaze over and clash with Amon…”He" is a true god. I don’t have extravagant hopes in escaping in the chaos, but I can seize the opportunity to commit suicide when "He" is dealing with Amon… With a thought, Klein wanted to make Sefirah Castle quake slightly.

In the next second, this thought disappeared.

The corners of Amon’s mouth curled up slightly as he walked beside him.

"The Hanged Man has no interest in Sefirah Castle. Of course, ‘His’ rationality might not be constant."

Klein didn’t have extravagant hopes that his impulsive thought could truly succeed. He mainly wanted to test Amon’s reaction and see what "His" response was. At that moment, he didn’t feel depressed, nor did he hide his curiosity in asking a question, "The Hanged Man is referring to the Sequence 0 of the Shepherd pathway?"

Amon nodded slightly and said, "That’s right. This symbolizes degeneration. Of course, if you want to explain it in a positive light, that is sacrifice and responsibility."

Klein thought for a moment before probing, "I thought this was a nickname you came up with."

Just like Medici.

Based on what he knew, the True Creator was born because of Rose Redemption. It was very likely related to the death of the ancient sun god. Therefore, he wanted to know what kind of attitude Amon had towards this evil god, and whether it was the same as "His" brother.

Amon nudged his monocle and chuckled.

"I’ve always respected the gods."

To have a Blasphemer say this sounds really contradictory… Helpless, Klein put a stop to the topic.

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CHAPTER 1156
THINKING

Most of the areas in the Forsaken Land of the Gods didn’t have paths that one would consider normal, but it wasn’t that difficult to walk through them. This was because large swaths of the land were barren. Everything was mostly black in color.

On the moors, there were occasional sightings of plants that stubbornly grew. They were of a variety of strange shapes and distorted sizes. Klein had no way to tell what they originally were.

Around them, in the areas that the lantern couldn’t illuminate, the darkness seemed to have a life of its own. It seemed to move silently, as though it wanted to devour everything that they could blanket.

As a Scholar of Yore, Klein just needed one glance from the corner of his eye to see the Spirit Body Threads extending out from the darkness around him. They were illusory, dense, and countless. This meant that there were many monsters lurking in the darkness.

These monsters were extremely silent. They stared at Amon, who was dressed as an ancient mage, as well as Klein, who looked like a present-day gentleman. Under the dim yellow light, they walked through the wilderness.

With his eyes fixed ahead, Klein casually held the animal hide lantern in his hand, not worried about when it would be extinguished.

Just as the two of them were about to leave this barren wilderness and enter a hilly region, a deformed monster of mangled flesh with two heads and five arms suddenly trembled in the darkness behind them.

It had become Klein’s marionette.

Controlling Spirit Body Threads was silent to begin with, and it wasn’t more than 500 meters away.

In the next second, the monster collapsed silently, losing its life.

Walking to Klein’s left, Amon, who was wearing a pointed hat, smiled. "He" raised "His" right arm and opened "His" palm, revealing something.

It was a transparent maggot with three-dimensional patterns.

A Worm of Spirit!

This was stolen from the marionette, along with the Spirit Body Threads.

Without waiting for Klein to speak, Amon easily crushed the transparent maggot with "His" fingers.

Klein immediately felt a pain that came from deep within his soul. His head felt like it was about to split open.

Thankfully, he had gotten used to this feeling from him repeated creating Yesterday Once More charms and Control Spirit Bullets. He only grimaced without losing his composure.

Amon maintained "His" smile and threw down "His" palm.

"You’re too reserved. You can be more daring."

Having recovered from the pain, Klein raised his hand to rub his temples, feeling exhausted. Every Worm of Spirit was calling for him to rest.

As he was being chased by Zaratul, the spirituality that he borrowed from his past self had been mostly expended. There was still the continuous

"Traveling" after that. By using Angel’s Embrace to remove traces, he was already nearing his limit.

After he returned to a safe zone, he had planned on going above the gray fog to check on his surroundings before entering a deep sleep and replenish his energy. Alas, he ended up suffering an ambush from Amon, which resulted in him being parasitized. He had been tormented all the way to the Forsaken Land of the Gods. If he wasn’t in a perilous situation, he might’ve fainted or showed signs of losing control.

"I need to rest now," Klein put down his right hand and said frankly.

He believed that Amon would satisfy his request, because the more he failed at escaping despite trying his best, the more he could satisfy this God of Mischief’s desire for entertainment.

"Alright." The monocled Amon’s face turned slightly as "He" said while facing the hillside, "There’s a resting place there. We’ll arrive soon. Of course, I don’t mind if you want to camp out in the wilderness. I just feel that you humans might prefer a place that gives you a sense of security."

"Let’s go there." Klein originally wanted to directly control the flame of the lantern to complete a Flaming Jump, but his drained spirituality stopped him. He could only follow Amon and rely on his feet to move forward.

Along the way, with a mind of asking more questions, he said to Amon, "Why don’t you ‘steal’ the distance to immediately arrive at our destination?"

Amon turned "His" head and glanced at Klein with "His" monocled right eye. The corners of "His" lips curled up slightly.

"I’m not the one who wants to rest."

"…” Klein shut his mouth and quietly walked forward.

After about ten bolts of lightning flashes, Amon raised "His" hand and pointed diagonally ahead.

"We’re here."

In the shadow of a hill less than a hundred meters away, there were a few buildings that looked like half-steeples. More than ten giant stone pillars protruded out from the ground, reaching only the height of Klein’s knees. A few strands of wild grass grew out from the crevices, their blade-like tips were dark red like blood.

"There used to be people living here?" Klein rubbed his temples and asked.

Nudging the monocle with "His" right index finger’s second joint, Amon smiled and said, "This place used to be a very large city. When the Cataclysm happened, the land cracked open and devoured the entire city, leaving behind only these structures to prove that it once existed."

The destruction of civilization… This thought suddenly popped up in Klein’s mind. He sped up his pace and arrived at the destination where there was strange wild grass.

After entering a half-collapsed building, Klein instinctively looked around and observed the place.

The grayish-white stone walls that had cracked open had murals that had been washed away by thousands of years. They were already indiscernible, and he could tell that the people in the city believed that entering Heaven after death was an honor.

After regulating his breathing, Klein threw away the animal hide lantern in his hand. Leaning against a thick stone pillar, he barely managed to imagine layers of spherical lights.

He didn’t care about the dangers of sleeping in such an environment.

Let the danger come strike harder! Before he fell asleep, Klein shouted in his heart.

The black-robed Amon glanced at him before casually sitting down beside him and snapping "His" fingers.

The candle that was about to burn out in the lantern stopped melting, but the dim yellow light continued to spread.

Despite only having fuel to last a few more minutes, it seemed to be able to last another few hours or even days.

It was like an error that violated the laws of nature.

After for an unknown period of time of feeling groggy, Klein finally recovered his energy and was woken up by Miss Magician’s prayers.

He was temporarily unable to respond to this. He closed his eyes and pretended that he was still dreaming.

Without being "Parasitized" at a deeper level, I don’t think Amon can monitor my thoughts. "He" can only tell if my thoughts are harmful to "Him”…With a thought, he secretly summoned the grayish-white fog.

He had borrowed a state from his past self through the Historical Void, a state that wasn’t directly meant for escaping.

That was when Hvin Rambis invaded his island of consciousness.

This attempt wasn’t stopped or stolen.

Using this state, and the fact that he was able to maintain his lucidity in dreams and the mind world regardless of any intrusions, he split a portion of his self-awareness and stayed in the spiritual sky, calmly looking down at the island.

He began to examine if there were any abnormalities in his mind and thoughts that were being parasitized.

After a series of strict comparisons, he confirmed that there was nothing wrong with his mind world.

In other words, even if there was still a Worm of Time in his body, it was still considered being parasitized at a superficial level. It was impossible to monitor his thoughts.

After finding such a "safe zone," Klein finally released his repressed thoughts and analyzed the current situation. He considered the subsequent methods for self-preservation.

Amon is a God of Mischief and also a God of Deceit. It’s impossible that "He" is playing this game purely for his entertainment… If "He" really wants to do that, "He" can definitely wait until "He" meets with "His" true body and steals my fate. "He" can attempt it after obtaining Sefirah Castle. That way, even if something unexpected happens, "His" main goal will also be achieved and "He" wouldn’t suffer any losses…

What is "His" goal behind this matter? If I can grasp the crux of the matter, I might be able to discover true freedom…

Also, after "He" recited the luck enhancement ritual incantation in Mandarin, "He" actually didn’t show any concern towards this special language, nor did "He" ask any questions. This totally doesn’t match the sense of curiosity that "He" portrays…

Uh… Did "He" deliberately use the word "Bug" to probe me… so as to see what connections I’ll make…

But "He" didn’t steal my thoughts. No, if all my ideas are disjointed from one another, I wouldn’t be able to discover that they’ve been stolen…

Klein recalled the situation back then, and he used the logical connections between his thoughts to confirm that he hadn’t had his thoughts stolen.

This made him confirm one thing:

That was, that being "Parasitized" at a deeper level, Amon could directly monitor his thoughts without stealing it!

Amon made it seem that he had to notice malintent before he took action. It was a bluff!

I knew it, this deeper level of "Parasitization" seems to be different from what Pallez described…

Based on this deduction, the thoughts that I’ve been thinking of along the way have been heard by Amon, including Earth, fellow Earthling, and child education…

How terrifying…

Thankfully, when I was plotting to destroy the advancement ritual of George III, I had imagined the perilous situation of being "Parasitized" by Amon. Half of my thoughts were my instinctive reactions, while the other half was intentionally let loose. This way, not only do I reveal my secrets, but I can also use this to gain Amon’s "trust," concealing the most important and core matters.

For now, "He" definitely knows that I plan to obtain more historical secrets from "Him" so as to quickly digest the Scholar of Yore potion. However, "He" doesn’t know that I’m not far from being able to fully digest it. I’m just a few steps short or just one opportunity away…

Did Amon deliberately remove the parasite and play such a game with me because "He" had once heard of Earth from the ancient sun god and had come into contact with some secrets? He plans on using my attempt to save myself to complete certain matters that might be inconvenient or impossible

for "Him"? If that’s the case, there will definitely be something happening next…

Yes, I have to show that I didn’t notice this and still plan on escaping like a normal person."

Once I’ve returned to my optimal state, I’ll make my first "attempt"! After a while, Klein opened his eyes.

The pointed hat-wearing Amon sat beside him and smiled at him.

"Have you decided? When are you going to take action?"

"He" acted as if "He" was Klein’s partner and not the target from which Klein was trying to escape from.

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CHAPTER 1157
POISE

Klein pressed down on the grayish-white wall and slowly sat up straight. He smiled and shook his head.

“Before I fill my stomach, my brain refuses to work.”

He was speaking the truth, and also a lie. This was because, before becoming a complete Mythical Creature, a saint would still be hungry and thirsty. But to a Sequence 3 demigod, not eating or drinking for half a month wasn’t a problem. As for a whole Mythical Creature, eating was only a hobby, not a necessity.

What he wanted to express was that, before he officially made attempts at escaping, he needed to be in optimal condition.

“The habit of a Magician,” Amon commented with a smile. “I’m not in charge of providing food, but you can think of a solution yourself.”

Looking at the lantern on the ground, Klein thought for a few seconds before reaching out his right hand into the air.

A not-so-tall coffee table immediately appeared in front of him. It was an item from the residence belonging to Dwayne Dantes.

Under the dim yellow light, Klein reached out once again to summon a beautifully packaged box from the Historical Void.

Inside the box was a set of cutlery, including a knife, fork, and cup.

The reason why he chose this item was because he couldn’t form a set of cutlery by individually summoning them. He could only maintain three images from the Historical Void at the same time.

After setting up the cutlery in a leisure manner, Klein politely turned his head to the side and nodded at the pointed hat-wearing Amon. Following that, he summoned a medium-well done steak covered in black pepper sauce.

It landed on the porcelain plate, emitting some steam. With him slicing the steak with the knife, he revealed the remaining edge of the pink protein.

Klein forked a piece of beef and stuffed it into his mouth. He felt that the texture was real and the texture was succulent. It wasn’t fake at all as it really calmed the anxiety of his stomach.

“For fifteen minutes, not only will I not feel hungry, but I will also receive ‘real’ provisions.” After swallowing the piece of beef, Klein smiled and introduced it to Amon like a hospitable host, and not a pitiful Beyonder who had been kidnapped.

Amon pressed against the crystal monocle and nodded with a smile.

“I’ve tried it. It’s not bad.

“Your ability to adapt is really quick. Are you really not considering being my Blessed?”

After cutting another chunk of beef, Klein forked it up and replied as though he was chatting with a friend:

“Kill me.”

At that moment, the relative frequent lightning and endless darkness ruled the land. Wherever the light from the surroundings couldn’t shine on, eyes

were staring at the area with zero emotion. The twisted, dark-red grass gently swayed in the occasional breeze.

In the half-collapsed building, the dim yellow light painted the artistic coffee table and the exquisite cutlery with warm colors. The aroma of the steak wafted in the air, not showing any contrast with the outside world that was continuously connected to it.

Under the gaze of the terrifying monsters in the depths of the darkness, Klein enjoyed a sumptuous meal in a refined and poised manner in the desolate land that was soaked in extreme terror.

After finishing his steak, he summoned a small glass of iced wine from Maygur Manor and drank it in one gulp.

Following that, cream soup, pan-fried cod, tender lamb stew with peas, baked potato skins, and all sorts of grape wines were summoned one after another before entering Klein’s stomach.

During this process, the steak that was the first to be eaten had already been maintained for a long period of time. It had vanished into thin air, but Klein’s stomach and body were numbed by the subsequent food and he was oblivious to it.

Of course, the coffee table and food were replenished. Otherwise, they wouldn’t have lasted to the end of his meal.

At the end of the meal, Klein continued reaching out his hand, pulling out a cup from the void. Inside was a ball of vanilla ice-cream.

He then used the spoon to scoop the ice-cream into his mouth, feeling it melt with its delicious sweetness.

After the ball was finished, he still wasn’t satisfied as he summoned another ball of ice-cream from the Historical Void. As such, he ate five different flavors of ice-cream in a consecutive fashion.

When Klein reached out his hand for the sixth time, Amon, who was sitting on his side, suddenly laughed.

Your fate has had an abnormal change. You're lucky enough.

"Is this your preparation?"

Klein's right hand immediately froze in midair. His pupils seemed to dilate to a certain extent.

Almost at the same time, in the darkness around them, where the lanterns couldn't shine, strange creatures twitched and instantly became Klein's marionette.

This time, Klein sent out a hundred Worms of Spirit in one go, hoping that one of them would be lucky enough to avoid Amon's theft.

Right on the heels of that, behind the coffee table, a figure wearing a black coat and no hat was replaced with a disgusting vampire covered in pus.

The artistic coffee table and exquisite cutlery shattered like glass that had been smashed to the ground. Countless cracks appeared and shattered.

They quickly returned to the Historical Void, just in case it affected Klein's subsequent summoning attempts.

In the next second, the one hundred marionettes, along with the Klein, who had hidden somewhere, reached out to grab at the void. He attempted to avoid Amon's interference with quantity.

At that moment, they were all Scholars of Yore.

This was the ability of Bizarro Sorcerers, the source of the qualitative change of a Seer.

Of course, the chances of success of each marionette summoning was independent, so there was no influence each had with the other.

At that moment, the projection that Klein was summoning was the projection of Reinette Tinekerr who had recovered to “Her” peak state in the Tudor Ruins. Due to the contract and charms, “She” was the easiest angel projection he could summon from the Historical Void!

Amon was still sitting leisurely in “His” spot. “His” monocle emitted a faint glow as “He” watched the 101 Kleins summon at the same time.

With his right hands reaching out in an orderly manner before being retracted, none of his hundred marionettes succeeded. He didn’t drag Reinette Tinekerr out of the void.

At that moment, Amon raised “His” right hand and also grabbed ahead of “Him.”

“His” arm sank slightly, and “He” casually pulled it back. Outside the half-collapsed building, a huge cloth doll that was as huge as a castle appeared. It was wearing a dark and complicated long dress, bound by vines.

Ancient Bane Reinette Tinekerr!

Amon had stolen the historical image that was summoned by Klein!

Reinette Tinekerr’s red eyes immediately reflected the figures of Klein’s hundred marionettes.

Without a sound, the marionettes, that were either disguised with Klein’s appearance or in the state of a monster, emitted a faint glow, turning into homed mountain goats, white rabbits, and other different animals.

Transformation Curse!

Klein’s actual body had long disappeared. Then, he walked out of the flames that rose up from the animal hide lantern. He looked at the various animals that might be considered his and suddenly sat down and chuckled.

Taking a stroll after a meal effectively improves one’s health.”

He didn’t mention anything about his attempt to escape, as if nothing had happened.

Amon maintained “His” relaxed posture and nodded cooperatively.

“I’ve read quite a number of books written by humans. There are indeed such opinions among them.”

With that said, “He” raised “His” hand and pointed at the projection of Reinette Tinekerr.

“This is your messenger?”

This was something that could be easily confirmed, so Klein didn’t hide it. He tersely acknowledged and nodded.

“What a pity.” Amon sized up Reinette Tinekerr’s projection and shook his head with a tsk.

As he felt the food in his stomach disappear, Klein asked, “What’s the matter?”

“I should bring you to Backlund to wait for a few more days. That way, I can wait for your messenger to deliver a letter to you. Then, ‘She’ will become my messenger.” Amon nudged “His” monocle on “His” right eye and said with a smile, “Snatching an angel messenger. That will be very challenging and fun, isn’t it? Life needs some fun, excitement, and anticipation.”

“I share the same thoughts,” Klein replied sincerely.

“What a pity.” The hatted Amon shook “His” head again. “Evemight is someone I need to be careful about. If we stayed there any longer, even I wouldn’t have any idea what would happen.”

As he spoke, this Angel of Time dispelled the Historical Void projection of Reinette Tinekerr, allowing “Her” to vanish in front of Klein.

You seem to be very wary of the Goddess?” Klein pretended to be a devout believer of the Evernight Goddess.

Of course, he didn’t need to don a disguise. He was still a Blessed of Evernight.

Amon’s gaze shifted to the lantern inside the half-collapsed building and looked at the dim yellow light.

“I’m unable to steal things that I’m curious about from a concealed state. I can’t decipher what other arrangements ‘She’ might have and what’ the key thing to take note of are.”

To a King of Angels of the Marauder pathway, there was sufficient reason to be apprehensive.

Taking advantage of the opportunity while Amon was answering his question, Klein suddenly recited the honorific name of the Evernight Goddess in Jotun:

You are the Evemight Goddess who stands higher than the cosmos and more eternal than eternity…”

Just as he said that, his thoughts were lost. If he hadn’t had such plans previously, he wouldn’t have known that he had made such an attempt.

Amon turned to look at him and said with a smile, “Are you trying to sound me out, believing that I’ll also repeat your words after stealing your thoughts and words?

“At Sequence 4 Parasite, one is able to control the stolen items and make them appear at a suitable time.”

“Is that so…” Klein nodded gently. “Thank you.”

As he spoke, Klein quickly summarized his experience and lessons of his escape attempt.

Because the existence of the contract and their subordinative relationship, summoning Miss Messenger is the easiest amongst all the angels I know.

Summoning the ice-cream from the past Will can establish a subtle connection with “He” who represents fate, and allow me to be blessed with luck. Yes, every ball of ice-cream represents a portion of my luck… I originally planned on summoning ice-cream as a cover to secretly summon the Snake of Fate.

In the future, the summoning had to be done with a certain degree of interference. Otherwise, Amon would be able to directly steal the Historical Void image I summon. It would only be giving “Him” a helper after going through so much effort…

Just as his thoughts raced, Amon pointed at the bunch of animals that had been cursed by the Transformation Curse, and he said with a slightly evil smile, “Aren’t you worried that there won’t be any suitable food in the Forsaken Land of the Gods? There it is, as long as we don’t dispel the curse, they’re real animals.”

Klein was stunned as he suddenly looked at the goats and the white rabbits.

With him willing them, the animals looked at him simultaneously.

In a sense, they were all himself. After all, they were combinations of Worms of Spirit and monsters before being hit by the curse.

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CHAPTER 1158
COMING TO TERMS

After silently staring at the rabbits and mountain goats for more than ten seconds, Klein closed his eyes and flicked his right index finger and middle finger as if he was pressing an invisible piano key.

A third of the marionette collapsed, losing the feeling of being alive.

Klein's expression immediately warped, as though he had been struck 33 times by a giant sword.

The familiar and extreme pain he felt swept through his Spirit Body, causing light-colored meat tendrils to sprout on his body. Every sprout seemed to be forming a transparent maggot.

This was the backlash from killing 33 Worms of Spirit.

After taking nearly fifteen minutes to recover, Klein made his second attempt at letting the other third of his marionettes die.

The same pain, the same time to rest, and the same actions were repeated again. Finally, he completely finished off this batch of cursed marionettes.

He couldn't handle it all at once because the damage caused by the death of a hundred Worms of Spirit was enough to make him lose control. And being cursed meant that he couldn't directly solve the problem by retrieving the characteristics.

Of course, this was the standard of a Scholar of Yore who had just advanced recently; it wasn't the performance of a Scholar of Yore who was almost

done digesting the potion.

In fact, the loss of a hundred Worms of Spirit would only worsen the pain, without him showing any signs of losing control or affecting the battle. He was only acting just now, allowing his performance to match his role.

At his level, losing half the number of Worms of Spirit that he had at the same time would lead to losing control.

Once he completely digested the Scholar of Yore potion, he would be able to recover from having nearly 500 Worms of Spirit die at once. Even if he lost all the corresponding Beyonder characteristics, he wouldn't lose his status and level. He could slowly recover his strength by absorbing the Beyonder characteristics of the Seer pathway.

After completing this, the recovered Klein walked out of the half-collapsed tower-like building. He went to the darkness outside and brought back a few white rabbits and a goat.

He then realized that the darkness in the Forsaken Land of the Gods wasn't as dangerous as Little Sun had described. Most of the monsters were weak.

No, to be precise, the danger lurking in the depths of the darkness, apart from making people evaporate into thin air, nothing else can compare to the fellow beside me named Amon… Klein glanced at the thin man who was sitting near the lantern, smiling as "He" watched him busy himself. He summoned something like boiled water from the Historical Void, and he squatted down, seriously removing the fur and flesh from the white rabbits and goat.

After a series of tasks, Klein set up a bonfire. He set up a barbecue rack that came from history, and he placed a white rabbit on it. He brushed it with a full set of condiments he made himself, like basil, fennel, and salt, as he constantly turned the meat over.

At this moment, the delicacies from the Historical Void he had eaten before had long disappeared due to him no longer maintaining their existence. His body and soul were calling out for replenishment.

A tempting fragrance was gradually emanated as Amon's nose twitched slightly.

"You're really eating them?"

Without waiting for his reply, the God of Mischief continued, "They're essentially the flesh of monsters and your Worms of Spirit. Are you sure you want to eat them?"

"There's no way to undo the curse at the level of an angel. If there's no way to resist or correct it at the same level, there's no way of dispelling it. Since a thing looks like a rabbit, smells like a rabbit, and tastes like a rabbit, it's a rabbit." As Klein seriously roasted the rabbit, he gave a self-deprecating laugh. "Besides, how can I not maintain the best state if I want to escape from your grasp? For this sliver of hope, I can only challenge my psychological limits."

This is what it means to endure humiliation and suffering! Klein added inwardly.

At the same time, he sighed at the Ancient Bane's Transformation Curse.

This was many times stronger than a Sequence 3 Disciple of Silence's curse!

There's almost no limit to the amount of time it can be maintained… Clearly, an ordinary animal can use all of my Beyonder powers through the Worm of Spirit, but a deformed marionette due to a curse isn't possible… This is a curse at the angel level… Apart from putting up resistance from someone at the same level, one can use the correct method to remove it. No curse is irreversible. There are always loopholes… Heh heh, will kissing

this rabbit turn it into Gehrman Sparrow? Klein made a self-deprecating comment as he analyzed to compose himself.

After hearing his reply, the monocled Amon, nodded with a smile.

"Very good.

"This is indeed a good revelation to have."

Klein didn't respond as he resumed his barbecue.

Not long after, with the help of Flame Controlling, he finished roasting a rabbit and a goat's leg. Taking advantage of the opportunity before the condiments disappeared, he matched some sweet ice tea he summoned from the Historical Void with the food, filling his mouth with fragrance. It nourished his body and mind, allowing him to effectively relieve the pressure, despair, and indecisiveness from being "kidnapped" by Amon.

During this process, he would occasionally recall the disgusting looks of the monsters, as well as the fact that the Worms of Spirit were equivalent to himself. However, he was able to bring his feelings under control very well.

After filling his stomach and replenishing his energy, he turned the remaining ingredients next to the fire into dry rations, as though he was saving up for his subsequent plans.

Seeing him slowly but orderly making all sorts of preparations, Amon suddenly nudged his monocle and asked with a slight smile, "In actuality, you're trying to stall for time before we reach the actual destination, right?"

Klein's hands paused for a moment before he continued with his actions. He smiled and said, "Yes, I'm waiting for help.

"Guess who?"

Amon didn't answer directly as "He" said with a smile, "I'm looking forward to it."

"…" Klein continued his work until he prepared rations for three or four meals.

He thought for a moment and once again reached his hand into the void in front of Amon. He failed again and again as he kept making attempts. It was unknown what item he was trying to summon, but it seemed like he was using his actions to dare Amon into stealing it.

After watching for a few seconds, Amon smiled and shook "His" head. "He" slowly stood up and walked out the half-collapsed tower building.

Klein's right hand stopped in mid-air before he retracted it and pinched his forehead.

He muttered to himself in puzzlement, "What was I trying to do just now…"

While trying to recall, Klein stood up as well. He brought along his packed rations, picked up the animal hide lantern, and walked to the back of Amon's side.

The man and angel circled around the hill and entered a valley.

The water was sloshing in the river, but when the dim yellow light shone at it, or when the lightning in the sky lit up the area, Klein realized that there was no water in the riverbed. The sounds he had heard earlier had also disappeared.

"A river that has been transferred into a concealed state?" After some deliberation, he raised a question to Amon.

"That's right. It will only appear in darkness void of light," Amon replied with a slight nod, unfazed with the question.

"Can I drink it?" Klein pressed.

Amon smiled and said, "Sure. This was once one of the water sources of a city that had persisted for 1600 years in the darkness. As long as you can bring the water away from the riverbed, they can appear in places with light.

"Your next move is to suggest that I bring the lantern to wait by the side while you hydrate yourself in the darkness?

"And then, take this opportunity to transform into a concealed state?"

Klein smiled awkwardly.

"How could I use such a simple method?"

Hearing that, Amon laughed and stroked "His" monocle.

"Sometimes, the simplest plan is the most effective. You can give it a try."

With regards to the words of this peerless swindler, Klein couldn't believe it, nor did he dare to believe it. He was afraid that the other party was using reverse psychology with the truth.

He could only put the matter of the water aside and ask, "In the Forsaken Land of the Gods, how many human gathering points, like the City of Silver, have yet to be destroyed?"

Amon looked ahead and said without changing "His" expression, "The ones I know don't exceed ten.

"In this aspect, the City of Silver is lucky. At least, they can see and have the ability to touch the light."

This means that the City of Silver is very close to the Giant King's Court, the door leading out of the Forsaken Land of the Gods. There's no need to

risk death to reach it. As for the other cities, no matter how steadfast they are in the darkness, no matter how many exploration teams they send out, it will all be futile. There's no way to find the exit? Indeed, from this angle, the City of Silver is unfortunate, and also lucky… This is purely dependent on the reference point… Klein held the lantern as he proceeded along the bank and began coming up with his second attempt at escaping.

Amon walked beside him, occasionally providing him with ideas that seemed reliable but had unknown actual results. "He" appeared to be suffering from schizophrenia, trying "His" best to destroy "His" true body's hopes in obtaining Sefirah Castle.

…

On the other side of the Giant King's Court, in the City of Silver.

After receiving the Chief's summoning call, Derrick Berg brought the Unshadowed Crucifix to the top of the spire and entered a spacious room.

There was a mysterious and complicated altar set up here. Different items were placed in different spots—a total of six items, each of them emanating a dangerous aura.

With a glance, Derrick saw an ordinary silver flute, a mask made from a skull, and the remains of a deformed person.

"You have the Unshadowed Crucifix. You can stay here for fifteen minutes, but you can't exceed that time. Otherwise, you will suffer a sudden death." Colin Iliad wore a linen shirt and a brown coat as he exhorted Derrick.

Derrick's spiritual perception was triggered as he asked, "Your Excellency, is this because of that Twilight Mask?"

His right hand pointed at the mask made from a skull.

"Yes." Colin nodded slightly and said, "I've already prepared the remains of six powerful creatures. These were all hunted by myself, or with me as the main force."

Derrick was immediately enlightened.

"You still lack the blessings of a deity?"

Colin instantly fell silent. After nearly ten seconds, he opened his mouth and slowly said, "Yes."

After some hesitation and struggles, he finally chose The Fool.

At least those mushrooms had given the City of Silver hope.

Derrick suppressed his joy and thought back to the interactions at the Tarot Club. He raised a question in puzzlement:

"Why didn't you let those two god-level Sealed Artifacts give you their blessings?"

He remembered that subsidiary gods—or angels—could satisfy the requirements of the ritual. It wasn't the case that only a Sequence 0 true deity could provide blessings. After all, a Silver Knight was only a Sequence 3.

Colin fell silent again and hesitated for a few seconds before saying, "They won't give blessings."

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CHAPTER 1159
VALIDATION

They won’t give blessings… Derrick was a little confused by this answer, not fully comprehending it.

Back in the Afternoon Town camp, when he handed the Silver Knight potion formula to Chief Colin Iliad, the other party had praised him for making a huge contribution. He believed that the upper limit of the City of Silver was no longer that of Sequence 4, and his tone didn’t reveal the need to seek blessings from external sources.

Hence, Derrick had always believed that the Chief would be able to use the two god-level Sealed Artifacts to complete the Silver Knight’s advancement ritual. Now, it was inevitable that he was surprised.

Back then, the Chief didn’t know that the two god-level Sealed Artifacts couldn’t provide blessings, and he only realized this problem when he returned to the City of Silver? Derrick subconsciously made a guess and didn’t ask further. He nodded heavily and said, "Alright, I will try my best to help you seek blessings from a deity."

Demon Hunter Colin exhaled silently and pointed at the door.

"There’s no one in the room opposite."

Derrick turned around and passed through the corridor, entering the half-open room.

Then, he took a seat and recited softly, "The Fool that doesn’t belong to this era.

"The mysterious ruler above the gray fog.

"The King of Yellow and Black who wields good luck…”

Inside Sefirah Castle, and hidden within the gray fog, the crimson star representing The Sun rapidly expanded and contracted. It kept repeating the process, producing rings of pleas.

And not far beside it, the crimson star representing The Magician remained in the same state because of The Fool’s lack of a response. The circular rings, ripples, and tremors that the two created intertwined and became more intense.

Under the illumination of the bolts of lightning, Klein carried a leather lantern and walked into the valley. He suddenly felt that the illusory pleas in his ears became even more chaotic and louder.

However, he realized that he had heard it clearer than before. Not only could he tell that the plea came from a woman and a man, but he could also vaguely make out certain content: The woman seemed to mention "The World" and "Backlund." The man used Jotun, and the keyword seemed to be "a ritual."

Ritual, Jotun… That’s Little Sun… Uh, that Chief wishes to receive Mr. Fool’s blessings? Mr. Fool also needs some blessings right now… The woman might be Miss Magician, but I can’t rule out Miss Justice either… The corners of Klein’s mouth twitched in embarrassment. He turned his head to look at Amon in the pointed hat and monocle, and he said, "Can I pop over to Sefirah Castle to answer a prayer?"

"What do you think?" Amon was taken aback as "He" asked in amusement.

"Since you want to play such a game, why won’t you let it be more exciting?" In fact, Klein didn’t have any hope regarding his request. This was because, as long as he could return to Sefirah Castle, he could use the

power there to make the first step in escaping from his predicament. This was equivalent to getting Amon to just set him free.

The reason he mentioned this was because he wanted to use this to start the subsequent topic.

Amon nudged the crystal monocle with his knuckle and chuckled.

"As the God of Mischief, I've been alive since the Third Epoch. I believe you know what that means.

"Yes, what do you want to ask?"

…This is an accurate grasp of my state of mind and thoughts… Klein sighed and asked, "Why did you parasitize the City of Silver's exploration team back then? You even patiently stayed in the dungeon for decades."

Amon nodded and replied in a relaxed manner, "I had a premonition that the City of Silver would obtain extremely important information. Now, this prophecy has come true, right, Mr. Fool?"

…"He" did all of that just to wait for me and the Tarot Club? From the looks of it, this Marauder pathway's King of Angels can see the disturbances in fate caused by Sefirah Castle to a certain extent… Klein had never expected the answer, leaving him momentarily at a loss as to how to continue the topic.

After about ten seconds, he sighed and said, "You're really patient."

"He" was a King of Angels who liked to play pranks; yet, "He" actually stayed inside a dark dungeon without any sources of entertainment for decades.

"This has nothing to do with patience. It didn't take too much of my time," Amon casually replied.

…I’m still used to using a human’s standards when talking about a deity. To Amon, who was born as a complete Mythical Creature, a few decades is nothing. "He" might even be more than 3000 years old… Klein regulated what he knew and asked again, "The City of Silver is one of the few places that persist on believing in your father. Aren’t you going overboard with what you did to the expedition team?"

This question didn’t seem to be necessary, but Klein believed that it would aid him in understanding Amon’s thoughts and style, doing so in order to see if there was anything that could be used.

Amon turned his head and glanced at him with his monocled right eye. "He" said with an indifferent smile, "If it wasn’t for their faith in my father, the City of Silver would’ve already been reduced to ruins.

"Heh heh, according to my observations, they’re hiding quite a significant secret. As for what it is, because of the gaze directed by you and The Hanged Man, I haven’t had the chance to pry into it."

…A trueborn Mythical Creature. The deaths of just a few humans might be equivalent to trampling a few ants to death. "He" wouldn’t take it to heart at all… The City of Silver actually has a secret that even Amon thinks is a big secret… What could it be? Klein thoughtfully changed the topic.

"Was Dark Angel Sasrir really created from your father’s rib?"

This was something that Klein had wanted to ask the entire time, but he hadn’t found the opportunity to ask.

The smile on Amon’s face faded as "He" looked at the darkness in front of "Him."

"Yes, ‘He’ separated a portion of his characteristics and corresponding negative personalities. ‘He’ used his rib as the material to create Dark Angel Sasrir.

"If that wasn’t the case, how could a proud and arrogant person like Medici obey the so-called Left Hand of God, the deputy of Heaven?

"Without Sasrir’s rebellion, implication, and influence, even if Evernight, Earth, God of Combat, and the other Kings of Angels joined forces, it’s impossible for my father to perish."

Indeed… Dark Angel Sasrir is the most key factor in this matter… It’s no wonder the Goddess wanted to bewitch "Him" at the very beginning… Who would’ve thought that "He" would betray "Himself"? Klein’s initial speculation of the battle of gods had been confirmed. He felt his Scholar of Yore potion digest a little more.

He deliberately hesitated and made a guess:

"Could your father have foreseen such a development? Dark Angel Sasrir is also the key to his resurrection?"

Amon suddenly laughed.

"You asked so many questions in order to further digest the Scholar of Yore potion, right?"

"…” Klein pretended to break out in cold sweat, and he quickly adjusted his state of mind.

"I’m just curious. What are you looking for in the Forsaken Land of the Gods? What are you pursuing? The Marauder pathway Sequence 1 Beyonder characteristic that you’re missing isn’t here, nor is Sefirah Castle.

"Are you trying to revive your father?"

Amon maintained "His" smile and looked straight ahead.

"Yes, and no.

"My zealous brother is already very close to reviving my father. ‘He’ probably doesn’t need my help anymore."

Adam really wants to revive the ancient sun god? I thought that "He" was purely doing it for the sake of becoming a Sequence 0… Without hiding anything, Klein called out the name of the Twilight Hermit Order’s leader.

He was even looking forward to Adam beating "His" younger brother up.

Of course, beating someone up wasn’t in line with the style of a King of Angels of the Spectator pathway.

"There’s no need to mention ‘His’ name. ‘He’ won’t interfere with my matters, nor will I interfere with ‘His.’ I don’t address ‘Him’ as Adam, because I think that a nickname like ‘zealous’ is very suitable for ‘Him.’ I have to say that Medici is very talented in giving nicknames. Also, even if I say ‘His’ name, ‘He’ wouldn’t be able to hear it if I don’t wish for ‘Him’ to hear it." At this moment, the monocled Amon smiled as he exposed Klein’s idea.

Following that, Klein didn’t mention the Dark Angel any further, because it was obvious that Amon wouldn’t answer.

Before long, the man and angel walked out of the valley and saw a silent city.

More than half of the buildings in this city had collapsed. The remaining ones had a sharp roof, as though they were towers that led to heaven.

On the surface, dark red vines and plants grew, forming fruits whose edibility was unknown.

After entering the city, he discovered that there were stone coffins placed in front of each house. Inside were skeletons or recently rotted corpses.

A common point between them was them being greatly deformed. Some had four legs; some had a slit in the middle of their eyebrows; some lacked skin, directly revealing their flesh; some had arms wrapped around their necks like tails.

"This was originally a city that believed in the Phoenix. Later, it converted its target of faith to my father, but it retained some customs related to death." The monocled Amon, casually sized up his surroundings and said, "After the Cataclysm, they were left behind in the Forsaken Land of the Gods. However, there were no edible, relatively normal plants around them, so they could only eat those corrupted monsters. Over generations, their bodies began to produce defects and psychological problems. Eventually, they were completely wiped out."

The Cataclysm brought about by the Goddess's assassination of the City of Silver's Creator really was a calamity for civilization… Before that, there were elven, giant, phoenix civilizations, and so on. After that, all that's left are traces of them… When Klein thought of the city that had been swallowed into the ground, he sighed.

In the history books, in mysticism, it was very apt to call that history: "The Cataclysm."

He paused for a moment before asking, "Why are we entering this city instead of going around it?"

Amon smiled and said, "In the Second Epoch, apart from wielding the Death pathway, the Phoenix Ancestor also occupied part of the Apprentice pathway. Some of the decorations here can become a loophole that I can make use of to shorten our journey to our final destination."

Klein's expression immediately darkened.

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CHAPTER 1160
IMPROVING

City of Silver, at the top of the spire.

After waiting for a long time, Derrick still didn’t receive a response from Mr. Fool.

This made him panic a little. He didn’t understand what this meant, nor did he know how to deal with it.

Mr. Fool is in a state where he can’t respond to his prayers? Yes, "He" informed us two days ago that the gathering next week would be canceled. This should be a sign… Having recalled what happened previously, Derrick barely managed to calm his anxiety and nervousness.

He couldn’t be blamed for having such a huge reaction, because the City of Silver’s textbooks recorded similar situations:

The Creator who normally responded to "His" believers suddenly stopped responding and forsook this land!

After a few seconds of silence, Derrick stood up and returned to the room where the Chief was. He said to Colin Iliad, "We have to wait a few more days."

"Wait?" Demon Hunter Colin repeated the keyword as he frowned slightly.

From his point of view, this was an unusual matter, seemingly symbolizing a bad development.

Derrick resisted his instinctive reaction of scratching the back of his head, and he nodded with some difficulty.

"Yes."

The grizzled Colin Iliad stared at him for a few seconds before nodding slowly.

"Alright, head back first."

Backlund East Borough, inside a two-bedroom rental apartment.

Fors, who was wrapped in thick clothes, paced around the warm stove, her face full of doubt.

Finally, she turned her head and looked at Xio.

"Why hasn’t Mr. World replied?"

"Perhaps he’s preoccupied with something," Xio explained the reason she had long considered. "Perhaps it’s because it’s not convenient for Mr. Fool to pass on your prayers. ‘He’ has temporarily paused the gathering."

Fors nodded thoughtfully and said, "Mr. Fool informed us that the gathering will be temporarily paused next week. It was only decided in the middle of the week. Is this related to George III?"

Recalling Mr. World’s investigations all this time, Xio acknowledged and said, "Very likely."

In the Forsaken Land of the Gods, in the dead silent city.

Dressed in a classic black mage’s robe, Amon led Klein into a relatively complete cathedral.

Segmented stone pillars lay tilted, and dark red weeds grew out from their cracks, wrapping around the avian sculptures.

With the animal hide lantern in hand, Klein surveyed the area and confirmed that the residents of this city weren't truly dead. There were still a few survivors left. He had no idea what method they had used to transform into monsters of the deep darkness. They were hiding from the faint yellow light, surrounding a cathedral in a place that couldn't be seen. They wanted to attack the two ordinary-looking humans, Klein and Amon.

The reason why Klein was able to confirm that these monsters were originally residents of this city was because their Spirit Body Threads had a certain abnormality. Some were grayish-white, some were distorted, and some were sticky. They were completely different from the monsters elsewhere. They greatly resembled the corpses inside the coffins.

I don't know what kind of despair and mental breakdowns will make the remaining humans choose such a path… Perhaps the deepest sense of despair was that they couldn't see hope on a daily basis while the situation around them worsened… With a sigh, he made use of this opportunity to adjust his mentality.

He was experiencing various instances of hope surfacing, only to be met with despair time and time again.

The monocled Amon walked to the edge of the light and walked all the way into the deepest part of the cathedral.

Klein followed behind and saw a door covered in pale white light.

"This city is actually split into two parts: 'light' and 'darkness.' They're using certain abilities of the Apprentice pathway to hide a portion of the area. They have to use a specific 'door' to enter," Amon said as "He" pointed ahead.

A Secrets Sorcerer’s powers? With some realization, Klein nodded, indicating that he knew what was going on.

Amon then said, "Behind this door is the ‘dark’ side of this city. I can use it to connect to a similar region far away. We can directly arrive there and shorten our journey."

As expected of the incarnation of loopholes… Klein watched as Amon stretched out "His" left hand and pressed down on the door formed from pale white light.

The light began to ripple as it rapidly spread outwards, becoming more and more intense.

At that moment, a deformed monster hiding in the depths of the darkness while spying on the cathedral suddenly trembled, becoming Klein’s marionette.

Twenty or thirty seconds ago, Klein had already completed the process of obtaining initial control over it and deepened his influence. However, he waited until now before he completely converted it.

Right on the heels of that, Klein and the marionette reached out their hands at the same time. They took advantage of the opportunity when Amon changed the "door," and they grabbed something.

In his hand was something in the shape of a full moon, and was embedded with scarlet gemstones, the Scarlet Lunar Corona. In his marionette’s hand was an ancient, brass-colored Master Key!

At the same time, they opened their mouths and made a "bang" sound. They used Air Cannons to push the Scarlet Lunar Corona and the Master Key to the door of light.

These two items combined could make one hear Mr. Door’s pleas for help. This also meant that Mr. Door’s powers could enter the real world to a

limited extent.

And this was the controller of all "doors." He was one of the existences who was most unwilling to see Amon become an "Error" or control Sefirah Castle!

Klein didn’t expect that the sealed Mr. Door could really hurt Amon. He only hoped that he could use this opportunity to interfere with the Angel of Time and create a good enough opportunity for himself.

Of course, if Mr. Door could cause any abnormal changes to the door, magnifying or distorting the loopholes created by Amon; thus, affecting the King of Angels of the Marauder pathway and teleporting "Him" far away, Klein would definitely sincerely thank Mr. Door for a week.

After his previous attempts, Klein realized his greatest disadvantage. It wasn’t that he was one Sequence short and had a qualitative gap in power level. Instead, he had lost the initiative and couldn’t make proper preparations. Every time he began preparing, he would be interrupted or foiled by Amon.

For a veteran Magician, unprepared performances were often synonymous with failure.

If he could make preparations in advance, he could quietly summon Mr. Azik’s, Reinette Tinekerr’s, and Snake of Fate Will Auceptin’s historical projections. Against a Sequence 2, even if there was no way to deal with "Him," it would definitely create a very good opportunity to escape.

At that moment, the Scarlet Lunar Corona and ancient-looking Master Key whistled through the air and arrived at the door of light.

The white light that formed the illusory door distorted and devoured the two items. It was dyed crimson as it collapsed into a whirlpool.

It was as though the bottom of the vortex was invisible, like a gigantic eye.

Just as Amon was about to turn around, "He" made a slight pause as if "He" had heard an old friend’s shout.

However, this pause disappeared instantly, as though it had never appeared.

With Amon’s gaze directed at Klein, the latter instantly lost six Beyonder powers.

This included the control of Spirit Body Threads, the summoning of Historical Void projections, Paper Figurine Substitutes, Flame Controlling, Underwater Breathing, and Bone Softening.

Of course, losing these six Beyonder powers for a marionette didn’t affect Klein’s subsequent operations.

The indiscernible pause from before had allowed Klein to switch places with his marionette in time!

He had already arrived deep in the darkness outside the cathedral. The deformed monsters around him trembled and turned into his marionettes.

For targets such as these that weren’t even Sequence 5, it took only two or three seconds for Klein to transform them into marionettes. And by the time he summoned the Scarlet Lunar Corona, he had already begun doing similar actions.

As he enjoyed the darkness without any scruples, he attempted to transform into a concealed state or successfully commit suicide. At the same time, he reached out with his marionettes to grab at the fog interwoven with history.

This time, he split the marionette into three groups, summoning Reinette Tinekerr, Mr. Azik, and Snake of Fate Will Auceptin, respectively. He didn’t want to follow his past mistakes, where he had managed to succeed with great difficulty only to have "Them" taken away by Amon. With such arrangements, he might be left with one or two.

Of course, the premise was that Amon was unable to steal multiple Historical Void projections at once.

This was something that Klein needed to confirm.

Klein retracted his hand, but he didn’t grab anything.

All the marionettes who summoned the Snake of Fate failed. Among the Scholars of Yore groups who summoned the Death Consul and Reinette Tinekerr, two of them had their arms tense up slightly.

Klein was delighted as he suddenly felt that this attempt could end up turning into a real escape attempt.

At this moment, the crystal monocle that Amon wore emitted a terrifying light.

The entire city, including the surrounding rivers, hills, and wilderness, were all filled with pure, scorching sunlight. "Day" had once again descended upon this land after bidding farewell to it for thousands of years.

Amon had stolen the "day" from the ruins of the battle of gods!

In the face of such a "day," not only did Klein feel like his body was about to melt, but he also heard familiar and crazy ravings in his ears. They were like steel needles that pierced through every Worm of Spirit.

This caused his mind to be filled with immense pain. His marionette’s summoning attempts had failed while on the brink of success.

The "day" in the battlefield of the gods contained the True Creator’s ravings!

The deformed monsters that were hiding deep in the darkness, which were the few survivors of the city, seemed to temporarily regain their senses. They stared blankly at the "day" and couldn’t help but narrow their eyes.

Then, they wildly charged towards the source of that "day," melting one by one into dust.

Far away in the City of Silver’s Afternoon Town campsite, the guards at the stronghold also noticed that there was a light coming from the northeast. It was different from lightning, just like the scene of the sun rising from the legends.

This scene only lasted for a few seconds before it shattered and the sky returned to its dark state.

As soon as he recovered from the ravings, Klein saw the pointed-hatted Amon standing in front of him.

This Angel of Time nudged "His" monocle and smiled.

"Well done."

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CHAPTER 1161
COUNTDOWN

Well done… Faced with Amon's "praise," Klein forced a smile and politely replied, "Thank you."

To be honest, he preferred to hear curses rather than "praise," as that meant that he was close to succeeding.

Of course, Klein suspected that even if he managed to escape, Amon wouldn't be flustered and exasperated. Based on the character displayed by this God of Mischief, it was very likely that "He" found it interesting and exciting while also inevitably feeling a little depressed and disappointed to the point of being eager for the next round.

"It's a huge improvement to be able to think of using Door to disrupt me." Amon smiled indifferently. "But don't you think that I'd be in a relatively more vigilant state while 'Door Opening'? And that it's actually not that easy to be affected by an accident?"

After some thought, Klein answered seriously, "That's what I thought in the beginning, but later on, I felt that you should be able to grasp my state of mind, believing that I wouldn't dare to act when you opened the door. When that happens, making an attempt might work wonders."

Doing it when others believe that you wouldn't do it was also a strategy.

In his previous life, Klein had come into contact with games that had such a higher level of thinking that made his head spin.

“What if I thought of this level as well?” Amon said with a smile as “He” used “His” knuckle to nudge the bottom of his monocle.

At the same time, the remaining marionettes, which were still alive, took out crystal monocles out of thin air and wore them on their right eye. All of them cast their gazes at Klein.

This left Klein’s scalp tingling. He discovered that the connection between the marionettes and himself had instantly been severed.

“Although you’ve improved, failure still demands some level of punishment.” With a smile, Amon turned around and walked towards the cathedral.

As “He” took a step forward, the marionettes revealed smiles one after another as they collapsed to the ground stiffly. This caused Klein’s soul to be torn apart again and again as the blood vessels on his forehead visibly bulged.

As he endured the pain, he stood rooted to the ground and calmed down after a long while.

During this process, although he had always been in the depths of the darkness, he didn’t suffer any attacks from the terrifying monsters, nor did he turn into a concealed state.

When did Amon steal the concealment powers in this city? If I had tried to commit suicide, I definitely would’ve had the thought stolen from me… My preparations still aren’t enough. I don’t have enough confidence when dealing with Amon, having not considered the things “He” might have stolen into consideration… I really didn’t expect “Him” to release the “day” that “He” stole from the ruins of the battlefield of gods… Regarding what else “He” stole in the past, or whatever “He” has on “Him,” I have no idea. I can’t make targeted preparations… That monocle is some sort of vessel used to store stolen items? Or is it part of Amon to begin with? So every time he parasitizes someone, a monocle will be taken out… Klein rubbed

his temples and walked into the cathedral. Looking at Amon before the door of light, he asked, seemingly casual, “Why do you have so many monocles? Where do you usually place them?”

Amon stroked the monocle on “His” right eye and smiled indifferently.

“Why don’t you ask me why every avatar of mine has eyes? And where do I usually place them?”

“…I understand.” Klein nodded in enlightenment.

Amon cast “His” gaze back to the door of light that had yet to calm down from the rippling. “He” casually said, “I have the nagging feeling that this operation of yours is a major preparation piece, and not an attempt.

“What cheap trick did you pull off during that process?”

After some deliberation, Klein replied with a smile, “Guess.”

“I do have some guesses. Do you think I’ve guessed it correctly?” Amon asked with interest as “He” pinched the edge of his monocle.

“Perhaps, or perhaps not.” Klein didn’t give a clear answer as he cooperatively walked to Amon’s side. He saw “Him” reach out again and press down on the pale white door of light.

Above the door of light, ripples appeared once again as they became more intense and exaggerated.

After about ten seconds, the ripples spread the surroundings, causing the door of light to expand twice in size.

Amon glanced at Klein, gesturing for him to take a step forward.

Klein instinctively turned his head and looked around the cathedral.

Beyonder characteristics left behind by the mutated monsters were shimmering outside the area that the lantern had lit up. They weren't all Beyonders when they were alive. After those ordinary people turned into monsters, a large part of the power came from the darkness and degeneration. The powers didn't belong to them, so no characteristics were purged.

"I almost forgot." After taking a look together with Klein, Amon suddenly shook "His" head and smiled.

Just as "He" finished his sentence, a bunch of Beyonder characteristics floated up and entered "His" body. They merged with "Him," leaving only a small portion behind.

"Most of the people who chose to transform into monsters are of the Apprentice pathway, Beyonders and their family members who can enter the city's 'dark' side," Amon said casually as "He" retracted his gaze.

Even if it's a similar pathway's Beyonder characteristic, it would be problematic if it's directly "eaten," right? Shouldn't it only be possible to jump to a higher level of a neighboring pathway? It also allows the accommodation of lower Sequences? Seeing this, Klein was a little stunned as he asked curiously, "Won't this accumulate madness?"

This wasn't just a matter of accumulating madness. Klein suspected that if he did it himself, there was a high chance that he would go crazy.

"Others will," Amon said with a smile, "but not me."

A true "bug"…Klein couldn't help but sigh inwardly.

Then, the distance between him and the door of light disappeared.

Subconsciously, he forgot about the remaining Death pathway's Beyonder characteristics, and he entered the mutated door of light with Amon.

Endless darkness and squirming lines of light were mixed together, giving rise to the feeling of a sudden descent.

About ten seconds later, he discovered that he and Amon had appeared on a square. The dim yellow light of the animal hide lantern seemed to be stopped by an invisible force, causing it to only illuminate half the square.

Lightning streaked across the sky, illuminating the surroundings.

With the help of the lightning, Klein saw several incomplete statues erected around the square. They either had their hands tied to their backs, had their bodies entangled with the thorny roses, or looked like mummies. They gave off the feeling of being “restrained.”

“This city first believed in the Mutant King.” Like a qualified tour guide, Amon introduced the situation of each “scenic site” to Klein. “They’re very interesting. They’re usually restrained and quiet, just like ascetics. However, once they encounter prey, or in special moments in time, they will release a bloodthirsty desire to kill. You can imagine that on the night of the full moon, this is a city where werewolves roam.”

From the looks of it, the Mutants originally had the concept of temperance… Later on, it was led astray by the Mother Tree of Desire… Using the new round of lightning, Klein took a few more looks and asked thoughtfully, “The Mutant King’s image is close to that of a mummy?”

“No. Although ‘He’ is an ugly and twisted man, ‘He’ likes to entangle ‘Himself with thorny roses.” Amon scoffed.

Klein took the opportunity to ask, “What kind of idols will your believers worship?

“In mysticism, your symbol is a clock and a Worm of Time?”

Amon scratched “His” chin and said, “In theory, my believers are all ‘me.’ I don’t need to trouble myself with building an idol.”

My believers are all ‘me’…Thankfully, I have a Blessed like Danitz now… Klein suddenly realized that he was quite similar to Amon in certain aspects.

Of course, when I say “my believer is myself,” it’s a funny story. When Amon says that “my believers are all ‘me,”1 it becomes a horror novel. The difference in style is quite huge… Klein finally mocked himself.

As Amon walked forward, “He” continued, “However, in my father’s era, quite a number of people believed in me. Some of them set off with the name ‘Angel of Time,’ using the emblem of the clock to construct my idol. Some of them used the title of ‘God of Mischief and used a crow covered in mysterious patterns as my image, while others combine the two together.”

Having said that, the monocled Amon suddenly turned “His” head and glanced at Klein before curling his lips.

“We’re less than three days away from our final destination.”

That is to say, I only have three days left… Klein nearly drew in a cold breath of air. The pressure increased rapidly, making him feel as though his nerves were being crushed.

He had yet to determine the true purpose behind this game Amon made, nor did he discover any traces of what he was being driven to do. This meant that he was unable to grasp the key, and he was unable to find a real opportunity to escape.

The performance of Amon’s avatar made him understand that he might not even be able to last ten seconds before “Him.”

As his thoughts raced, Klein fell silent. Following that, he walked out of the square covered in ruins.

There were few pedestrians on the streets as they came and went in a hurry. In Pritz Harbor, where many houses were covered in bum marks, the

chestnut-haired Queen Mystic placed a newspaper on the table.

The first page of the Tussock Times was about the king's assassination. It also claimed that the assassin came from Feysac or Intis.

"This isn't stopping the disaster, nor is it worsening the disaster…" Bernadette muttered to herself with a serious expression.

She pondered for a moment, picked up the cloth on the table, and wrapped it up. Then, she released her fingers and allowed it to relax.

This time, the coffee cups, pens, newspapers, and other items in the tablecloth disappeared. What appeared were ritual items like silver-made candles.

Following that, Bernadette held a ritual and summoned Gehrman Sparrow's messenger.

As a partner, she felt that she needed to ask about the other party's situation and see if there was anything else she needed to help with.

The moment the ritual ended, four blonde, red-eyed heads walked out of the burgeoning candle flame. Dressed in a dark and complicated long dress, Reinette Tinekerr's neck was empty.

Bernadette's eyelids twitched indiscemibly before she picked up the letter and gold coin that she had prepared earlier and handed it to the messenger.

One of Reinette Tinekerr's heads bit on the letter and gold coin while the other head sized up Queen Mystic for a few seconds.

"She" shifted "Her" gaze back and walked into the void. However, just as Bernadette was about to put away the tablecloth, Miss Messenger suddenly appeared again.

One of the two heads with blonde hair and red eyes spoke one after another:

“He…” “Has disappeared…”

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CHAPTER 1162
PROPHECY

Gehrman Sparrow has gone missing… Bernadette had a vague sense of foreboding when the abnormally terrifying messenger returned. She had roughly figured out what had happened. Therefore, after hearing the other party’s response, her expression sank slightly. There was no obvious reaction.

Queen Mystic’s blue eyes, which resembled a condensing sea, instantly turned darker. They temporarily lost focus, as though she was looking at a torrent of fate through Reinette Tinekerr.

Two to three seconds later, Bernadette suddenly closed her eyes, as if a blinding light had appeared in front of her.

Blood-red liquid trickled from the corner of her eyes, accentuating her pale face.

With her eyes tightly shut, Bernadette said in a slightly ethereal voice, "Gehrman Sparrow is in grave danger. Darkness is devouring the light, leaving behind only a sliver of hope."

This was a prophecy.

The Sequence 3 of the Mystery Pryer pathway was "Clairvoyant."

The four heads held by Reinette Tinekerr spoke one after another:

"What…” "Does…” "Darkness…” " Symbolize…”

Bernadette maintained her composure and said, "Desolation, aberration, apocalypse, negativity, error."

Reinette Tinekerr, who was wearing a dark and complicated long dress, didn’t let the head in her hand speak any further. Throwing down the letter and gold coin, she turned and walked into the void, disappearing into the room.

Queen Mystic Bernadette stood rooted to the ground for a few seconds without moving.

Finally, she opened her eyes again. Her blue eyes were hazy and lifeless, as though she needed more time to restore her eyesight.

Bernadette thought for a moment and reached out her right hand.

The tablecloth was stowed away before being spread open once again. The ritual items were replaced with a fountain pen, paper, and ink bottle.

The fountain pen suddenly leaped up, as if it was held by an invisible sprite. It quickly wrote down the matter of Gehrman Sparrow’s disappearance onto the paper.

…

In the captain’s cabin of the Future.

Despite looking at the fried mushrooms on her plate and taking in the fragrance of the fat, Cattleya didn’t pick up her cutlery for a long time.

Suddenly, her spiritual perception was triggered. She turned her head to look at the spot where the brass sextant was placed, and she realized that a letter had appeared there at some point in time.

Cattleya immediately revealed a smile as she reached out to pick up the letter and eagerly began reading it.

Gradually, she frowned.

"Gehrman Sparrow has gone missing…" Cattleya repeated the key point of the letter in a low voice. She acutely felt that this matter was somewhat serious.

She easily understood the meaning behind Queen Mystic's letter. Without any hesitation, she bowed her head, clasped her hands, and recited an honorific name in ancient Hermes:

"The Fool that doesn't belong to this era…"

Above the gray fog, the crimson star representing The Hermit came alive. It began expanding and contracting, spreading out ripples of prayers.

They intertwined with the ripples created by the two crimson stars that corresponded to The Magician and The Sun. They surged towards the ancient and majestic palace, like tidal waves.

…

Someone is praying to Mr. Fool again… The echoes are getting even stronger, and the sound is becoming more clear… Hmm, I can hear it clearly, and the image is also clearer… This prayer seems to be from Ma'am Hermit. Only she likes to wear ancient warlock robes…

Queen Mystic discovered that something has happened to Gehrman Sparrow? Although I was worried that I would die this time and needed a certain amount of time to revive, I had already hinted to the members of the Tarot Club that I might cancel the gathering next week, but that was just a hint. It wasn't a formal notice, nor was it clear enough. When Monday comes, they'll definitely panic, pray, and try to make contact, only to discover that Mr. Fool has also disappeared. No, "He" has run off with The World. Klein used a deprecating comment to ease his feelings.

He glanced at Amon, who was walking beside him. Without a word, he lifted the lantern in his hand and said, "It should’ve been extinguished long ago."

Wearing a pointed hat and black mage robe, Amon nodded slightly and said, "I left it in a magical state. It can maintain its light for a week without needing any fuel."

Klein thought for a moment and asked, "Is this the deceiving of natural laws?"

Amon turned "His" head and used his monocled right eye to look at Klein for a second before smiling.

"Smart.

"The ‘Error’ pathway’s Sequence 3 is a more profound version of ‘Swindler,’ known as ‘Mentor of Deceit.'"

It’s about the same as my guess… However, it isn’t only the Error pathway that can do such a thing. The Black Emperor can use "Distortion" and "Exploit" powers to achieve that… In his mind, Klein began comparing the differences between the Marauder and the Lawyer pathway.

At this moment, Amon stroked "His" chin and asked with interest, "There are less than three days left. If you don’t think of a way to escape, it will be too late.

"Do you plan on making a new attempt tomorrow?"

“…Make a guess." Klein forced a smile as he answered in the same rhetoric manner that Amon was best at using.

To be honest, he didn’t believe that the effects would be better given more attempts.

On the one hand, frequent attempts were indeed able to test the limits of Amon’s powers. By expending the "items" that "He" had previously stolen, Klein could establish a good foundation for the final battle. But on the other hand, he would also expose his trump cards. After all, he was in a passive state and had no chance to prepare. To force Amon to showcase more of the means available to "Him," it required him to use the few trump cards he had.

If his countermeasures were all figured out by Amon after his repeated attempts, he wouldn’t have any chance of escaping.

An attempt to escape was a double-edged sword. If one wasn’t careful, one would cut oneself!

It was precisely because of this that Klein didn’t blindly take action, and carefully made plans in his heart.

As he spoke, he walked out of the city that originally worshiped the Mutant King and later believed in the ancient sun god. There were only white bones and several stone structures that had been weathered by the elements here that showcased its former prosperity.

Outside the city, there was an endless wilderness that couldn’t be seen in the lightning.

…

At 7 Pinster Street, Leonard sat on a sofa. He placed his feet on the coffee table and leisurely flipped through the day’s newspaper.

Yesterday, George III’s death had brought them copious amounts of work. He had spent the entire night on duty, and he received five hours of rest today.

After sleeping for two hours, Leonard woke up in high spirits, attempting to understand the current situation from the normal media.

In fact, as the captain of a Red Gloves team, he knew more than the reporters about certain aspects. For example, in the outskirts of Backlund, where the Tudor ruin was located, it had collapsed into a rather large lake. It had nearly affected Dwayne Dantès's Maygur Manor. Another was the death of George III, who had self-destructed at the square, but wasn't the actual person. The search for his corpse was to no avail, as though he had vanished into thin air that night.

Of course, Leonard was extremely certain that George III was already dead. The eldest prince was about to inherit the title of Balam Emperor and Loen King.

Back then, something had happened at Sefirah Castle. This matter definitely has something to do with Mr. Fool… Klein had long warned us about George III… The reactions of the three Churches were very strange. Even the Church of the Lord of Storms, which is most prone to acting rash, wasn't too angry… As Leonard flipped through the newspaper, his thoughts wandered casually.

At this moment, his mind was filled with the slightly-aged voice of Pallez Zoroast:

"Gehrman Sparrow's messenger is here."

Leonard suddenly looked up and saw the angel-level messenger wearing a dark and complicated long dress appear in front of him.

The four blonde, red-eyed heads held by Reinette Tinekerr spoke one after another:

"Gehrman…" "Sparrow…" "Has encountered…" "Extreme…"

"Danger…" "He has…" "Gone…" "Missing…"

Klein has encountered danger and disappeared? Leonard immediately retracted his legs and stood up.

Without waiting for the reminder provided by Pallez Zoroast, his spiritual perception stirred as he blurted out, "Is it related to the death of George III?"

"Yes…" "He…" "Destroyed…" "The Apotheosis…" "Ritual…" "Of…" "George…" "III…" The eight red eyes on Reinette Tinekerr's four heads looked at Leonard.

Apotheosis ritual? Although Leonard was anxious, he was still shocked by the phrase.

For someone to hold an apotheosis ritual, one had to be a Sequence 1 angel at the very least. Yet, Klein was able to directly participate in something at that level… Mr. Fool's plan? Leonard's green eyes glimmered slightly. Relying on his relatively rich experience, he pointedly asked, "What happened to Klein the last time you saw him?"

The four blonde, red-eyed heads of Reinette Tinekerr shook and said, "Possibly…" Under…" "Zaratul's…" "Pursuit…"

As Gehrman Sparrow's messenger, this Ancient Bane was able to sense that "Her" employer had also left the Tudor ruins after escaping.

And as for those who understood the means of a Scholar of Yore, they were undoubtedly High-Sequence Beyonders of the same pathway. Therefore, Zaratul would definitely be able to obstruct and pursue him.

Zaratul? The leader of the Secret Order, the Sequence 1 angel, Zaratul? As Leonard was worried about Klein, he felt fear and concern for the life of his former colleague.

At that moment, a deep voice sounded in his mind:

"Ask 'Her' what other clues 'She' has."

Leonard immediately did as he was asked.

Reinette Tinekerr seemed to know that Leonard wasn’t simple. She repeated Queen Mystic’s prophecy word by word.

After listening to what was said, Pallez Zoroast fell silent for a while before sighing.

"Error…

"I think I know about your former colleague’s current situation."

Leonard subconsciously wanted to ask, but because there were outsiders around, he held back his urge.

Pallez paused and continued, "The anomaly with Sefirah Castle attracted Zaratul. How could Amon not notice it?

"This should be related to the struggle for Sefirah Castle."

Sefirah Castle… Leonard slowly took a deep breath and said to Reinette Tinekerr, "He might’ve fallen into the hands of Amon."

After Miss Messenger’s four heads nodded and turned to leave, Leonard immediately sat down and clasped his hands. Closing his eyes, he prayed.

"The Fool that doesn’t belong to this era…”

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CHAPTER 1163
APPROACHING

Above the gray fog, the crimson star representing The Star also burgeoned and contracted. The rippling light gradually overlapped with the other ripples created by the other three crimson stars, turning into a tidal wave that surged through the entire mysterious space, causing the space to vibrate slightly.

After describing the matter related to Klein, Leonard ended his prayers and waited for Mr. Fool to respond.

However, he still didn't receive any feedback after nearly fifteen minutes.

Mr. Fool has always been very responsive… Leonard couldn't help but mutter.

After a few seconds of silence, Pallez Zoroast reminded with a slightly-aged voice, *"Recall what The Fool said recently."*

Leonard thought carefully and slowly said, "In the middle of the week, 'He' reminded us not to head into the woods in the northwestern outskirts of Backlund… Yes, 'He' seemed to hint that the gathering might not be held as planned…"

"As expected." Pallez Zoroast let out a long sigh and said, *"The Fool had predicted Amon's appearance to a certain extent. 'They' might be fighting in different domains now. One of them wishes to hold onto Sefirah Castle, while the other wishes to become the new owner of Sefirah Castle. Your former colleague has unfortunately been embroiled in this matter."*

"Mr. Fool had expected this? Is this a trap 'He' laid for Amon?" Leonard's green eyes lit up as he blurted out.

Pallez spent a significant amount of time thinking as "He" spoke much slower.

"Perhaps that's the case. Perhaps it's because Amon exploited the trap and took the initiative. Don't underestimate a Blasphemer, a powerful King of Angels."

According to what Leonard knew, Mr. Fool was either the owner of the Sefirah Castle who was slowly recovering, corresponding to some unknown deity in history, or "He" was the embodiment of sefirot. Currently, "He" was unable to control "His" authority and strength very well, something that could be fixed with a further qualitative change.

And regardless of the possibilities, Mr. Fool was still unable to reach the level of a true deity. He was likely on the same level as the King of Angels.

Under such circumstances, it was rather normal that Mr. Fool and the terrifying Blasphemer would undergo an intense battle. After all, that person was one of "Them," one of the strongest hidden existences beneath the deities. "He" was even more powerful than the Hidden Sage that was usually categorized as an evil god. Even deities were somewhat apprehensive towards "Him."

"…” Leonard couldn't help but tense up. He asked in a low voice worriedly, "Old Man, do you have any way to provide any help? Isn't Amon your greatest enemy?"

Such help might be limited, but it should be able to pull Klein out of the maelstrom.

Upon hearing that, Pallez Zoroast laughed and said with an obvious self-deprecating tone, *"Aren't you expecting too much from me?*

"Indeed, if Amon obtains Sefirah Castle, I'll definitely die at 'His' hands. I might not be able to survive this winter. And if Sefirah Castle is left with The Fool, I might have a chance of surviving in the future.

"But would an old man like me, who has just recovered to Sequence 2, have the ability to interfere with a battle at this level?

"Even if I were to use the Yesterday Once More charms, what can I do in the short time span of two to three seconds? Yes, yes. At the critical moment, I might be able to help The Fool warp the situation, but I don't even know where 'They' are fighting. How can I seize the opportunity?"

Leonard fell silent after hearing Old Man's long answer. He immediately bowed his head and raised his hands to press them against the sides of his head. He muttered to himself, "Don't tell me that I can only watch helplessly…"

Pallez sighed and said, *"Be patient. All we can do now is be patient.*

"The Fool and Evernight, and some other deities and Kings of Angels seem to have some tacit understanding with each other. They might even be cooperating with one another. 'They' will not allow Amon to take away Sefirah Castle.

"Wait patiently. Perhaps it won't take long for a window of opportunity to appear."

Leonard straightened his body and leaned back. He took a deep breath and exhaled.

"I understand."

…

The Blue Avenger, which had been ordered by the Church of the Lord of Storms to attack the port and Feysacian merchant ships near the waters of

Sonia Island, was hiding somewhere outside the safe sea route.

Alger Wilson stood behind the window of the captain's cabin, using his extremely distant vision to stare at the long coastline.

To this "newly advanced" Ocean Songster's point of view, many captains who received similar missions were the cream of the crop of the Mid-Sequence Beyonders. Their joint operation would definitely be able to effectively harm the traffic flow of Feysacian waters.

This also meant that an attack from Feysac would be reasonably fierce, with a high chance of a Sequence 4 demigod leading the attack. Of course, one couldn't eliminate the possibility of a Sequence 3 War Bishop or Silver Knight appearing.

This was a dangerous development for Alger. He didn't wish to put himself in such danger.

At the same time, his crew, colleagues, and partners would monitor each other, preventing anyone from deserting. If Alger were to skive and walk on the edge of danger, it wouldn't take long for him to consider killing most of the crew members and become a true pirate, or lose the Blue Avenger and return to Pasu Island for an internal probe.

After this operation ends, the captains who could still survive wouldn't exceed a third… Alger calmly analyzed the situation and quickly came up with a plan to avoid danger.

That was to participate in the operation, but not take center stage.

Alger planned on using a "surprise attack" on the port while his brethren frenetically attacked the Feysacian merchant and supply ships. This would bring the people on board his ship onto Sonia Island, allowing them to lay in ambush in a primeval forest. Occasionally, he would cause some minor disturbances to the port which were easily managed. This way, the Feysac demigods would definitely cast their gazes at the sea, and not towards him.

At the same time, in the eyes of the crew, he would be a role model who was willing to take great risks to enter the enemy's borders.

After thinking through all the details, Alger immediately gathered the crew and repeated his plans. Finally, he emphasized, "This will be very dangerous. Trust me, it's very, very dangerous. We won't be able to advance and retreat like we can at sea. We might be surrounded by enemies at any time, but such an attack will definitely exceed the expectations of the Feysacians, and it will give us the outcome we want.

"Are you willing to remain on the ship as cowards, or do you want to follow me into battle as a hero to show your devotion to the Lord?"

The crew members felt their blood boiling as they rashly said, "F*ck the Feysacians!"

"Very good." Alger felt relieved as he struck his right fist on his left breast. "May the Storm be with us!"

"May the Storm be with us!" the sailors saluted and shouted.

After making the necessary arrangements, Alger believed that he needed to borrow the Unshadowed Crucifix as soon as possible so as to purge the excess Ocean Songster's Beyonder characteristic. Although he had exaggerated the danger of landing on the island, there was still a certain level of danger involved. Therefore, he wanted to quickly recover to his optimal condition.

And he had long understood Mr. Fool's earlier hint. He felt that tonight or tomorrow morning, Mr. Fool would officially inform them that the gathering was to be canceled.

Of course, there were some ideas in the deepest depths of Alger's heart. He suspected that every time Mr. Fool canceled the Tarot Club, something had happened to "Him." He wanted to use this prayer to test if this mighty existence was still normal.

No, I can't. Thou shalt not test God… This isn't a test. Mr. Fool didn't hint that I can't pray to "Him" recently. Besides, borrowing the Unshadowed Crucifix is something I really need to do within the next few days… Alger paced back and forth, unable to make a decision.

At this moment, he heard the sound of waves crashing. Through the additional type of vision provided by the ghost ship, he saw the water part as a huge fish-type creature appeared.

The strange-looking giant fish opened its mouth and spat out a small metal ball that landed on the deck.

Alger nodded and expressed his gratitude with his singing.

This was a sea creature that the Church of the Lord of Storms had tamed. In this operation, it and its companions were the messengers between the various ships and the islands.

Upon receiving his gratitude, the giant fish-like creature trembled. With a flick of its tail, it headed deep into the sea and swam into the distance.

Alger looked at it silently for two seconds before summoning a gust of wind to bring the metal ball into the captain's cabin.

He twisted open the metal ball and took out the piece of paper inside. Alger's eyes froze from a mere glance at it.

George III has been assassinated… Alger repeated the content with a heavy expression before recalling The World Gehrman Sparrow's reminder and Mr. Fool's hints.

This time, he no longer hesitated. He locked the room and softly muttered the honorific name, "The Fool that doesn't belong to this era…”

…

These prayers are almost becoming a choral symphony… Mr. Hanged Man wants to borrow the Unshadowed Crucifix from Little Sun? Leonard… Yes… These voices are stacked over one another, undulating in pitch and volume. It's making the surroundings tremble… Klein rubbed his temples, having a feeling that he had been struck by lightning from every direction.

At this moment, he followed Amon deeper into the desolate moors and saw the grayish-yellow fog that blanketed the area. There were a few ravines and in the deep, dark depths, there were plenty of things roaming.

Compared to the quiet, lurking monsters from before, the ones here were rather special.

The pointy-hatted Amon raised his hand to nudge his monocle and pointed ahead with a smile.

"Another half a day and we should be reaching our final destination."

"Half a day… It hasn't been a day yet… Didn't you say three days?" Klein's pupils seemingly dilated.

Amon smiled and said, "I said not more than three days.

"One day is not more than three days, too.

Upon saying that, the King of Angels paused and asked with piqued interest, "Did I hamper your arrangements?

"Are you feeling more despair?"

Klein didn't answer as he suddenly reached out his hand and grabbed into the void beside him.

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CHAPTER 1164
CHEATING

Although Klein had been a Beyonder for less than two years, his experience could be described as rich and exciting, even among Sequence 4 and Sequence 3 saints. The things he possessed or encountered before that could be summoned from the Historical Void, and the ones that were capable of quickly killing him didn’t number many.

Here, he chose the Flaring Sun Charm that he had used in Tingen City. He had already recited the incantation, injected his spirituality into it, and was about to activate the charms!

Indeed, to a demigod of the Seer pathway that meant bizarreness and change, it wasn’t very effective against him. He mainly depended on the damage it did to his body, but Klein didn’t dodge or defend himself. Instead, he released his body and mind to embrace the light of "hope."

Even at the level of a Sequence 3 Scholar of Yore, the defense of a Seer pathway’s Beyonder remained low. His offensive ability was also equally insufficient compared to his peers. This resulted in a sad fact:

When Klein wanted to commit suicide, he didn’t have any powers that could quickly kill himself. After all, it was impossible for him to control his Spirit Body Threads and transform himself into his marionette. This would result in logical contradictions. Towards the end of the process, he would lack the ability to continue making himself a marionette.

And when he was searching for ways to kill himself through external means, he realized that, as long as he didn’t use methods like Marionette

Interchange, Paper Figurine Substitutes, and Historical Void Hiding, there were too many options that he could consider.

The Seer was such a powerful pathway that veered towards the extremes.

Seeing that Klein was about to take out a Flaring Sun Charm from the fog of history, along with having a strong desire to commit suicide, Amon only smiled. Without even raising "His" hand, "He" stole the entire idea, causing the crystal monocle to glow slightly.

Klein immediately forgot what he was trying to do.

But his actions didn’t stop!

His shocked reaction when he heard that they were only half a day away from the final destination was mostly faked. This was because he had always been wary of the God of Deceit. He didn’t trust anything that "He" said.

There were too many interpretations of "not more than three days," so Klein had long prepared for the worst. After hearing what Amon said, he immediately arranged the things he needed to do into a sequence: After having the idea of summoning the Flaring Sun Charm to commit suicide; it was to summon that existence; summon that existence; summon this, that, and those existences. He made it cyclic, hoping that no matter how many thoughts Amon stole from him, he would still follow his original plan and perform the corresponding actions.

Regarding this matter, back when he dealt with 0-08, he had been thinking about it above the gray fog. He had used the experience of treating the real him as a marionette and only following a predetermined set of actions. This helped him greatly.

At that moment, although he didn’t know what he was trying to do, to the point of not realizing that he had forgotten something, he knew very well what he would do next.

The past wasn’t important, but the present and future were key!

Klein reached out his palm again and grabbed the void in front of him. His entire arm sank.

However, when he retracted his right hand, nothing came out.

At the same time, Amon raised "His" palm and gently swiped forward.

"He" had stolen the Historical Void projection that Klein had summoned!

A figure quickly appeared beside Amon. It was an elder dressed in a hooded black robe. His eyes were deep black, like a dark water surface, and the white beard around his mouth was long and dense.

Zaratul!

The leader of the Secret Order, the Sequence 1 angel, Zaratul!

The existence that Klein had attempted to summon was actually Zaratul, and he had succeeded in one try!

This was because he had made preparations in advance.

Back in the city that the phoenix believers had built, when Klein had split his marionettes into three groups, he was actually attempting to summon Zaratul from the Historical Void.

Without a doubt, it was impossible to succeed at that time. However, as a Scholar of Yore, it would be a massive failure if one failed to notice that someone else was trying to summon their historical projection. As for Zaratul, he was definitely a senior, excellent, and experienced Scholar of Yore.

After such a failed summoning, Klein had established a connection with Zaratul.

This was the tacit understanding between Scholars of Yore!

As for a Miracle Invoker, an Attendant of Mysteries, "He" was able to respond to "His" historical projection. It was just like how a Scholar of Yore had a hundred percent chance of success when borrowing strength from his past.

In addition, a Scholar of Yore had no contractual connection with the Historical Void projection. They relied on the other party’s lack of intelligence, or them having good relationships with them, to control it. And in this world, the few high-level existences most unwilling to see Amon obtain Sefirah Castle was Mr. Door, followed by Pallez, and then Zaratul!

In other words, the two of them were short-term allies when it came to resisting Amon.

Due to these factors, Klein believed that he could summon Zaratul in one go. And the facts proved that he was right.

And it was precisely because of this that he wasn’t worried at all that Amon would steal away his historical projection that he had summoned. He even hoped that the Angel of Time would do so.

As for the reason why he first came up with the idea of committing suicide before summoning Zaratu, it was to let Amon steal his thoughts. And for Amon, "He" would be happy to try since "He" was a King of Angels in search of excitement. With too many choices for "Him" to choose from, it was unlikely "He" would repeat another "Thought Usurpation." It might be the "Theft" of a Historical Void projection.

This was one of the few trump cards that Klein had.

In the next second, Zaratul’s gaze turned from a glazed one to a spirited and real one.

Clearly, this Attendant of Mysteries, a senior Scholar of Yore, had entered the Historical Void and allowed "His" projection from the same era to receive "His" consciousness!

And having "His" own consciousness meant that Zaratul's projection didn't hesitate at all to firmly cast "His" gaze at Amon.

The eyes of Amon—the ones wearing and not wearing the monocle—narrowed at the same time. "He" saw the lightning around "Him" increase in frequency as the vast wilderness with many ravines instantly turned empty and dark. They were speckled with twinkling stars.

"He" had apparently been pulled beneath the cosmos by Zaratul.

This was a miracle.

As for the projection opposite of Amon, it had already transformed into a gigantic, mysterious whirlpool formed by squirming mysterious. They extended out in all directions with transparent tentacles. Just looking at them would make humans lose their minds and turn crazy.

At that moment, Klein abandoned the other thoughts in the "queue." He took the opportunity to control a monster deep in the darkness and transform it into his marionette.

Immediately following that, he switched places with his marionette.

After coming to the depths of the darkness, Klein reached out his hand once again to grab at the air in front of him a few times in succession. His marionette did the same action as well.

Finally, he dragged a new figure out of the void.

It was a figure dressed in a simple linen robe, with a tree bark as a belt. Standing there, barefooted with long, black hair, Arianna's facial features were ordinary and her eyes dark and cold.

The Evernight cloister’s matron, the ascetic leader, the Servant of Concealment, the Grounded Angel, Arianna.

As soon as Arianna appeared,"Her" dark eyes turned normal. She didn’t look like a projection at all.

"Her" true body seemed to have entered a concealed state, allowing the summoned Historical Void projection to also possess intelligence.

This was also one of the reasons why Klein had chosen to summon "Her," and had given up on summoning Mr. Azik and Miss Messenger who gave him a higher success rate. This way, even if an accident happened during his "suicide," preventing his success, there was still a chance to fight Amon in the subsequent battle!

After a Historical Void’s projection possessed their own consciousness, it made it much easier for Klein to maintain them. This resulted in an extension in time for the maintenance of the projection.

Following that, he used the connection between the Scholar of Yore and their summoned Historical Void projection, quickly communicating to Servant of Concealment, Arianna, his intent to kill him!

Arianna suddenly bent "Her" body, and "Her" right hand reached behind her back. "She" pulled out a bone sword covered in strange patterns from the depths of the darkness.

Then, "She" suddenly took a step forward and swung "Her" sword forward.

The entire darkness literally stirred as it wildly spread towards where the spot Klein was standing.

An unlucky monster happened to be situated between the two of them as it melted away when drowned by the tide of darkness.

This wasn’t the authority of concealment. This was a combination of repose and horror. It symbolized danger in the darkness, a symbol of silent destruction and vanquishment.

The Beyonders of the Sleepless pathway had to reach Sequence 3 Horror Bishop to grasp such powers.

Subconsciously, Klein’s survival instinct made him attempt to escape. But at that moment, he felt that the surrounding darkness was an enemy. If he was infected by that force, he would become a part of the tide. There was no avoiding it.

There’s no need to use all your strength. You can easily kill me with just a portion of your strength… Klein restrained his primal instincts, and he stood on the spot, waiting for the destruction to sweep through him.

At that moment, a distant, illusory bell sounded.

It was as if it had traveled through a long stretch of history, causing everything around it to slow down, including the surging darkness.

In midair, swaths of darkness were pierced, revealing a gigantic wall clock carved out of stone.

It was ancient and mottled, and its surface was separated into twelve segments by grayish-white and bluish-black colors. Each segment had different symbols, and the needle had a total of three hands—short, medium, long. It seemed to be formed from the twelve rings of a Worm of Time.

As the second hand ticked, the bell rang again.

Gong!

As the sound echoed, the surging darkness like a tide slowed down even more. Then, the ancient clock’s projection dissipated, turning back into

Amon with "His" pointed hat and monocle.

Behind "Him", the projection of Zaratul was also in a sluggish state.

Right on the heels of that, Amon levitated in midair, extending "His" right hand, and "He" pressed down at the darkness.

The darkness quickly returned to normal, drowning Klein without causing him any damage. It was unknown if there was a bug or if a Beyonder effect had been stolen.

At the same time, Amon’s body instantly became abnormally huge. It was nearly twenty meters tall, but none of "His" clothes suffered any damage.

"He" looked down at Klein and raised "His" hand to adjust his monocle. He ignored the attacks from the Zaratul projection behind "Him" as "He" curled "His" lips and said with deep interest, "Interesting."

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CHAPTER 1165
THE GRAND LINEUP

As Amon spoke, the transparent tentacles covered with mysterious patterns extended out from the gigantic vortex behind "His" back, and they wrapped around "His" many different Spirit Body Threads.

In the blink of an eye, the illusory black threads were lifted up without any resistance.

And with that, one strange monster after another was hoisted up in the air, like ham waiting to be dry-aged.

The Spirit Body Threads beside Amon were all stolen by "Him" at some point in time!

While Zaratul launched "His" attack, "His" other slippery tentacle kept extending into the void, attempting to pull something back.

In just a few seconds, a figure quickly appeared.

"He" had long chestnut-colored curly hair, blue eyes, high nose bridge, thin lips, and a very beautifully manicured mustache. He wore a dark red coat with rusted golden threads. It was none other than the former Emperor of Intis, Roselle Gustav.

The moment this Knowledge Emperor stepped into the real world, "He" looked down at the gigantified Amon, and complicated and illusory symbols instantly formed in "His" eyes.

"He" wasn't worried that Amon would steal "His" attack at all, because "He" had prepared an extremely large amount of useless miscellaneous knowledge. Be it the forceful injection or Amon's theft of it, "He" could achieve the goal of blowing up the other party's mind.

Just as Emperor Roselle's projection was fully formed, another figure appeared from Zaratul's transparent tentacles.

The figure had a young face, but his long hair was already half-white—pulled back and flailing in the air. In the darkness, half of it was hidden, and the other was prominent.

This was an angel that Klein didn't know. "He" looked like a man with eyes that were dark and filled with the vicissitudes of life. "His" facial features were considered pretty good, but there was a bunch of thick, short black hair on "His" cheeks. "He" emitted the feeling that "He" was both old and youthful, both rational and crazy.

"He" immediately transformed into a cluster of squirming worms that extended out transparent, smooth tentacles akin to Zaratul's projection.

Clearly, this was also an angel from the Seer pathway.

At that moment, Klein didn't even dare to look straight at the situation occurring in midair. However, when his spiritual perception triggered, he had already sensed something familiar.

The second angel that was summoned by Zaratul was the son of an ancient god, the original ancestor of the Antigonus family!

This was the historical projection "Him" before "He" became The Half-Fool.

Clearly, Zaratul had made sufficient preparations in this period of time.

As Antigonus displayed "His" complete Mythical Creature form, the surrounding environment changed once again. The darkness became even darker, as though it had a life of its own as it surged towards the massive manifestation of the classic black-robed, pointy-hatted, and monocled Amon.

In the area enveloped by darkness, all the monsters instantly turned into marionettes.

Antigonus seemed to have moved a portion of the ancient divine kingdom from "His" memories into the real world, so as to separate Amon from Klein.

This was also a miracle.

When the miracle happened, Zaratul's transparent tentacles pulled out a third projection from the fog of history.

This was a knight in full black armor. "He" was a demigod from the Fourth Epoch's Solomon Empire, and had not left an illustrious name in history.

However, "He" had another identity. "He" was a member of the "Red of War" army, and the leader of this army was King of Angels, Medici.

In this division, every member could connect with Red Angel Medici's mind and become one.

In other words, if Medici could converge their powers, then they too could also transmit their own powers to the collective pool.

The powers of a Scholar of Yore powers couldn't summon anything associated with the Uniqueness. Even if they were to raise their Sequence and receive a qualitative change, it remained the same. However, there was no doubt that Seers would seek ways to push the envelope by attempting to bypass the restrictions and obtain help from the Uniqueness to a certain extent.

Klein had summoned the Goddess's descent vessel to accomplish this point, while Zaratul summoned a powerhouse of the Red of War army.

At this moment, that projection was equivalent to a portion of Medici!

The knight in black armor stepped onto the battlefield. "He" scanned the battlefield in a sluggish manner before laughing out loud.

"Yo, Lil' Raven, have those feathers I burnt recovered?"

Due to the fact that his historical projection had summoned another three angel-level historical projections, Klein suspected that he couldn't maintain it for ten seconds.

If it wasn't for this change, then he would most likely have felt that he had found a way to indefinitely increase his combat strength. That was to summon two angels and one projection of himself every time. Then, he could use his projection to summon two angels and himself again. If this continued, he would have an infinite number of projections available.

At that moment, the ascetic leader of the Church of Evernight, Arianna's body faded and entered a concealed state. Following that, "She" suddenly appeared behind the gigantified Amon, slashing out with the bone sword that was covered in strange patterns.

Taking advantage of the opportunity when Amon was being attacked by the five angel projections' attack, Klein kept converting monsters into his marionettes, getting them to aim at him. He opened his mouth and let out a bang.

Air Cannons whistled towards him.

At the same time, Klein stretched out his hand and easily took out a Flaring Sun Charm that had already been activated and was just short of releasing its effects.

He didn't believe that he would be able to survive such repeated attacks.

Amidst the booms, Klein suddenly heard a "tick-tock" noise.

The entire world seemed to stop for a moment before it returned to normal.

Following that, he saw a huge hole in the dark sky. A ray of pure hot sunlight shone in and lit a golden charm.

It was the Flaring Sun Charm. It had turned into a huge ball of light that was engulfed by countless balls of flames.

However, the target it attacked wasn't Klein. It had made an error and, instead, wrapped around the Red of War demigod.

Meanwhile, the vast amount of knowledge that Roselle Gustav had injected, the miracle created by Antigonus, the destructive sword which Arianna had swung out, the transparent tentacles that Zaratul extended, they all pointed at the same target in an erroneous manner—Medici's black-armored subordinate.

At some point, the projection that consisted of a part of Medici's will first suffered an explosion in "His" mind. Even "His" instinctive reaction seemed to have disappeared. Then, "He" was assaulted by the barrage of heavy attacks, and quickly dissipated in midair.

Wearing a pointed hat and a classical mage robe, it was unknown when Amon had returned to the size of a human and landed at the bottom of the battlefield.

"He" raised "His" right hand and adjusted the crystal monocle as a beam of light lit up.

Behind "His" back, the ancient mottled clock phantom appeared once again. The longest second hand quickly spun half a round at an extraordinary speed.

It took less than a second, but everything on the desolate moors seemed to have lost ten to twenty seconds.

The projection of Antigonus's historical projection disappeared. Following that, Roselle's historical projection faded away. Finally, it was the historical projections of Zaratul and Arianna.

The amount of time "They" could be maintained had been stolen.

Klein, who was just about to commit suicide for the third time, couldn't believe his eyes.

He had expected Blasphemer Amon to resolve the five angel projections. After all, they were merely projections. A projection was much weaker than the actual body. However, Klein never expected the other party to be so casual about it that he didn't even have a chance to commit suicide.

He had used his trump card in exchange for such an outcome. It was inevitable for him to feel disheartened and despair.

Amon nudged his monocle and took a step forward to appear in front of him. "He" smiled.

"If 'They' were all 'Their' true bodies, it would indeed be more troublesome.

"However, the Historical Void projection has a very huge flaw. And grasping the 'problem' of something is what I'm best at."

Looking at this Angel of Time whose smile remained the same while his expression was one of delight, as though "He" hadn't been in a difficult situation just now, Klein's heart slowly sank, as if he had fallen into an abyss.

His spiritual perception was triggered as scenes quickly flashed through his mind.

After entering the Forsaken Land of the Gods, Amon changed his clothes—going from a dark colored jacket, trousers, and black top hat that met the aesthetic standards of modern times to a classic mage's robe and a pointed hat.

After that, "He" suggested a game of escaping and obstructing;

"He" appeared extremely confident and wasn't worried about any mishaps…

As his thoughts raced, Klein's throat turned dry, and he said in a low and hoarse voice, "You… are the true body…

"After entering the Forsaken Land of the Gods, your true body merged with your avatar?"

He seriously suspected that the person in front of him was Amon's true body, the true Blasphemer, the whole King of Angels!

The corners of the monocled Amon's mouth curled up bit by bit.

"This is very interesting, isn't it?

"The expression on your face after knowing the truth is what I wanted to see in this game."

"He" had clearly admitted that "He" was the main body. "He" was born accommodating the Uniqueness of the Marauder pathway. "He" was peerless amongst the ranks of those beneath that of deities.

This meant that, unless a true deity descended, no matter how hard Klein struggled, he wouldn't be able to escape from Amon's hands. And this was the Forsaken Land of the Gods. The only active deity was the True Creator, and "He" wasn't too interested in Sefirah Castle.

Although he had suspected that the Amon beside him had swapped with "His" actual body, Klein, who had experienced countless instances of hope, only to have them destroyed, experienced what was the ultimate sense of despair when he was truly certain of it. If it wasn't for the fact that the Tarot Club involved Miss Justice, Leonard, and company, as well as how he knew that Amon was best at deception, he would've admitted defeat and expressed his willingness to become "His" Blessed.

Isn't it normal to join the ranks of the opponents if you can't beat them… As he lampooned, a thought suddenly flashed through his mind. He recalled the words that Amon had previously said.

This… His eyes lit up, and he completely calmed down. Looking at Amon, he leisurely stretched his body and said with a smile, "Kill me."

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CHAPTER 1166
ITS NAME

Lightning once again lit up the desolate moors that were blanketed with grayish-yellow fog. It illuminated the spot where an angel-level battle had just happened, illuminating the calm smile on his face.

Amon looked at him for a few seconds before nudging his monocle and smiling.

"Can’t you say something else?

"You seem to have found new hope?"

Klein’s smile didn’t change as he clenched his fist to his nose and stuck one hand into his pocket.

"I just suddenly understood something. It turns out that it’s not too demoralizing to play this game with your true body. On the contrary, this shows that you have no way of stealing my destiny."

"Oh?" Amon smiled as "He" spoke in a tone, as though "He" was looking forward to what Klein would say next.

Klein laughed and said without any hesitation, "Otherwise, once I entered the Forsaken Land of the Gods, you would’ve directly stolen my destiny and become the new owner of Sefirah Castle. Even if you want to play a game of escaping and obstructing, you could’ve waited until the main goal was achieved before doing so. That way, you wouldn’t be taking any risks. And having lost my chance to resurrect and my original destiny, I’ll put in an even greater effort into escaping due to my instinct to survive.

"Indeed, the God of Mischief might do something that disregards danger, doing so in pursuit of excitement, but you're still the God of Deceit."

Having said that, Klein looked at the unperturbed expression on Amon's face and paused.

"I know that you really have the ability to steal the destinies of others, but being capable of doing something doesn't mean that you'll do it. This requires a risk assessment, as well as weighing and analyzing the pros and cons.

"I believe that you don't wish to steal my destiny directly. That will make you bear the burden of everything brought about by Sefirah Castle. You have to resist the trauma of the resurrection of its original owner. Even for a King of Angels like you, this is also very dangerous. If you aren't careful, you can perish. Therefore, you want to find a loophole—you want to get Sefirah Castle without suffering the negative effects. And this requires my 'permission.'"

When he said that, Klein thought of the experience of getting hit by computer viruses in his previous life. Those viruses would always pretend to be normal and cheat him into giving him permission.

This was somewhat similar to the current situation.

After hearing Klein's words, Amon looked at him without a word. Instead, "He" calmly adjusted the crystal monocle.

Klein smiled and continued, "From the moment you parasitized me, you've been setting up a huge scam. On the one hand, you've given me the option of becoming your Blessed, telling me that your true body can withstand my destiny, causing me to bear a heavy psychological burden.

"In the subsequent journey, you constantly made me see hope before destroying it. From time to time, you'll give me a time limit, making me unknowingly seize an opportunity and catch my breath. Then, you suddenly

shortened the trip, disrupting my plans. Finally, you reveal the card that you’re the true body, sending me into the abyss of despair, so as to destroy my will and dismantle my mental defenses. I would completely break down and choose to become your Blessed, and ‘agree’ to that hidden ‘transaction.’"

After hearing everything in silence, Amon suddenly laughed and raised "His" hands to gently clap.

"Perfect deduction.

"However, you seem to have missed a problem.

"What I said was to see my real body at a sufficiently safe place. Then, your destiny will be taken away. Now that we haven’t reached our final destination, I naturally won’t take the risk."

Klein’s expression sank slightly before he relaxed again.

"I’m looking forward to how different the developments will be there."

He responded to Amon in "His" style.

The genuine King of Angels adjusted "His" monocle and pointed to the side with a smile.

"Soon. We’ll arrive in less than half a day."

"How long is that exactly?" Klein instinctively lacked trust in Amon’s vague descriptions.

Amon scratched "His" chin and chuckled.

"Half an hour."

Klein turned his head to look in the direction where Amon had pointed. He only saw deep darkness, nothing else…

A bolt of lightning streaked across the desolate moors, but even farther away was a thick grayish-yellow fog.

…

Backlund, Empress Borough, in the Hall family’s luxurious villa.

After two days of chaos, Audrey’s life finally regained some peace. This made her even more curious about the truth behind the king’s assassination.

Considering how Mr. Fool had seemingly hinted that the Tarot Gathering would be canceled today, Audrey decided to pray to this existence in advance and establish a connection with The World Gehrman Sparrow to figure out the corresponding situation.

The moment she glanced at Susie, the golden retriever immediately walked out of the room, closed the door with her leg in passing, and sat outside.

Audrey sat down, took on a prayer pose, and recited in ancient Hermes:

"The Fool that doesn’t belong to this era…”

…

Backlund East Borough, inside a two-bedroom rental apartment.

"Do you think there will be a gathering today? There’s no formal notice…” Fors took out her pocket watch for women and opened it.

Xio shook her head.

"I don’t know."

Fors couldn’t sit still any longer. She left her seat and paced back and forth anxiously as she muttered to herself, "Mr. World didn’t respond, neither did Mr. Fool respond…”

As she spoke, Fors suddenly looked at her friend who was eating some ham. She hurriedly said, "Xio, why don’t you try praying to Mr. Fool and ask if the gathering will be held as scheduled today?"

Xio frowned slightly as she put down her fork and nodded.

"Okay."

She also found the situation a little strange.

She clasped her hands and held them under her chin. Xio took a deep breath and said in a low voice, "The Fool that doesn’t belong to this era…”

…

Backlund, North Borough, underground of Saint Samuel Cathedral, in a room behind Chanis Gate.

Emlyn White woke up, feeling puzzled over the dream he had.

He had apparently dreamed of the Sanguine Ancestor, Lilith!

In his dream, he was trapped in a castle covered in red grapevines, one he couldn’t escape from no matter how hard he tried.

Later, through a narrow window from high above, he saw the crimson moon outside and a pair of bat wings that covered half the crimson moon.

In the legends of the Sanguine, this was one of the symbols of the ancient goddess, Lilith.

Right on the heels of that, Emlyn flew up high in excitement, attempting to open the narrow window. At the bottom of the glass, he found a tarot card.

On the surface of the tarot card was a lad dressed in gorgeous clothes. He was wearing splendid headgear with a stick over his shoulder. There was a bindle hanging on the end of the stick, and a puppy was following behind him.

The Fool card.

At this point in his dream, Emlyn naturally woke up. As a Sanguine Viscount, he had the ability to perform a basic analysis of dreams.

It must be because of my current situation that this dream appeared. That Star actually didn’t deliver any human blood to me…

I am indeed the target of the Ancestor’s benediction…”She" is hinting to me that if I wish to escape from my predicament, I have to obtain help from Mr. Fool?

What day is it today? Forget it, I’ll just pray. That way, I can leave as soon as possible." Emlyn sat up with hope as he piously chanted, "The Fool that doesn’t belong to this era…”

…

Above the gray fog, the three crimson stars that corresponded to Justice, Judgment, and The Moon began to expand and shrink, emitting light to create ripples.

They merged into the dark red "tide" that originally existed, causing the shock waves in the mysterious space to instantly intensify.

Amidst the quake, the "tide" flooded the ancient and majestic palace, lighting up one mysterious symbol after another behind the eight seats on the long bronze table.

This brought a new halo and resonance, accompanied by a buzzing sound.

At the end of the long, mottled table, the back of The Fool’s seat lit up as well. The complicated symbol formed by the Contorted Lines and Pupil-less Eye kept extending outwards, becoming layered and extremely three-dimensional.

The dark red "tide" was attracted over and formed a "figure" on the high back chair belonging to The Fool.

This "figure" wasn’t stable enough. It distorted and scattered from time to time, hardly capable of maintaining its form.

On a desolate moor covered with grayish-yellow fog, Klein paused for a moment and looked up at the lightning that streaked across the sky.

He then retracted his gaze. Holding the lantern in his hand, he followed beside Amon, deep into the endless moors.

The more the man and the King of Angels proceeded, the more ravines the ground had. Similarly, their depths became more and more exaggerated.

About ten minutes later, another bolt of lightning streaked across the sky. Not far away, Klein saw a single-eyed giant with a bluish-black pupil, pacing back and forth. It towered tens of meters.

His body was covered in traces of rotting pus. His eye was sunken and lifeless. It was obvious that he was dead.

However, he continued wandering around. Grayish-yellow gas emanated from his body, interweaving in midair to create the fog over the moor.

The grayish-yellow fog that enveloped the vast moor was actually generated by this bluish-black giant!

"The youngest son of the Giant King Aurmir, the God of Glory, Bladel. ‘He’ publicly cursed my father and was punished to forever roam this area. Of course, ‘He’ has long died in the Cataclysm, but ‘He’ still wasn’t able to free ‘Himself.’" Amon looked at the giant and smiled. "If I hadn’t stolen the corresponding damage dealt to you, you would’ve been contaminated by the fog created after Bladel’s death. You would become a cursed entity that roams this area."

Do I have to thank you? Suddenly, Klein felt like he had entered a myth.

With him in tow, Amon continued forward. Soon, they approached the bluish-black, single-eyed giant.

There was an extremely deep ravine on the spot where the giant was loitering about. As the lightning flashed, a thick and vast grayish-white building appeared at the bottom.

With just a glance, Klein’s eyelids twitched slightly as he recalled the scene he saw when he was divining the Unshadowed Crucifix.

If he remembered correctly, this should be where the ancient sun god, the City of Silver’s Creator, Amon and Adam’s father walked out from!

Is this the safe place that Amon mentioned? Klein’s heart sank.

At this moment, the pointy-hatted, monocled Amon walked to the edge of the ravine. With "His" back facing the grayish-white building, "He" spread his arms slightly and said with a smile, "This is the holy land where my father was awoken. Buried in it is the history I wish to seek.

"My father told me that this place has an ancient name, called…”

As a streak of silver lightning tore through the sky, the black-robed Amon paused as "He" widened "His" arms, saying with a solemn tone, "Chernobyl!"

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CHAPTER 1167
WHEN THE STARS ARE RIGHT

"Chernobyl!"

Upon hearing Amon's words, Klein's first reaction was one of shock.

Back when they were approaching the bluish-black, single-eyed giant, he had come up with many possibilities, but he never expected to hear such a name.

This was akin to seeing a machine gun appear in an ancient oil painting, or a novel's plot appearing in a scientific paper. It was filled with unbelievable contradictions.

In the next second, he thought of the funny matter about how the ancient sun god had used "His" rib to create Dark Angel Sasrir, but had named "His" eldest son Adam. He instinctively believed that the current situation was similar, and he couldn't help but laugh.

To have Amon, who was so powerful that "He" was almost a "bug" in the real world, a King of Angels who always wore a sinister smile on "His" face, speak the name with such seriousness and solemnity, it made Klein unable to hold back his laughter. Besides, he had no intention of controlling himself.

It's best if "He" gets angry from the embarrassment and kills me… The reason Amon is this way today has largely to do with the ancient sun god's method of upbringing! The corners of Klein's mouth curved into a smile, prepared to ruthlessly vent his inner laughter.

At this moment, another bolt of silvery-white lightning streaked across the sky, illuminating the deep ravine. It made Klein once again see the grayish-white building at the bottom.

This was a building that was completely different from the current style of the Fourth, Third, and even the Second Epoch.

Thump!

Klein's heart rapidly contracted before it expanded again. The smile he just made froze on his face.

Thump! Thump!

When he heard his own heartbeat, he suddenly had the common sense he had regarding the present world appear in his mind.

12 months a year, 365 days a year, has leap years…

24 hours a day, 60 minutes a day, 60 seconds a minute…

It's confirmed to be a planet…

There's a sun and a moon in the sky…

Badump! Badump! Badump!

Klein's instinct prevented him from thinking any further, but deep in his heart, there was still a "voice."

Could it be that I've never actually "transmigrated"? I've always been on Earth the entire time, but I've been hanging from the door of light above the gray fog for too long, making me truly not belong to this era…

As this thought formed, many details that didn't catch his attention spewed out like a volcano in his mind.

To the easternmost front of the Sonia Sea, before entering the ruins of the battlefield of the gods, there are rotting and crumbling steel buildings around the ancient well. They appeared to be left behind by humans…

The Northern and Southern Continent are overall very similar in shape to that of North and South America. However, a large part of the isthmus that connects the two landmasses has been wiped away by some kind of power, forming the Berserk Sea with its complicated and winding sea routes… Also, Sonia Island is like the gigantic landmass in the north that drifted south… Midseashire is like the expanded and connected version of the Great Lakes of North America. It's as though it suffered a strike from a massive meteor…

The mountains and rivers on the Northern Continent have changed a lot, but the overall shape is barely recognizable…

In that case… the Western Continent where the elves come from, and the Forsaken Land of the Gods in the Eastern Continent, will correspond to Chernobyl…

In the legends of treasure out at sea, there's a lost civilization called the Newins. It sank somewhere in the Fog Sea…

The Giant King's parents are humans… The Sanguine, elves also seem to originate from humans…

I previously had two questions: Why would Sefirah Castle grab transmigrators from Earth? Why would all of them be people from my era? This can also be explained…

In the short span of two to three seconds, it was as if lightning was constantly exploding in his mind. This caused his lips to tremble slightly, as though he was trying his best to contain the backlash of his revelation.

But the moon in this world is crimson… The constellations are somewhat different from those of Earth… I'm not an astronomy aficionado, so I can't

remember clearly. However, the Emperor consumed the potions from the Savant pathway. If the cosmos was completely identical, he would've discovered it a long time ago… The opposing opinion appeared in Klein's mind. They were like a strong anchor, preventing his ship from being blown away from the port in the midst of the storm.

But one second later, he remembered two lines.

One sentence was a terrifying prophecy that he had read online in his previous life:

"When the stars are right, Chaos will rise from underground, and the Great Oldest One will awaken."

The other was:

"Be careful of the moon!"

This… That prophecy wasn't randomly made up? When the stars are right… So, this resulted in the previous discrepancies? Klein almost ignored Amon in front of him. Even his body began to tremble.

He used a great deal of strength before he sighed inwardly.

Perhaps, I've never left my hometown, but I will never be able to return home…

Just as he came to this understanding and realization, the grayish-white fog silently appeared in front of him.

This time, he directly stood in front of the Waning Forest, which corresponded to the end of the First Epoch and the early stages of the Second Epoch.

Unlike the past, the boundless gray fog in front of him was no longer empty. Deep in the fog, in a very far distance, points of shattered light were

lit up.

They were like lighthouses, illuminating the path of history. They led Klein forward as they traced back thousands of years, or even further.

Then, he saw the resplendent bluish-black door of light. He saw transparent cocoons hanging above it, and himself in a T-shirt and loose pants.

An invisible wind blew past as the grayish-white fog beneath the door opened, layer by layer, revealing cities.

There were tall skyscrapers with all kinds of cars parked, frozen with pedestrians that walked past.

One by one, these cities were covered in grayish-white dust. Many buildings had collapsed, broken steel bars tearing out of their frames. Some of the cars had caved in, others had broken down. There were even some that had been squashed into metallic pancakes. The passers-by looked lifeless, like wax figures…

Upon seeing this scene, Klein stopped and stared intently.

He knew very well that:

This world was Earth!

At that moment, he completely digested the Scholar of Yore potion.

Suddenly, Klein's consciousness returned to the real world. He realized that his connection with Sefirah Castle had strengthened.

Amidst the buzzing sounds, the resonance generated by the prayers of the Tarot Club members grew in intensity.

Previously, he could use them to vaguely sense Sefirah Castle above the gray fog and see that the Klein at The Fool's seat was trying to establish

some sort of connection with the dark red, warping figure that was about to take form.

In an instant, he came to a realization. There was no longer a need for him to chant the incantation or take four steps counterclockwise. With a mere thought, his Spirit Body could enter Sefirah Castle, becoming one with that "figure."

This was undoubtedly the best opportunity for him to escape!

He couldn't be bothered to marvel at the fact that this world was Earth. Believing that Amon definitely didn't know of such a development, Klein immediately thought of jumping straight towards Sefirah Castle.

At this moment, the corner of his eye reflected the pointy-hatted, monocled, classic mage-robed Amon curled "His" lips into a smile—one that spoke of endless joy.

Klein's mind suddenly exploded as all his thoughts were occupied by the crazy raving from Amon.

"You're right. I didn't want to steal your destiny, bearing the burden while becoming the new owner of Sefirah Castle…”

"You're right. This was a scam that has been going on since the beginning…

"However, the core of this scam was to make you think that me giving you hope and destroying it was to break your will and make you agree to become my Blessed…”

"If I hadn't specially changed my clothes when I entered the Forsaken Land of the Gods, as well as my 'accidental' use of 'Error' powers, would you have been so sure that my true body was already here?

"Could it be possible that the God of Deceit doesn't understand that changing one's image would expose many problems?

"Did you think that I wouldn't understand what the name 'Chernobyl' means?

"I've been in the Forsaken Land of the Gods for more than a thousand years. I've been searching for the oldest traces of history, the ones that go far beyond the First Epoch."

"The true goal of this journey was to give you some time and give you some historical knowledge to aid you in digesting the Scholar of Yore potion, so that you can relax your vigilance in this area. Then, when your connection with Sefirah Castle deepens and you attempt to trigger it, I'll seize this opportunity and use a loophole to steal Sefirah Castle.

"The destiny shall be yours, and Sefirah Castle shall be mine."

…

Not only did the terrifying ravings from the King of Angels contain the sounds of Amon's chuckle, but they also wreaked havoc on Klein's mental state. They were no weaker than Mr. Door's roar.

The surface of Klein's skin began to show signs of protruding Worms of Spirit as he was brought to the brink of losing control.

In his body, a twelve-segmented Worm of Time burrowed out, transforming into an Amon phantom wearing a black mage robe and a matching pointy hat and crystal monocle.

"He" had parasitized Klein at a superficial level, not to monitor his thoughts, but rather to take control of the situation at the critical moment through parasitizing him at a deeper level. "He" wanted to seize this opportunity!

In the beginning, Amon had used a "deeper level" of parasitizing with one main goal—to parasitize a Worm of Time at a superficial level, without the saint being able to detect it!

The Amon projection turned back and gave Klein, who was unable to straighten his thoughts after being disrupted by the ravings, a look. It revealed a smile that was identical to its true body.

The corners of "His" lips curled up slightly, carrying a look of endless joy.

"He" turned around and used the invisible connection to leap towards Sefirah Castle above the gray fog.

This was similar to the situation of "Him" parasitizing Derrick Berg and trying to use the crimson star that corresponded to The Sun to infiltrate the world above the gray fog.

But this time, no one was inside Sefirah Castle to purify "Him"—to close the "door," to stop Amon.

This was a spectacular act.

This was the God of Deceit.

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CHAPTER 1168
MY ANCHORS

In the blink of an eye, Amon saw the grayish-white fog and the ancient and majestic palace above.

"He" just needed to reach out "His" hand and pass through the final obstacle to truly touch Sefirah Castle and directly occupy the place and, in essence, take it away.

But at that moment, a gigantic bluish-black palm suddenly appeared above the Amon phantom, blocking "Him" from entering Sefirah Castle.

Amon’s projection subconsciously turned its head and looked in the direction of the palm. It saw the pus-covered, one-eyed giant who had long since died.

Bladel, who was known as the God of Glory, still didn’t show any signs of life in "His" exaggerated vertical eye. The curse of the grayish-yellow fog kept emanating from "His" body.

However, it was different from before. There were seemingly illusory black tubes behind "His" back. They extended all the way into the infinite distance, a mystery as to what they were connected to.

Boom!

The towering bluish-black giant instantly condensed a broadsword formed from the orange-red light of dusk. Holding it in one hand, "He" cleaved down at the side of the deep ravine where Amon’s body was.

This youngest son of the Giant King, the one who had died due to the curse, suddenly unleashed an unimaginable power after roaming aimlessly for thousands of years.

The "Twilight Sword" tore through the void and jumped out from the spot where the Angel of Time, Amon, was standing. It ripped through everything around it, turning into a storm that could destroy this desolate moor.

Amon didn’t move and remained standing there. No matter how the orange-red "sword" storm raged, it didn’t harm "Him" at all.

"He" seemed to have used some sort of "error" in this world again.

However, in this state, Amon was no longer able to transmit "His" ravings into Klein’s mind, allowing him to finally gain a sliver of peace.

Ignoring how he was about to lose control, he regained his clarity of mind using the clear and real surroundings and the layers of prayer. Then, he immediately resonated with the dark red "figure" sitting at The Fool’s seat above the gray fog, and he established a new connection.

He didn’t hesitate to return to Sefirah Castle!

And at this moment, Amon’s phantom, which was attempting to infiltrate above the gray fog, was obstructed by the bluish-black palm of the God of Glory, Bladel. "He" wasn’t able to instantly break through the titanic obstruction.

The monocled King of Angels, be it "His" avatar or true body, opened "His" mouth and said a name, "Evernight."

Yes, this was help coming from the Evernight Goddess, but it wasn’t without reason!

Although Klein lacked confidence in this matter, he had always kept it as one of his trump cards. He only believed that it might not be effective and

had a very low chance of success. It could only be used as a glimmer of hope at his most desperate hour.

After entering the Forsaken Land of the Gods and obtaining some space to think on his own, he worked hard to find "resources" available to him that could be used. Then, he recalled something:

The matter of the former Chief of the City of Silver!

This Demon Hunter had attempted to switch to Sequence 3 Ferryman of the Death pathway, but he ended up turning into a monster inside the mausoleum he built.

This anomaly was related to illusory black tubes, and such a phenomenon had been seen from the Numinous Sect’s Artificial Death.

In other words, the mutation of the former Chief of the City of Silver was very likely related to Artificial Death.

This indirectly explained something—that for some unknown reason, those that could influence the Forsaken Land of the Gods, other than the True Creator, included Artificial Death who had come to "life" to a certain level.

And now, Artificial Death could be considered the Evernight Goddess in some ways!

Based on this reasoning, Klein suspected that the Goddess could use the Uniqueness of the Death pathway to exert a low level of influence to some degree on certain things in the Forsaken Land of the Gods.

In addition, there were only three people involved in the matter regarding the former Chief of the City of Silver. One of them was the current Chief, Colin Iliad; the demigod Elder, Waite Chirmont, and Shepherd Elder, Lovia. They were either Sequence 4 saints or an important believer of the True Creator. It was impossible for them to be completely unaware that they had been "parasitized" by Amon.

As for the only person who received feedback from the escapade, it was Derrick Berg who was under The Fool’s watch. He wasn’t one of Amon’s "Parasites" either.

In other words, Amon wasn’t aware of the former City of Silver Chief’s abnormality involving the black illusory tubes. That was key.

Therefore, even if "He" was able to guess that the Evernight Goddess had obtained the Uniqueness of the Death pathway, causing the God of Combat to have an intense reaction, there was no way for "Him" to know that this would bring about unforeseen developments to the Forsaken Land of the Gods.

With this knowledge in mind, Klein consciously performed certain tasks, despite not having much confidence.

In the city that believed in the phoenix, he didn’t take away the remaining Death pathway’s Beyonder characteristics, hoping to leave a trail.

After summoning Zaratul’s historical projection, he didn’t seize the opportunity to commit suicide immediately. On the one hand, he was afraid that Amon would still have the ability to stop him and affect his other arrangements; while on the other hand, he tried to use the summoning of the Servant of Concealment Arianna’s projection to inform the Evernight Goddess about the exact situation.

After completing these two matters, Klein had no idea what the final outcome would be. He had mostly focused his attention on the fact that Amon’s avatar had been replaced by "His" true body.

When he arrived at his final destination and saw the roaming angel’s corpse, he had just thought of something when he was distracted by Amon’s introduction. It took him only until now to realize that the Goddess had long gained some rudimentary control of this Giant King’s youngest son through the Death pathway’s Uniqueness. "She" had been patiently waiting for an opportunity to use this cursed angel.

And the concealment forces that filled the Forsaken Land of the Gods helped "Her" conceal the illusory black tubes very well.

Suddenly, in the ancient palace above the gray fog, at The Fool’s seat situated at the end of the long, mottled table, the dark red figure that kept warping and scattering took the form of the scholarly Klein with his black hair and brown eyes.

With just a thought, Klein’s consciousness and Spirit Body had returned to Sefirah Castle!

Following that, he used the close connection between his body and Sefirah Castle, together with the prayers of the Tarot Club members, to amplify the resonance effect. He then saw himself—glazed eyes, on the brink of losing control. He saw Amon’s projection which had circled around the bluish-black palm using an "error."

The monocled Amon raised "His" head, making eye contact with Klein, who was seated at The Fool’s seat.

Klein beckoned for the Sea God Scepter and raised it.

The entire gray fog boiled as the entirety of Sefirah Castle quaked.

A vast amount of terrifying power gathered over, transforming into a torrent of lightning. The blue gems that lit up at the same time sent an illuminating light that surged down like a torrent, drowning Amon’s avatars and his own body.

A deep rumble of thunder echoed as the terrifying silver lightning tore everything it enveloped apart.

Amon’s projection disintegrated, and Klein’s body was destroyed.

He had finally succeeded in committing suicide.

After completing this attack, Klein, who was high above the gray fog, immediately cut off the connection between Sefirah Castle and the real world, so as to prevent Amon’s true body from creating any new accidents.

Right on the heels of that, he began to wait for the "miracle" and waited for his "resurrection."

Beside the deep ravine which had grayish-white buildings at the bottom, Amon’s true body adjusted the crystal monocle, stealing the curse that kept Bladel "existing."

The bluish-black giant immediately began to rot, quickly being reduced to bones. The illusory black tubes didn’t persist, and they instead shrank back into the depths of the darkness.

Dressed in a pointed hat and a classic black robe, Amon stood there. "He" raised "His" head and looked into the sky silently for a few seconds, as though he was looking at Sefirah Castle through the fog of history.

Finally, "He" pinched the crystal monocle and muttered to "Himself" as the corners of "His" mouth curled up.

"Interesting."

…

In the ancient palace, at the end of the long, mottled table, Klein sat at the seat belonging to The Fool. He carefully looked down at the grayish-white fog.

He discovered that the Beyonder characteristics that had been destroyed with his body had unknowingly entered the Historical Void. It fused with the Worms of Spirit from the past, turning them corporeal.

As long as Klein willed it from Sefirah Castle, these Worms of Spirit would immediately be able to escape the fog of history and reform his body in the

real world.

The miracle of "resurrection" was essentially a deeper use of one’s strength from the past.

"Miracles" happen using the past and future? Klein frowned slightly as he attempted to analyze how the "Miracle" in Miracle Invoker came about.

After thinking for a few seconds, he quickly pulled his attention back and attempted to revive himself in Sefirah Castle. Then, he discovered a problem:

His body could only be revived in the real world. Furthermore, it had to be within a certain range of his remains. As for his Spirit Body, it could be reborn above the gray fog, but Klein’s Spirit Body hadn’t been destroyed—it was sitting on the high-back chair of The Fool.

Obtaining help from the past works. The number of resurrections I’m using now is depleting the number I’ll have after I become a Miracle Invoker… From the looks of it, there’s only one chance now. Tsk… Amon should be guarding my "corpse" now. I have to think of a way to get out of this predicament…”His" sense of time is different from a human’s. He’s a very patient God of Mischief… Yes, my current state can only be maintained for three days. After that period of time, I won’t be able to borrow powers from the past to resurrect… If it really doesn’t work, I’ll just abandon my body and become an undead! Klein’s mind raced. Although he was somewhat vexed, he was in his most relaxed state over the past few days.

He finally got out of that nearly hopeless situation.

He looked at the high-back chairs that had symbols light up on their backs, as well as the burgeoning and contracting dark red stars. Klein exhaled and relaxed as he leaned back into his chair. He couldn’t help but reveal a smile.

"These are my anchors."

Author’s Note: This arc has finally come to an end. The whole story’s origins was when I was reading the Cthulhu myth. When I saw the line about the stars being right, I suddenly thought of this: We often say that Cthulhu will awaken soon, but what happens if Cthulhu has already awakened…? For those who don’t know much about Cthulhu, it doesn’t matter. Just treat this name as an evil god. After all, the corresponding deities were completely reconstructed by me.

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CHAPTER 1169
KLEIN'S PLAN

The flashing dark red glow slightly warmed Klein's heart. He felt that he wasn't that lonely, and that someone still remembered him.

As the illusory, overlapping sounds of prayers became clearer and clearer, turning increasingly real, noisy, and chaotic, he realized that Sefirah Castle was summoning him, and the resonance between the two was growing stronger.

After all the members of the Tarot Club had completed their prayers, Klein had a vague feeling that he could enter Sefirah Castle at any time, allowing his consciousness to manifest there instantly. However, he was still obstructed by that one last obstacle.

This problem was finally resolved after he completely digested the Scholar of Yore potion.

It was also because of this that he had the opportunity to return to Sefirah Castle before Amon broke past the obstruction from the God of Glory, Bladel.

In just two short days, all the members of the Tarot Club have prayed. Generally speaking, there shouldn't be a coincidence like this… Some aren't problematic, but there are some that seem to have been affected by the Goddess and Will… I was lucky enough, so I naturally had a good "development"…After careful thought, he realized how unreasonable certain parts were, but this was something that could be explained, and there was no need to pay too much attention to it.

After changing his seating posture slightly, Klein's gaze gradually darkened.

Although he felt that he might not be able to return "home" the moment he saw the door of light and cocoons, he still felt that his hopes were completely destroyed upon confirming that this world was his former hometown. The light of dawn was swallowed by the darkness.

Back then, using "The Fool that doesn't belong to this era" as an honorific name might be a revelation given to me by my spiritual intuition… In the deepest part of my heart, I might've sensed something… Yes, I remember that I transmigrated while I was sleeping. But why was I wearing a T-shirt and loose pants while hanging in the cocoon? Klein frowned slightly as he cast his gaze at the grayish-white fog under Sefirah Castle.

As he searched for the reason for the fragments of light in the fog of history, he tried hard to recall every detail of that fateful night.

Finally, he found the corresponding historical segment:

Zhou Mingrui, who was wearing a t-shirt and loose pants, set up the luck enhancement ritual before dinner. He took four steps counterclockwise and recited incantations like "The Immortal Lord of Heaven and Earth for Blessings."

In his memories, nothing had happened back then, but the scene in history wasn't like this!

After Zhou Mingrui finished his four steps and completed the ritual, his face turned pale and his eyes glazed over.

Following that, he ate his meal in a daze. He read books, watched dramas, and fiddled with his phone as if he was completing a predetermined program.

Finally, Zhou Mingrui came to the sink and looked at his lifeless eyes in the mirror. He brushed his teeth, washed his face, and went to bed.

During this process, he didn't change out of his T-shirt and loose pants. He covered himself with the blanket and closed his eyes.

Before long, an intense light and violent shaking ended the corresponding historical scene.

Klein couldn't help but raise his hand and rub his temples. He gave a self-deprecating laugh.

So the idea of there not being any changes and everything being normal after the luck enhancement ceremony was simply what I concluded. In actual fact, my body had already experienced certain anomalies…

If it were in the past, he would definitely feel horrified and scared about the truth of the matter. However, after suffering from shock so many times, with his world view nearly collapsing just moments ago, such a "trivial matter" was unable to generate any intense ripples in him.

However, after discovering this, combined with the Emperor's "transmigration"—a result of buying a mysterious silver plate—as well as one of the hanging Spirit Bodies in the transparent cocoons actually having a cell phone on them, Klein quickly had some guesses about what had happened back then.

It should be the owner of Sefirah Castle affecting reality, disseminating the luck enhancement ritual, mysterious silver plate, mutated cell phones, and other things. Anyone that obtains them and performs some required procedure would end up being pulled above the gray fog at some point, hanging by the door of light…

This was a random selection. It didn't point to a specific target. I don't know if I'm lucky or unlucky.

However, why was it named "Quintessential Divination and Arcane Arts of the Qin and Han Dynasty"? Was it randomly made up by the influenced humans, or was it really passed down from the Qin and Han dynasty era?

It's not that it's impossible. If the "when the stars are right" prophecy is true, and if it corresponds to the Creator—the Oldest One—then "He" has always been in a deep slumber underground. "He" was like that in ancient times, a time that was far more ancient than ancient times. As for Sefirah Castle, it's said that it was a manifestation of parts of "His" body… This isn't a sanctuary or escape pod…

In the beginning, the Oldest One was, on the one hand, waiting to awaken and destroy the world. On the other hand, "He" was trying to influence reality with a tiny amount of constant fluctuations. By disseminating the ritual and making other arrangements, wouldn't that be somewhat contradictory?

That prophecy must've been made by the humans that were influenced by "Him"…

Klein stretched out his right hand and lightly knocked on the edge of the long mottled table, stuck in a conundrum that was temporarily impossible to answer.

Soon, he remembered a sentence and some things.

That statement was:

"Whatever separates will definitely converge, and whatever converges will definitely separate."

Those things were:

The ancient sun god, Amon and Adam's father deliberately separated "His" negative personality;

Beyonders who were close to the ground or encountered some corruption would gradually form a brand new self;

After reaching the moon, Emperor Roselle's personality had changed a little without him realizing it;

Many of the twenty-two Beyonder pathways were conflicting, just like Demoness and Hunter.

Perhaps the Creator—the Oldest One—was an amalgamation of contradictions, and "He" could only relieve this problem by sleeping… Klein had a certain guess, but he was unable to verify it.

He wasn't even sure if the Oldest One, who would awaken when the stars were right, as spoken of in mythical legend in "his previous life," was the Creator of all things who splintered into everything in present-day myths.

This required more clues and more evidence to confirm. He couldn't just rely on his own guesses and imagination.

It's not like I'm a Visionary, Klein thought in a self-deprecating manner. He then cast his gaze upwards. It was almost comprised solely of gray nothingness there, with some grayish-white clouds floating there.

There are still many things I need to confirm. For example, is that so-called "Chernobyl" a sanctuary created by humans after the awakening of the Oldest One? Or did the Beyonder characteristics of the twenty-two Beyonder pathways really originate from the Oldest One? Another would be the positions of the constellations. Is it actually normal, or is it abnormal now? Does the 1368 apocalypse correspond to the moment when the stars are right? And finally, the origins of the first Blasphemy Slate and what exactly is on the moon…

Thinking of this, Klein suddenly stopped tapping his fingers and softly said, "For example, the hometown of the Elves, the legendary Western Continent, whether it exists or not, and why can't anyone go there…”

The answer to his question was a long period of silence. He slowly leaned back and rested his arms on the armrest.

After a few minutes, Klein closed his eyes and had an idea. Or rather, he decided.

After he successfully revived, he planned on staying in the Forsaken Land of the Gods for some time to seek out some questions.

Just as Emperor Roselle had said, many of the answers were in the Forsaken Land of the Gods. Blasphemer Amon had wandered here for more than a thousand years to explore the history that surpassed the First Epoch.

Furthermore, if he kept heading east in the Forsaken Land of the Gods, he might reach the legendary Western Continent… Klein cast his gaze outside the ancient palace as he looked into the distance.

To him, staying in the Forsaken Land of the Gods for some time was also a type of strategy. At the very least, this would attract the attention of Amon, making "Him" not need to mobilize "His" avatars in the outside world to search for Gehrman Sparrow in Loen or Backlund. That would bring great danger to the people that he knew.

Thankfully, the avatars of Amon who knew that I'm soft-hearted had been wiped out. The corresponding information was also not propagated because of the existence of concealment… If not for that, Amon might end up directly using the lives of Benson, Melissa, Leonard, and Miss Justice to threaten me… I don't even dare to think of the outcome… Heh heh, the King of Yellow and Black who wields good luck has finally shown its powers… Phew, even if I want to leave the Forsaken Land of the Gods, I don't have a solution now. I have to barge into the place where the Dark Angel is sleeping… Klein shook his head and felt that even if he could resurrect, he would be facing all kinds of dangers.

No matter how he thought about it, a Scholar of Yore wouldn't last long if he were tracked by a King of Angels!

The key to the matter was that the Evernight Goddess was still digesting the Uniqueness of the Death pathway. "She" could only spare a limited amount

of power for infiltrating the Forsaken Land of the Gods. Once the Angel of Time, who wielded the authority of "Error," was prepared, it was nearly impossible to accomplish what had happened today.

On the one hand, I have to seek help from other possible existences. When I successfully revive, I will attempt to use my marionette to recite the honorific name of the Lord of Storms, Eternal Blazing Sun, and the God of Knowledge and Wisdom. Let's see if "They" have any means to descend into the Forsaken Land of the Gods. "They" had fed on the ancient sun god back then, so 'They' definitely do not wish for Amon to obtain Sefirah Castle…

On the other hand, since the Scholar of Yore's potion has been completely digested, I'll have to consider becoming a Miracle Invoker. As long as I have an angel's status and become a complete Mythical Creature, my situation will be much better. At the very least, I'll be able to withstand a wave of Amon's ravings when facing "His" true body… Klein decided to use the medium to spy on the terrifying maggot cluster on the main peak of the Hornacis mountain range once his Spirit Body recovered. From there, he could obtain the knowledge corresponding to a Miracle Invoker.

It was highly likely that it was The Half-Fool of the Antigonus family!

After considering his future plans, he looked around and answered the crimson stars one at a time.

"The Tarot Gathering will proceed as usual today."

He wanted to see if Ma'am Hermit, Mr. Hanged Man, and the others could provide him with inspiration and allow him to be revived far away from Amon.

Of course, it was necessary to use an ingenious excuse.

After responding, the world above the gray fog became extremely quiet again. Klein sat at the seat of The Fool, temporarily with nowhere to go.

After a moment of silence, he leaned forward slightly and used his right hand to support his head, looking straight ahead.

On the long, mottled table, a variety of delicacies and exquisite candles appeared. As for the high-back chairs around it, they became even closer in style to the current times.

One figure after another appeared. One of them was an elderly man with a loud voice and silver strands in his black hair. Another was a woman who was nearly fifty years old. She had an Asian face with short hair that only reached her ears. Some of them were young men who were playing with their phones and enjoying the sumptuous food, while others were young ladies who were laughing and joking…

Behind them, new figures appeared one after another. It was the gray-eyed Dunn with a receding hairline, and Daly with her blue eyeshadow and blush.

With a smile on their faces, they surrounded the long, warm table surrounded by candlelight above the grayish-white fog. They chatted happily and commented on the delicacies from time to time.

Klein maintained his expression and posture as he propped his hand on the side of his face and silently watched this scene in stillness for an extended period of time.

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CHAPTER 1170
RITUAL

Backlund, North Borough.

Leonard, who had just arranged a mission for his team, saw the boundless gray fog and heard Mr. Fool's response.

He let out a long sigh of relief and said in a low voice, "Seems like there are no more problems."

Since Mr. Fool was able to provide feedback, as per normal, and convene the Tarot Gathering, it meant that "He" had already won the battle against Amon.

This way, Klein was likely able to escape from his predicament.

In Leonard's mind, Pallez Zoroast's slightly-aged voice scoffed:

"Don't count your chickens until they've hatched. After you enter Sefirah Castle, observe if The Fool is wearing a monocle on 'His' right eye."

"Are… Are you saying that the present Fool might be Amon in disguise?" Leonard's eyelids twitched as he hurriedly asked.

Pallez sighed and said, *"You can't eliminate this possibility. Amon can really do such a thing."*

“…I will take note." Leonard's relaxed state of mind instantly tensed up again.

…

On the Future, in the Sonia Sea.

Mr. Fool actually responded after so much time… Does this mean that The World Gehrman Sparrow's disappearance had something to do with "His" plan? I can't be sure. Perhaps Mr. Fool's lack of response during this period of time was to save Gehrman Sparrow. And now, "He" has succeeded…"He" didn't directly mention this matter. "He" is planning to let The World tell the story at the Tarot Gathering? After hearing Mr. Fool's voice, many thoughts instantly flashed across Cattleya's mind.

From Queen Mystic's letter, she suspected that George III's death was due to Mr. Fool's interference. The disappearance of The World Gehrman Sparrow was also an extension of this matter.

Cattleya's first reaction was to write to Queen Mystic Bernadette and tell her that Gehrman Sparrow has been found. However, after some thought, she suppressed her urge, and she prepared to participate in the afternoon's gathering. She wanted to know the details and figure out what she could and couldn't say before sending Queen Mystic feedback.

Regardless, it seems like the matter has been resolved. The Admiral of Stars exhaled and sat by the window in peace as she took in the blue sky.

…

In the periphery of a primitive forest on Sonia Island.

Alger Wilson stood on a thin tree branch, looking at the port and the blue skies not far away.

The strong winds around him swirled without dispersing as they affected the trees nearby.

As the illusory grayish-white fog appeared, Alger was first delighted before he felt a little terrified.

Mr. Fool only responded after quite some time… This means that "His" previous state was indeed a little abnormal.

However, "He" has already recovered…

"He" didn't respond to my loan request regarding The Sun's Unshadowed Crucifix. He discovered my test and discovered a hint of my hidden thoughts…

I can't do such things again in the future! Mr. Fool has only issued a simple warning this time. "He" might punish me directly next time.

Thou shalt not test God. Thou shalt not test God.

As his thoughts raced, Alger lowered his head and piously said, "Thank you for your kindness and forgiveness."

…

Backlund, inside the Hall family's luxurious villa.

Mr. Fool didn't pass on my question to Mr. World… Is this because the Tarot Gathering will proceed as normal in the afternoon, and there will be time for us to communicate? Audrey realized certain problems from the delay in the response. *Generally speaking, Mr. Fool's reply is very timely. It was more than fifteen minutes this time…"He" was handling other matters—very important matters? Is it related to George III's death?*

Regardless, a fifteen-minute delay wasn't too serious a problem. Audrey quickly retracted her thoughts and felt much better.

I'll know the truth from Mr. World later.

I hope that this incident won't have any more serious consequences, other than a full-scale war. At the moment, war is already unavoidable…

…

North Borough in Backlund. Beneath Saint Samuel Cathedral.

Mr. Fool didn't say that "He" would help me… Emlyn White held a cup of red liquid and frowned slightly.

He then interpreted the symbolic meaning of the response from another angle:

Mr. Fool specifically emphasized that the Tarot Gathering will proceed as normal in the afternoon. He wants to tell me that the opportunity to escape from the predicament lies with a member? Could it be The Star?

Uh, in short, I should be able to leave this week.

Emlyn had been taken into protective custody and kept behind Saint Samuel Church's Chanis Gate, so no matter what happened in the outskirts of Backlund, it was unlikely for it to affect him. Furthermore, it was impossible for him to suddenly escape from prison and head to places like the Blood Emperor ruins. Therefore, when Klein hinted to the other members last week, he hadn't been involved.

…

In the Berg household in the City of Silver.

Upon hearing Mr. Fool's response, Derrick jumped up from bed, the excitement from his face was overflowing.

Mr. Fool hasn't disappeared! Mr. Fool hasn't forsaken the City of Silver like the Creator did!

He paced back and forth a few times, feeling the urge to immediately rush out of the room and head to the twin towers where he could tell the Chief the good news.

However, having had more than a year to mature, those experiences had left a clear mark on him. Finally, he calmed down and decided to attend the Tarot Gathering and obtain the promise of receiving the blessings before he sought the Chief again.

Perhaps, the lack of response during this period of time was a test of me, the Chief, and the City of Silver, one set by Mr. Fool. "He" wanted to see if we would rapidly lean towards the Fallen Creator… It was unknown when Derrick's thought processes had a hint of The Hanged Man's colorful thoughts.

Of course, he didn't have any other thoughts because of this. From what he knew, it was very normal for deities to test their believers. Back then, the Creator had left behind many similar legends.

Despite being done with his contemplation, Derrick still couldn't sit still, and he continued pacing back and forth in his room.

He had never felt such anticipation towards the Tarot Gathering in the "afternoon."

In the City of Silver, in the Forsaken Land of the Gods, the "afternoon" was a relatively abstract concept. As there weren't enough labels to confirm the time, they could only use the frequency of the lightning to define day and night, without going into any finer details.

…

Backlund East Borough, inside a two-bedroom rental apartment.

"Ha." After receiving Mr. Fool's response, Fors couldn't help but laugh out loud.

As a best-selling author, she had a rich imagination. Before Mr. Fool responded, she had already come up with one terrifying story after another:

Mr. Fool had exchanged "His" death for George III's failure;

Mr. Fool's ploy was discovered by the deities and was besieged;

Mr. Fool's old injuries relapsed and "He" fell into a deep sleep. Without "His" blessings, The World Gehrman Sparrow was being pursued by "His" enemies…

These stories didn't develop in the same way, but the end was very similar. Fors would once again succumb to the full moon's ravings, eventually losing control and becoming a monster.

Phew… Fors exhaled and said to Xio with a beaming smile, "I just realized today that Mr. Fool is the most important man in my heart. Uh, a 'Him.'"

"More importantly, you have to become a demigod as soon as possible and completely escape the curse of the full moon," Xio replied seriously.

After joining the Tarot Club, she had learned of her friend's true situation.

"Yeah!" Fors nodded and said with a smile, "In short, I need to drink a glass of wine to celebrate!"

…

Above the gray fog, inside Sefirah Castle.

After calming down, Klein used Cogitation to restore his Spirit Body state.

When I first learned Cogitation, I was required to imagine something that doesn't exist in this world so as to replace what's on my mind. That way, I can truly enter Cogitation. At that time, my first reaction was to outline an intercontinental missile from Earth, but I didn't succeed… Heh heh, I didn't

think too much about it back then. Now, in hindsight, this might've already spelled certain problems… It's not something that doesn't exist in the world, but one that has been snuffed out in the fog of history… Klein rubbed his temples and naturally recalled a matter of the past.

He immediately focused his mind and planned on obtaining the Miracle Invoker potion formula before the Tarot Club.

At that moment, Amon was patiently guarding the spot where he had died. He could only stay in Sefirah Castle, so there was nothing else he could do.

After some consideration, he grasped towards the exterior of the ancient palace and pulled an item from the gray fog's Historical Void.

It was a black notebook bound with a hard-paper cover. paper.

The Antigonus family's notebook!

Sure enough… It's not a manifestation of the Uniqueness. It's just that there are some powers left behind by The Half-Fool of the Antigonus family… Klein sighed and threw the notebook onto the long bronze table in front of him.

This was because the content of the notebook might be problematic. He didn't intend to decipher the formula of the Sequence 2 Miracle Invoker through it. He was only using it as a medium for divination.

Following that, Klein conjured a pen and paper and wrote a divination statement:

"The original owner of this notebook."

Putting down the pen, he picked up the paper and notebook, leaned back in his chair, and repeated the words he had just written.

After repeating it seven times, he entered a hazy dream. He saw a mountain peak that reached into the clouds. At the top of the mountain, there was a dilapidated towering palace that was separated from reality.

In the palace, there were many places covered with moss and weeds. At the very end of the hall was a huge stone chair. Its surface was inlaid with dull gemstones and gold. In the middle, countless transparent maggots were huddled into a cluster as they slowly squirmed and grew, extending out like slippery tentacles covered in patterns.

Unlike before, this time, Klein saw the "monster" directly and clearly saw "His" actual appearance.

The palace above the gray fog suddenly began to shake violently, and Klein's figure was hoisted up in midair.

In the next second, his Spirit Body collapsed into numerous squirming Worms of Spirit that crawled all over the ground.

Sefirah Castle immediately quaked, and everything returned to its original state. Klein's Spirit Body took form once again.

He sat at The Fool's seat and rubbed his temples before saying with a wry smile, "It really is The Half-Fool with the Uniqueness…”

After he muttered to himself, Klein did a slight recollection before picking up the pen and began to write down the knowledge he had obtained from prying into the secrets of the Mythical Creature.

"Sequence 2: Miracle Invoker

"Main ingredients: One heart of the Dark Demonic Wolf (God of Wishes) or the Beyonder characteristic of another Miracle Invoker.

"Supplementary ingredients: 300 ml of Dark Demonic Wolf's blood, one Worm of Time, one Worm of Star.

"Advancement ritual: Return a piece of history that has been left behind to the present era."

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CHAPTER 1171
THE THIRD ONE

Let a piece of history that has been left behind return to the present era… Return, not reappear… The meaning of the two are completely different. It's not sufficient for me to write the true history of the Fourth or Third Epoch and disseminate it to complete the ritual… Klein's right hand, which was holding the fountain pen, paused. He instinctively analyzed the contents of the Miracle Invoker potion.

After some thought, he found something that perfectly matched the ritual's requirements.

That was to let the people of the City of Silver escape the Forsaken Land of the Gods and return to the Northern and Southern Continents, allowing this history that had been left behind for two to three thousand years return to the present era!

This isn't any easier than escaping Amon's pursuit. The only way to leave the Forsaken Land of the Gods is to enter the Giant King's Court and open the palace where Dark Angel Sasrir is in deep slumber. This is the ancient sun god's negative personality. It's ranked first among the Kings of Angels and is known as the Left Hand of God, the deputy of Heaven. "He" might even be stronger than the current Amon… Besides, "His" current state is being watched by the various deities… Yes, the more controllable aspect of this compared to my escape from Amon is that I can make sufficient preparations… Klein slowly exhaled and felt that there was a certain chance of completing the ritual.

In fact, he knew very well that, even without him, the City of Silver would make repeated attempts to open the door to the Giant King's residence and

find a way to leave this forsaken land. It was as if they were moths darting towards the flames, even at the cost of death.

No matter what, with my "participation," the chances of success will definitely be higher than what it is now… Klein subconsciously wanted to open the door to the Dark Angel's slumber ground to attract Amon, creating chaos to offset the damage caused by the Dark Angel's awakening.

This was a tactic he was rather familiar with.

However, he eventually rejected this idea because it was too dangerous.

After spending some time with Amon and finally seeing the level of a King of Angels, Klein instinctively began to fear these terrifying existences. He no longer wanted to use the conflict between them to create chaos.

Just "Their" existence alone could cause irreparable damage to the surrounding Beyonders and the entire region!

Under such circumstances, trying to rely on "Them" to create a chaotic situation was no longer tottering on the edge of the abyss—if one wasn't careful, they would fall into the abyss and into eternal damnation. Therefore, it was best not to try.

Unless he had no other solution, to the point of escaping being just his wishful thinking, Klein didn't want to make such an attempt.

Indeed, a portion of a Miracle Invoker's Beyonder powers comes from history, which is why there's a ritual requirement like this… How did the other Scholars of Yore complete it? Looking at the parchment on the long bronze table, he thought of a possible solution from another angle. If it were me, the only solution I can think of is to isolate some people or history from reality. Only when they are forgotten will I allow them to return to the present era. This might take centuries, or even longer… What an evil act… Heh heh, it reminds me of The Peach Blossom Spring… Those people living in utopia away from the outside world share some characteristics…

After some thought, Klein believed that the difficulty of this ritual for Scholars of Yore was whether they could survive until the ritual was held. Furthermore, there were too many accidents that could interrupt self-isolation like that.

The Forsaken Land of the Gods has perfectly resolved these issues, but it also brings with it greater problems… Dark Angel Sasrir… What is the condition of this Heaven's deputy right hand now? Is it related to the resurrection of the ancient sun god… The level involved in such a matter has already reached the ceiling of this world… Why am I always involved in such matters… Klein gave a self-deprecating laugh. He could roughly guess that this was due to the destiny Sefirah Castle brought him.

After all, Blasphemer Amon was unwilling to shoulder such a destiny.

Retracting his wandering thoughts, he focused his attention back onto the Miracle Invoker potion formula.

The Worm of Star is from the Apprentice pathway? The supplementary ingredients contain three high-grade spiritual materials of the three neighboring pathways… I've already made the Worms of Time into Fate Siphon charms. There's no way to restore them. Let Leonard's grandpa 'lend' me another one? How can that be called 'lending'? I'm going to use the upgraded version of a Yesterday Once More charm to exchange for it!

Where should I find the Worm of Star…? There aren't many demigods from the Apprentice pathway that live in the real world… The Aurora Order's Saint of Secrets, Botis? However, I'm stuck in the Forsaken Land of the Gods and can't deal with him… All I can do is ask Ma'am Hermit and Queen Mystic for help. At the same time, I have to urge Miss Magician to become a Traveler as soon as possible… Yes, I can also get her to ask her teacher where Worms of Cosmos might be…

There's actually only one main ingredient. It's either the heart of the Dark Demonic Wolf or the Beyonder characteristic produced by other Miracle Invokers. It's no longer two as one…

Yes, that also means that, at this level, there are very few scattered characteristics. They've all gathered…

The Dark Demonic Wolf is also known as the God of Wishes. That's a standard angel, a subsidiary god. If I can't find any materials that can be used, wouldn't I be slaying a god?

The level of an angel can already be considered a hidden existence. There's a fundamental difference from being a Sequence 3…

Just thinking about it makes me scared…

After making a list of helpers that he could rope in, he felt a lot more at ease. He had a feeling that he no longer feared his debts when they reached a significant amount.

He lifted his right hand that was holding the fountain pen, and he continued to record what he had previously learned.

Most of this was something he already knew, and he could only use it as a reminder.

Finally, he wrote down incomplete information in the corner of the parchment.

"Sequence 1: Attendant of Mysteries

"Main ingredients: One Attendant of Mysteries Beyonder characteristic."

This piece of information meant that Sequence 1 Beyonder characteristics were difficult to obtain through other means, with only three to choose from.

One of them is on The Half-Fool on the main peak of the Hornacis mountain range. It's with the Uniqueness. The other is with Zaratul. There's still one more. According to what Leonard said, the True Creator has clues

to its location. Where could it be… Yes, Little Sun and the rest had hunted Shapeshifters in the northern city ruins, Nois. There seems to be a high-level existence of the Seer pathway lurking there. I wonder if it corresponds to Miracle Invoker or Attendant of Mysteries… Klein gradually had a thought, and he planned on visiting Nois for a preliminary investigation after he resurrected and escaped Amon.

After digesting the knowledge he had gained, he summoned his golden pocket watch from the junk pile and opened it to check the time.

Before he destroyed the Blood Emperor's ruin, he had sacrificed many things that he didn't need in battle, above the gray fog to prevent any damage.

Despite that, he still lost quite a bit after the battle and his eventual suicide. Furthermore, they were all extremely valuable. Just the thought of it made him almost lose control.

Groselle's Travels, Death Knell, Creeping Hunger, Fate Siphon charm, Flaring Sun Charms, Marionette Qonas and his equipment, Marionette Enuni and his two rings, and the adventurer's harmonica… No, I can't think about it anymore. Thankfully, I had thrown Azik's copper whistle above the gray fog ahead of time. Thankfully, I can still summon the Historical Void projections of these items. They're just accompanying me in a different form… Uh, probably not for Groselle's Travels… Klein's temples throbbed as he couldn't help but feel heavy.

He sighed and seriously mourned over the items, especially the mystical item that had accompanied him for a long time: Creeping Hunger.

After a long silence, Klein forced his attention back to the present. As he waited for the Tarot Gathering to begin, he casually thought about the ancient sun god and the other matters such as Chernobyl.

Suddenly, he frowned slightly.

Since this is my hometown, there have never been transmigrators. They're all ancient humans that were released by Sefirah Castle. Then, do places like the Chaos Sea also have similar existences? Was Chernobyl converted into a sanctuary?

According to what Amon said, and what I saw in my divination, the ancient sun god had indeed woken up in Chernobyl. Then, is he a "transmigrator" released from Sefirah Castle, or a survivor of a sanctuary?

If it's the latter, who's the third person inside the cocoon…

Upon thinking of this, Klein was alarmed as his pupils dilated slightly.

He already had a certain guess about the history of the elves. It likely had nothing to do with Sefirah Castle.

This way, he still couldn't find the correct corresponding identity of the third, or more correctly, the first "transmigrator."

This "transmigrator" didn't seem to leave behind any traces in history!

Without any hesitation, Klein's consciousness sank into the grayish-white fog. With the power of Sefirah Castle, he came directly to a certain part of history that was relatively distant.

It was made up of many fragments of light, and the clearest one was the suspended Zhou Mingrui above the door of light.

And beside Zhou Mingrui, the corresponding fog of history was instantly lit up due to his sufficient knowledge of Roselle. He saw a young man who also had his eyes tightly shut in the cocoon.

There was no need to verify it. Through that sense of familiarity and spiritual intuition, he confirmed that this was the former incarnation of Emperor Roselle Gustav, Huang Tao.

Without bothering to appreciate the Emperor's true appearance, Klein turned his gaze to the other side.

There was a transparent cocoon there, and the figure inside could vaguely be seen.

As he had already seen the other hanged figures, he had lit up many fragments of light in the fog of history. They interweaved and stimulated each other, barely allowing him to see the fuzzy area.

The figure inside was obviously a woman.

Female… A thought came to his mind as he realized that he had missed a direction when he analyzed the "transmigrator."

"Transmigrators" had an objective mindset. They could completely control themselves and not leave any traces that exceeded the times, but there was one thing that couldn't be avoided.

It was very obvious that Sefirah Castle was related to the three pathways related to the Seer, Apprentice, and Marauder. After the birth of a "transmigrator," they had to quickly make a connection with one of these three pathways.

Not only was Klein involved in the case brought about by the Antigonus family's notebook, but he also quickly had the opportunity to choose the Seer potion.

In Intis where Roselle was active, there was the Secret Order, and he got to know Zaratul early on.

According to this logic, the ancient sun god with the Marauder authority was indeed one of the reasonable suspects.

Klein immediately conjured a pen and paper and began listing the corresponding names he knew at the moment. For example, Fourth Epoch

people from the Antigonus, Zaratul, and Abraham family, or the Kings of Angels surrounding the ancient sun god.

Before long, Klein's gaze stopped on a few names.

The first person was none other than the ancient god, Flegrea, who clearly had the authority of Seer. Behind him was "His" subsidiary god.

The God of the Dead, Salinger, and the Goddess of Misfortune, Amanises.

The latter was also known as the Evernight Goddess.

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CHAPTER 1172 "UNPERTURBED"

Klein stared at the parchment in front of him for a long time without moving.

After a while, he gently tapped the edge of the long mottled table, causing all the items that he conjured to disappear.

He summoned his golden pocket watch and opened it to take a look. He sent a message to Little Sun, informing him to prepare to participate in the Tarot Gathering.

About a thousand heartbeats later, dark red beams of light rose from the two sides of the long bronze table, condensing into different figures on different high-back chairs.

Without any gaps in time, all the members of the Tarot Club looked at the figure sitting at the very end who was shrouded in gray fog.

Seeing that Mr. Fool wasn't wearing a monocle, Leonard inwardly heaved a sigh of relief. Then, he turned around and looked at the bottom of the long, mottled table to confirm the situation of The World Klein Moretti.

Similar to him, Cattleya, Audrey, and Fors instinctively turned their attention to The World Gehrman Sparrow after seeing Mr. Fool.

One of them knew that The World was in a dangerous situation and could only seek Mr. Fool's blessings. Another had failed to receive any feedback for two days, and she suspected that Gehrman Sparrow had really been embroiled in the matter regarding George III, with something definitely

having happened during that time. The final one knew that George III's matter was extremely risky, and was a little worried that Mr. World would suffer serious injuries.

Seeing that The World Gehrman Sparrow was perfectly fine without any abnormalities, Audrey retracted her gaze, curtsied, and bowed towards the end of the long bronze table.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Fool~"

With the world situation becoming even more chaotic, she felt a little comforted by the fact that the Tarot Club could still maintain its original state. This significantly improved her mood.

After the Tarot Club members bowed under Miss Justice's lead, The Fool Klein nodded slightly, indicating for everyone to sit down.

Then, he slowly surveyed the area and smiled.

"It seems all of you were very concerned whether today's Tarot Gathering would proceed as usual."

Upon hearing this, Alger's heartbeat sped up as he heard thumping sounds.

Without a doubt, he believed that Mr. Fool was referring to him, and was giving him a gentle punishment.

In other words, "He" had given him a chance to repent.

Alger lowered his head and said with a trembling voice, "We weren't pious enough and thought too much."

Uh… Why is Mr. Hanged Man apologizing on my behalf… Fors, who had instructed Xio to ask Mr. Fool if the Tarot Gathering would proceed as scheduled, was stunned for a moment before she gave up on thinking. She

then turned to the end of the long bronze table and lowered her head. She repeated, "We weren't pious enough and thought too much."

So I wasn't the only one who prayed to Mr. Fool over the past few days… Mr. Hanged Man claims to have overthought things because there was a possibility that the Tarot Gathering would be canceled, causing him to have some unnecessary speculations? But Fors shouldn't have thought of that… Audrey looked across the table and then to her sides, feeling enlightened.

The Fool nodded and looked around again.

"Such concern is considered normal."

He laughed and sighed.

"I've recently used The World's body to play a game with Amon in the Forsaken Land of the Gods. Thankfully, we didn't have to skip this Tarot Gathering."

Everything he said was the truth, but what the others would decipher from this information was definitely far from the actual situation.

And this way, even if the news of The World Gehrman Sparrow being equal to The Fool was released, the members of the Tarot Club would only sneer in their hearts that Amon was trying "His" deceitful tricks again. To have a period of time that The World was equal to The Fool didn't necessarily mean that The World was always equal to The Fool. A portion of the truth was also a lie.

Played a game with Amon… Old Man's guess was right. Mr. Fool was deliberately using Klein to bait Blasphemer Amon… From the looks of it, "He" had obtained a rather satisfactory outcome, allowing Amon to suffer a terrible loss… Leonard, who had long come up with speculations, felt that this was completely in line with his expectations and didn't doubt Mr. Fool's words at all.

Mr. Fool didn't reply for fifteen minutes because "He" was in a critical moment battling Amon? "He" has already recovered to such a state? Audrey was pleasantly surprised and shocked when she heard that. For some reason, she felt a strong sense of honor.

Alger could also tell from Mr. Fool's words that "He" had taken another step towards "His" recovery. He was actually able to hold the upper hand against a King of Angels.

This made him even more frustrated at himself for having doubts and testing The Fool.

Mr. Fool had hinted in advance that the Tarot Gathering might be canceled because "He" had long predicted that there would be a conflict between "Him" and Amon? In fact, it's even possible that "He" had taken the initiative to create this episode by setting up a trap for Amon? Alger instantly made many connections and felt that there was no way he could hide his thoughts in front of such a high-level existence.

He warned himself once again: *I can't do such things again!*

So Mr. World didn't provide any feedback because his body was being used by Mr. Fool to resist Amon… That King of Angels, Amon, is truly powerful. Mr. Fool actually needed to personally take action… Fors and Xio exchanged looks, not having any more doubts about their previous questions.

Cattleya roughly understood the reason why The World had disappeared. She also guessed that the messenger who had the contractual ties with The World likely wasn't able to enter the Forsaken Land of the Gods.

At the same time, she was surprised by the appearance of a King of Angels appearing on-stage in the present times. She felt that this was one of the signs of the apocalypse.

Emlyn wasn't aware of what happened recently. He merely looked at everyone with a somewhat blank look. For some baffling reason, he felt that he had been locked behind Chanis Gate for far more than a week or two. Perhaps it had been a month or two, to the point that he felt like he no longer had a grasp over the current situation.

Mr. World has come to the Forsaken Land of the Gods… Did Mr. Fool use his body to engage in a battle with that terrifying Amon? Derrick was first alarmed before he felt a strong sense of joy.

This meant that the City of Silver's next exploration would receive tremendous help!

He immediately looked towards the end of the long bronze table, and he blurted out, "Honorable Mr. Fool, the Chief wishes to receive your blessings for a ritual. Are you agreeable to such a request?"

Having long learned of this from his prayers, Klein nodded slightly and said, "Sure."

After receiving his promise, Derrick couldn't help but smile. For a moment, he didn't know how to express his gratitude.

Two seconds later, he lowered his head and said loudly, "My faith lies only with Mr. Fool!"

The Fool nodded and turned to look at Ma'am Hermit. He warmly said, "What questions do you have this time?"

Uh, the Queen didn't say anything in her letter… Cattleya was taken aback as she decided to first ask something she wanted to know. After all, she could still ask several questions.

She deliberated for two seconds before saying, "Honorable Mr. Fool, what's the truth behind George III's death?"

The moment The Hermit said that, Justice Audrey and company immediately focused their attention.

This was exactly what they wanted to know.

Amongst them, The Star Leonard had a certain level of understanding over the matter. He was more concerned about the deeper reason behind this incident.

And among the members of the Tarot Club, the only one who was more confused about the situation was Emlyn. His mind was filled with thoughts like, "what?" and "what happened?"

He hadn't even read the newspapers recently, so he didn't know that King George III had been assassinated.

As for The Sun, although he wasn't sure why George III died for no reason, he didn't care at all.

The Fool Klein smiled and said calmly, "George III wanted to become the Black Emperor. And for this reason, he dug up the Tudor ruins, engaged in human trafficking, and created the Great Smog of Backlund. He initiated a war, allowing the Feysac airships to bombard Backlund. Unfortunately, he failed at the final ritual, and the secret mausoleum he needed for the ritual was destroyed."

He briefly described the entire incident in the calmest tone he could make, doing so without mentioning what he had done.

It would be beneath Mr. Fool to explain the situation on "His" own accord.

The Great Smog of Backlund… The airship raid… This was all done by George III to become a god? Audrey's eyes widened as she instantly recalled the two things she had experienced before.

Suddenly, she understood why The World Gehrman Sparrow wanted to stop George III from becoming a god.

She knew that he was a gentle and kind gentleman, and he would definitely not allow the culprit behind these two tragic cases to go scot-free.

If it were me, I would also have thought of doing so, but I would hesitate and be stopped by the possibility of ill developments… As for Mr. World, he is firm and decisive… This is a matter that involves the deities. Yes, there should also be the will of Mr. Fool in this matter… Audrey glanced at The World Gehrman Sparrow, who was sitting silently at the other end of the long, mottled table. She nodded slightly to express her agreement.

Black Emperor… George III wished to become a god? This… Yes, Mr. Fool has the Black Emperor Card of Blasphemy. Gehrman Sparrow was previously investigating the matter of the Great Smog and human trafficking… Indeed, all of these are connected together. There was actually such a secret hidden behind it… From the looks of it, Mr. Fool's goal has been achieved. "His" plan has succeeded… Therefore, "He" has taken one more step towards "His" recovery. "He" can now face off with a King of Angels head-on… The more Alger thought about it, the more fearful and spirited he became. He felt that, despite knowing of some clues ahead of time, he was completely unaware of Mr. Fool's setup.

Amidst the shock experienced by Leonard, Fors, and the other members of the Tarot Club, Cattleya, who already had a premonition, suppressed her emotions and decided to ask another question:

"Honorable Mr. Fool, what's the attitude of the seven deities regarding this matter?"

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CHAPTER 1173
ADVICE

Good question… The Fool Klein inwardly praised her, and he explained by using the Red Angel evil spirit's explanation in his own words:

"The seven deities wish to have a Black Emperor, but 'They' are not unanimous in their candidate for the Black Emperor.

"When George III successfully obtained the ticket to becoming one through secret preparations, the seven deities had no choice but to accept it, regardless of whether they approved of 'Him' or not."

So that's the situation… Apart from The Moon Emlyn and The Sun Derrick, the other members of the Tarot Club were enlightened. They roughly understood why the Churches acted in a rather contradictory manner when faced with the tragedies of the Great Smog of Backlund, the deaths caused by the Feysacian air raid, and George III's assassination.

Following that, they suddenly had a question:

Since George III had already made preparations and had reached the final step of carrying out the ritual while obtaining the tacit approval of the seven deities, why would "He" fail?

They immediately thought of an answer:

Because Mr. Fool didn't agree to it.

Hmm… In the destruction of George III's Black Emperor ritual, the Churches probably didn't do anything to stop it. Perhaps, they even

provided some help to Mr. Fool's subordinates… Did the Church of the Lord of Storms make use of this chaos to secretly do something? No, they likely wouldn't conceal it too much… Leonard recalled all the details he had previously discovered, and he was confident of his grasp over the overall situation.

The seven deities' tacit approval… Mr. Fool vetoed it and sent The World and other Blessed to secretly destroy George III's apotheosis ritual… But what has this got to do with the Queen? Why did she discover that Gehrman Sparrow has gone missing? Hmm, Black Emperor… The Queen might've participated in the operation led by Mr. Fool, and later, discovered that a participant had gone missing… Cattleya made a guess at the truth through her rich knowledge and insight.

And at this moment, Emlyn had just managed to make heads and tails of the discussions that had just been discussed, and he managed to understand the developments outside during his time in protective custody.

George III had secretly plotted to become a god and received the seven deities' tacit approval. In the end, Mr. Fool's Blessed destroyed "His" ritual, causing him to die on the spot!

Seeing that everyone was silent, The Fool Klein looked at The Hermit Cattleya and said, "Any other questions?"

"There's nothing else this time." Cattleya bowed her head even lower. She was more respectful than before towards the mighty figure at the end of the long bronze table.

Although she had long known that Mr. Fool had the Snake of Fate, Death Consul, and Ancient Bane under "Him," and was in secret control of the Life School of Thought, she still never expected that the powers Mr. Fool could mobilize in the real world were able to destroy a king's apotheosis ritual. Furthermore, "He" had foiled a plot of a King of Angels, the son of the Creator.

Mr. Fool's hidden forces are more exaggerated than I imagined… What effect do the members of the Tarot Club exert on "Him"? A backing faction? Individual growth? Or is it just a backup plan? Cattleya instantly thought of many things and momentarily forgot that she was already a Sequence 4 demigod. No matter which organization she was in, she was considered a member of the upper echelons.

Just the feats displayed by Mr. Fool is enough to make a saint lack confidence.… Justice Audrey only took a glance at Ma'am Hermit before she interpreted her mental state.

At this moment, The Fool Klein nodded.

"You may begin."

Upon hearing this, Leonard immediately turned to the other end of the long, mottled table and said to The World, "How's your situation now?"

Fors, Xio, Audrey, and the other members of the Tarot Club also cast their gazes over, expressing their concern for The World Gehrman Sparrow's situation.

From their point of view, Mr. World, who was stuck between Mr. Fool and Angel of Time Amon as a combat tool, was probably in a bad situation. His survival meant that he was already considered lucky enough.

Feeling the varied concern, Klein controlled The World and chuckled hoarsely.

"Not too bad, but not too good either.

"It's all thanks to Mr. Fool's grace that I finally obtained a secret from Amon, but I haven't completely escaped from 'His' grasp"

Without waiting for everyone to respond, he continued, "I'm currently in a rather sticky situation.

"I relied on Mr. Fool's powers to enter a certain concealed state and temporarily extricate myself from Amon's grasp. However, if I were to dispel this state and return to the real world, I'll only find myself back where my body is. And it's very likely that Amon is still loitering nearby.

"I would like to make an attempt at finding a solution. I wonder what your opinions are regarding this matter?"

The meaning behind The World Gehrman Sparrow's words was very clear. He wanted to rely on himself first, leaving Mr. Fool's help as a last resort.

And his actual meaning was essentially the same: Find a way to bypass the restrictions first. And in the case that his solution didn't really work, then he would consider living in the state of being undead.

Solution? Alger and company were suddenly a little excited because the suggestions they provided would be used to fight against a King of Angels.

If they were employed and were of use, then this would be a proud moment in their life, one that would remain for the rest of their lives!

Audrey was just about to speak in excitement when she retracted her words. This was because she knew that she couldn't give random suggestions; otherwise, it could lead to Mr. World getting caught by Amon.

Xio thought about it seriously and realized that she couldn't come up with any useful suggestions. She could only choose to observe and learn.

"Must it be where your body originally was? Do you have any blood or hair that was kept elsewhere?" Alger thought for a moment and gave a suggestion using a question.

The Fool Klein thought for a moment and made The World shake his head.

"No."

Compared to his original body, a single tube of blood was too little.

Thinking of this, Klein suddenly had an idea:

Perhaps he could use those two tubes of blood as ingredients, combining them with other methods, using Alchemical Life to create a new body!

There are two problems. Firstly, Alchemical Life requires the Spirit Body's involvement; otherwise, the final product might not be considered my body. Secondly, I don't know any demigods who can complete Alchemical Life. The only one barely related to them is Frank Lee… Will I end up becoming a mushroom man? Then, I'd be better off as an undead… As Klein thought about it, he nearly shivered.

After The Hanged Man's suggestion was rejected, The Hermit Cattleya set off from her knowledge of mysticism. She deliberated and asked, "Do you have a Sequence 3 Sealed Artifact?"

"Why do you ask?" The World asked.

"A Sequence 3 Sealed Artifact can respond to prayers within a certain range. You can make use of that," Cattleya explained simply.

Klein roughly understood what Ma'am Hermit was thinking.

"You're talking about 'descent?'"

"That's right. Get someone to set up a descent ritual at the periphery, and you should be able to respond to it in your own concealed state." Cattleya first glanced at The Sun and described the specific plan. Then, she realized something as she asked, "Do you really have a Sequence 3 Sealed Artifact?"

She originally wanted The World to seek Mr. Fool's bestowment.

"I'm already a Sequence 3 Beyonder," Klein replied simply as he controlled The World.

"…” The members of the Tarot Club were momentarily speechless.

They knew very well that Mr. World must've advanced to Sequence 4 at the end of June to become a demigod.

And now, it was December of the same year!

The Queen once said that using the blood of the Snake of Fate to advance would make it easier for me to become a Sequence 3 Clairvoyant than others… Besides, the Tarot Club has given me plenty of precious mysticism knowledge. It has greatly helped me digest the potion… But even so, I still need another half a year before I have a chance of attempting to reach Sequence 3… The Hermit Cattleya subconsciously looked around and discovered that the other members wore stupefied and envious looks.

She sighed silently and said, "Is my suggestion useful, Mr. World?"

The World Gehrman Sparrow shook his head.

"There is a huge restriction when responding in that state."

Once he chose to descend, it would mean that he would begin the rest of his life—no, afterlife—as an undead.

Perhaps, I can combine the two methods… Yes, I can use the method of praying to The Fool, Sea God, or Protector of magic and drama performers to leave the Forsaken Land of the Gods, but that's not urgent. It's too easy to reveal the truth… The Fool Klein made The World look at The Star Leonard while in thought.

Leonard instantly understood what he meant. He tersely acknowledged.

"I'll go back and do some research to see if there are any other ideas."

Clearly, his true intention was to ask Old Man when he was back. "He" was an angel who knew Amon rather well. Perhaps, he could come up with

suggestions that no one else could think of.

This was the answer that Klein wanted. He immediately made The World say, "Okay."

After the discussion of how to escape his predicament came to an end, The World Gehrman Sparrow looked at Fors.

"Help me ask the Abraham family if they still have any Worms of Cosmos that have yet to lose their spirituality. If there are, what will be the price for the exchange."

A Worm of Star was a high-level spiritual material. Most of the time, it didn't contain any Beyonder characteristics. Therefore, their spirituality would suffer an irreversible loss. Without any special methods, it would be difficult to preserve it for too long.

Worms of Cosmos… Fors was taken aback before she nodded.

"Alright."

After receiving an answer, Klein made The World cast his gaze at The Hermit Cattleya.

"If Miss Magician isn't able to exchange for a Worm of Star from the Abraham family, I would like to entrust you with a mission."

"What mission?" Cattleya asked with interest.

The World said with a smile, "Hunt the Aurora Order's Saint of Secrets, Botis."

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CHAPTER 1174
JOINT OPERATION

The Aurora Order's Saint of Secrets, Botis… Mr. World wants to hunt him? Fors's first reaction was that she had heard wrongly. After all, Gehrman Sparrow had no connection to the Saint of Secrets.

However, she quickly had a rough idea from the Worm of Star that had just been mentioned.

This made her suddenly excited and thrilled. This was because she also wanted to hunt the Saint of Secrets, Botis, to avenge her teacher's family. However, due to her lacking strength and the inability to pay for it, she had kept this thought to herself.

Although it sounds like Mr. World doesn't plan on personally taking action, Ma'am Hermit is also a Sequence 4 demigod, and she has the support of that Queen Mystic behind her… I can provide the utmost support within my abilities! As her thoughts raced, Fors cast her gaze at The Hermit beside her, waiting for her reply.

After some thought, Cattleya said, "Botis is very likely a saint of the Apprentice pathway. It's very difficult to hunt him. Besides, he has the Rose Redemption backing him and the True Creator's protection. With my current level, it's almost impossible for me to complete this mission solely on my own."

"You can seek the help of Queen Mystic. I will also arrange for other partners for you." Klein made The World Gehrman Sparrow reply in a low and hoarse voice, "The reward is the right to choose the spoils of war first,

and mysticism knowledge that will allow you to digest the potion within this year."

It's December… Cattleya's heart palpitated when she heard that. She deliberated and said, "When the time comes, I will try, but I cannot guarantee success."

No matter how difficult the mission of hunting the Saint of Secrets was, it couldn't be as dangerous as accepting the knowledge injection process from the Hidden Sage. And as for the mysticism knowledge provided by the latter, they didn't necessarily aid in digestion. There was a high probability that it included mathematics, machinery, and literature.

"No problem. As long as you do it seriously, I'll still compensate you with the mysticism knowledge even if you fail in the end." The World nodded and confirmed the deal.

At this moment, Fors finally couldn't help but speak out:

"Mr. World, Ma'am Hermit, can I join this mission? I might be able to provide some help."

Even if you didn't, I would've gotten you to… The Fool Klein secretly laughed and made The World nod gently.

"There's a spot reserved for you in this mission."

Fors wasn't surprised at all. She asked curiously, "What can I do? What do you need me to do?"

Gehrman Sparrow replied in an extremely calm tone, "Bait."

"…” Fors opened her mouth, momentarily at a loss for words. She had a feeling that she knew that this would happen.

The World Gehrman Sparrow continued, "Similarly, you also have the right to choose the spoils of war. You'll be just after Ma'am Hermit.

"Also, during this period of time, I can help you record Beyonder powers like 'Traveling.'"

Fors had never expected a reward, as it was her greatest reward to be able to exact revenge successfully. In the future, she might even receive additional rewards from her teacher. Without any hesitation, she nodded and said, "Okay."

The World immediately cast his gaze towards Miss Justice.

"How's the digestion of your Dreamwalker potion?"

Thanks to the expedition into Groselle's Travels and the persistence she had put into her acting, the speed at which she digested the potion was very fast. Her eyes darted around as she thought for a moment.

"I've already concluded the acting principles. In another two to three months, I should be able to completely digest it."

It's a little slow… Klein mumbled inwardly as he made The World say, "Create more opportunities to act.

"If you can digest the potion before Ma'am Hermit attacks the Saint of Secrets, I can give you Hvin Rambis's Beyonder characteristic ahead of time as payment so that you can join in on the operation."

Klein believed that he would have to stay in the Forsaken Land of the Gods for a very long time. Most of the matters in the outside world could only be interfered with through the members of the Tarot Club. It was also beneficial for him to increase their strength as soon as possible.

Furthermore, he wasn't directly giving it to her. The difficulty of hunting the Saint of Secrets Botis was just as Cattleya had said. It was rather difficult.

"Alright!" Audrey was just fretting over how she could accumulate more credit with Mr. World. Therefore, she naturally agreed without any hesitation when she heard his offer.

In her heart, the members of the Aurora Order were lunatics and destructive maniacs. There was no need to find a reason to deal with them!

In addition, Audrey had previously been troubled by her lack of experience as a Beyonder. This gave her a chance. Although it was rather dangerous, it was still an opportunity.

Gehrman Sparrow sure is generous… To provide the knowledge that can help a Mysticologist digest the potion and a Sequence 4 demigod characteristic… This shouldn't only be for the Worm of Star. It sounds like a supplementary material… He's helping the members of the Tarot Club improve as quickly as possible according to Mr. Fool's will, so as to be effective in the future? Alger listened to The World's conversation with the other members and vaguely grasped a certain truth.

This made him rather vexed. He suspected that if he hadn't lacked faith and had other thoughts, to the point of foolishly testing Mr. Fool, he might've already been "assigned" a mission that could aid him in pushing open the door of godhood.

At that moment, Justice, who had agreed to the request, glanced at The Magician and said with a faint smile, "I'm looking forward to the Abraham family not having any Worm of Star."

"Me too." Fors nodded seriously, indicating that she had the same thoughts.

Seeing that The World was done speaking, Cattleya thought for a moment and said to Judgment, "Do you want to join this mission? Do some intelligence gathering on the periphery. Your ability in this area left a deep impression on me."

Even without Ma'am Hermit's invitation, Xio wouldn't refuse in helping her friend. She nodded gently and said, "I don't have a problem if the operation is in Backlund. If it's somewhere else, my role would be greatly discounted."

A Sheriff and their own area of jurisdiction were always connected. The more familiar they were with the place, the better they could showcase their abilities. Once they exceeded that range, they could only rely on their Beyonder powers.

"Your reward is being third to choose the spoils of war." Cattleya looked at The Star once again. "If there's a need, I hope you can allow the official factions to appear at the right moment."

Leonard chuckled.

"I hope you don't have to go that far.

"My reward shall also be a spoil of war."

…If my dear poet friend here wasn't invited in the end, then the mission of hunting the Saint of Secrets would've nearly become a sorority for the female members of the Tarot Club… The Fool Klein muttered inwardly as he made The World Gehrman Sparrow finalize the matter. All that was left was to wait for the Abraham family's feedback.

Following that, Alger and Derrick reached a rental arrangement for the Unshadowed Crucifix.

Just as they entered the free exchange segment, Emlyn couldn't help but look towards the end of the long bronze table.

"Honorable Mr. Fool, can you give me a hint? How should I escape protective custody?"

The Fool, who was shrouded in the gray fog, nodded slightly and said simply, "This week."

His answer was said with great confidence, but it wasn't a prophecy, but a judgment of the situation.

The current situation had Feysac and Intis attacking Loen, while Feynapotter was attacking Loen"s allies—Lenburg, Masin, Masin, etc. The three Churches definitely didn't wish to suffer any damage the Sanguine could bring while already having existing enemies. Therefore, Emlyn would be released very soon, but it was hard to say for Father Utravsky.

Similarly, the Sanguine's focus would definitely be shifted to the global situation. It was unlikely for them to have the motivation to continue probing Emlyn and his other "partners."

In addition, in the past two days, the one whose reason for praying was the most forced—apart from Xio—was Emlyn White. Klein suspected that he had been locked in the basement of Saint Samuel Cathedral all this time because it was convenient for the Goddess to exert "Her" influence on him. Now that the matter had ended, he was no longer of any use.

Combined with the three factors, it wasn't difficult to conclude that Emlyn would be free in no time.

The only exception was that if this fellow had really been forgotten. Be it the Church of Evernight or the Sanguine, they had forgotten that there was such a fellow locked behind Chanis Gate. If that was the case, Klein would get The Star Leonard to provide him with some assistance.

Emlyn heaved a sigh of relief and sincerely thanked Mr. Fool.

At the end of the free exchange, The World Gehrman Sparrow suddenly looked at The Hanged Man.

"You said that you've already arrived on Sonia Island and are inside the primitive forest?"

"Yes," Alger replied in puzzlement.

Gehrman Sparrow pondered for a moment.

"You can try to seek out an elven ruin. Perhaps you might chance upon some sort of opportunity."

Alger suddenly thought of the Book of Calamity and the scenes he had seen in his dream. He nodded thoughtfully and said, "Alright."

After another round of exchanges, the Tarot Gathering came to an end. Audrey and company stood up and bowed before leaving the world above the gray fog.

…

After returning to his body, Leonard immediately lowered his voice and described Klein's predicament. Finally, he said, "Old man, do you have any good suggestions?"

"My suggestion? I think it's better to ask The Fool for help," Pallez Zoroast replied without any hesitation.

"…" Leonard coughed lightly and said, "Aren't you going to use this opportunity to make things difficult for Amon?"

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CHAPTER 1175
IDEAS ARE VERY IMPORTANT

"Making things difficult for Amon?" Pallez Zoroast chuckled. *"What benefits can there be? Otherwise, forget it."*

Leonard was momentarily at a loss for words. After a few seconds, he said, "At least it can make you feel good."

Pallez chuckled.

"I will feel better if you don't bring this topic up."

Without waiting for Leonard to respond, this Sequence 1 angel from the Marauder pathway sighed with "His" slightly-aged voice.

"Doesn't your former colleague have a Deceit Charm? Perhaps he can use this to come up with a solution."

After getting rid of the Amon avatars in Backlund, Pallez had given the godhood symbols and magic labels needed to make four charms—Deceit, Parasite, Deprivation, and Aging—to Leonard. Leonard had passed on this knowledge to Klein, and the latter had used the knowledge and the Worms of Time to create one Deceit, Parasite, and Deprivation bullet each. Later on, he had used them to deal with Qonas Kilgor, but Leonard wasn't aware of this.

Leonard whispered thoughtfully, "Old Man, are you saying that by using the Deceit charm, you can mislead Amon and cause him to misidentify the location, preventing him from influencing Klein's escape?"

In his mind, Pallez Zoroast snapped back, *"Do you think it's possible to use a Deceit charm in front of a Marauder pathway's King of Angels?"*

It's impossible… Leonard laughed dryly and pressed in a thick-skinned manner, "What do you mean then?"

Pallez Zoroast's voice suddenly sounded more spirited:

"Deceive the rule that one can only return to where one's body is!"

"Deceive the rule? That works too?" Leonard asked in shock.

Pallez gave a self-deprecating laugh and sighed.

"Compared to deceiving Amon, deceiving a rule is much easier. After all, underneath this world is madness and chaos."

This sentence made Leonard speechless for a moment. On the one hand, he wasn't experienced enough. He didn't know that orders and laws could be deceived, and on the other hand, he never expected that, in Old Man's heart, Amon was even more terrifying than the laws of nature and the order of the world.

After nearly ten seconds, he spoke again, "With this method, how high is the possibility of success?"

"It's very, very low," Pallez said with a sneer. *"However, the probability of deceiving the order of the world like this with a Deceit charm made from a Worm of Time from Amon's avatar is very, very low. Therefore, my suggestion is still to get him to make a request to The Fool for help. Don't waste any more time. When fighting Amon, the longer the delay, the more dangerous it will be."*

Leonard pondered for a moment before nodding in agreement.

"I understand. I'll also advise him to do so."

Of course, he wouldn't forget mentioning the highly improbable method that Old Man had suggested.

"It's good that you understand. Seriously, disturbing an old man's reading…" As Pallez mumbled, "His" voice gradually lowered and disappeared from Leonard's mind.

In 7 Pinster Street, the newspaper that was placed on the coffee table suddenly flew up and automatically spread open over the sofa.

…

Using a Deceit Charm to deceive the requirement that I can only resurrect where my original body is? Above the gray fog, in the ancient palace, Klein reconstructed Pallez Zoroast's "suggestion" in his own words.

As soon as he finished speaking, he recalled the animal hide lantern that kept burning: Amon had deceived the laws of nature, allowing the candle to remain in a magical state and continue burning for a week without needing any fuel.

His eyes lit up as he whispered, "This line of thought is something only an angel from the Marauder pathway can think of immediately…

"It might not be impossible!"

Like Pallez, he did feel that, compared to dealing with Amon, it was much easier to deal with the laws of nature.

After seeing hope, he immediately analyzed the possible outcome:

Although I've already used the Deceit Bullet, I can summon it from the Historical Void. After all, before the effects end, I'll definitely reform my body and successfully resurrect…

The laws of nature are truly pitiful. Not only will they be deceived, even the item used to deceive it is fake…

The only problem is that the bullet might not be able to deceive the mysticism law. It was already a little difficult to deal with Qonas Kilgor back then…

Amidst his thoughts, he slowly surveyed the area and gradually gained inspiration.

That was to use Sefirah Castle!

After gaining initial control of Sefirah Castle, he could already mobilize the power of a Sequence 2 angel here.

And many of the things he had come into contact with previously had explained that the authority of Sefirah Castle had a high probability of spanning over the three pathways of Seer, Apprentice, and Marauder. It could generate a convergence effect on the corresponding Beyonders, and it had clearly attracted the attention of Amon.

That was to say, Klein suspected that Sefirah Castle had the power of these three pathways at the same time. However, as a Seer, most of the power he could stir was concentrated in this domain.

With the help of the medium known as the Deceit Bullet, I might be able to stir the other powers of Sefirah Castle… Since I'm already capable of using some miracles in the Seer domain, having power from the Marauder pathway at the angel level is a highly reasonable deduction. The only problem is that there must be a medium of a sufficient level… This way, I don't have to worry about not being able to deceive that rule… As his thoughts brightened up, he seriously began to formulate a plan.

He used the mysticism laws as his target and attempted to formulate a "scam."

In order to reduce the difficulty, it's best to have additional preparations. I can't deceive something out of nothing, at least unless I'm Amon's true body…

Yes. I'll bestow a tube of my blood to Little Sun. I'll create a fake respawn point that exceeds the range.

And then, using the Deceit Bullet as a trigger, stir the corresponding angel-level powers contained within Sefirah Castle, "misdirecting" that rule and making it view the fake respawn point as the real one, while the real one becomes the fake one…

He outlined the details bit by bit, and when his thoughts finally took form, Klein immediately used the mysticism connection between himself and the spot he died, to observe the actual situation with his "true vision."

He saw that the grayish-yellow fog had thinned a lot, and the deep ravine that hid Chernobyl was no different from before.

It was unknown where Amon, who was wearing a pointed hat and a monocle, had stolen a rock from and had placed it on the spot where Klein had passed away. "He" sat on it and patiently played with a human-skinned glove.

"He" occasionally bent the human-skinned glove's finger and stretched it at other times, as if "He" could pass a hundred years doing that.

About a kilometer away, in a certain spot in the grayish-yellow fog, three Amons in black classical mage robes crouched around a rock as "They" seriously played poker cards that "They" had stolen from somewhere. From time to time, "They" would nudge their monocle.

Elsewhere in this extensive moor, Amon would be either alone or in groups, strolling leisurely, writing in thought, or discussing all sorts of questions with one another.

In the dark and dangerous Forsaken Land of the Gods, it was such a harmonious scene. It would've been better if the young men weren't all the same—wearing classic black robes, pointed hats and monocles, with similar black hair, black eyes, broad foreheads, and thin faces.

Just as Klein was about to make a further observation, the Amon sitting on the rock suddenly raised "His" head. "He" nudged his crystal-carved monocle and looked at him.

Across the moor, all of the Amons looked up at the highest point of the fog of history.

Klein immediately retracted his gaze and cut off the connection.

…

In the City of Silver, Derrick Berg arrived at the top of the spire and met Chief Colin Iliad.

"Your Excellency, I've already received the promise of blessings," Derrick said frankly and directly.

With white hair and an old scar on his face, Colin Iliad was visibly relieved. He slowly nodded and said, "That's good. That's good."

He had repeated the sentence in a rare instance.

As an excellent Demon Hunter and the City of Silver's Chief, he had always been patient, never taking unnecessary risks. Therefore, with the sudden lack of a response from The Fool, he didn't immediately turn to the True Creator, and he decided to wait patiently for another month.

For the City of Silver, which had been waiting in the Dark Ages for more than two thousand years, a month was something that could be accepted.

Without waiting for Derrick to reply, Demon Hunter Colin left the window and calmly said, "Head back first. I'm going to start preparing for the advancement ritual."

Derrick glanced at the Chief and said sincerely, "You'll definitely succeed!"

He didn't stay any longer. He immediately left the spire and returned home.

After setting up the ritual again and placing the six powerful corpses that he had hunted to the correct position, Colin Iliad began to concoct the potion.

After all of this was done, the City of Silver Chief closed his eyes and lowered his head, chanting in Jotun, "The Fool that doesn't belong to this era, the mysterious ruler above the gray fog; the King of Yellow and Black who wields good luck…"

Above the gray fog, Klein saw ripples of light emanate as he heard a slightly illusory prayer.

He immediately summoned a paper figurine and combined the power of Sefirah Castle with it. He threw it into the prayer circle and conveniently marked the City of Silver's Chief.

At the same time, with the help of this prayer circle, he observed the situation of the entire spire and the City of Silver. He confirmed that there was no sign of Amon's parasitic existence near the Chief or Little Sun.

I have to seize this opportunity! Klein immediately conjured The World Gehrman Sparrow and made him pose as he prayed.

At this moment, Colin Iliad saw the light.

In the holy light, a holy angel with twelve pairs of illusory wings suddenly descended. As clean, white feathers fluttered down, the Demon Hunter was embraced by these wings of light.

This was a blessing from Mr. Fool.

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CHAPTER 1176
PLOT

In the face of the angel's embrace, Colin Iliad wasn't astonished. He accepted everything with a calm expression, as though he was already prepared.

The ritual began. He took a step forward, picked up the Silver Knight potion, and poured it into his mouth.

Without a sound, this Demon Hunter's body swelled up, turning into a grayish-blue giant with bluish-black veins covering him. He stood several meters tall, with black cracks on his forehead.

Every inch of this giant contained the indescribable power of mystery and terror. Apart from his head which still retained the appearance of a human, the rest of his body was akin to a Mythical Creature that exerted a strange mental influence.

In the next second, the skull underlying Colin Iliad's head seemed to soften as it sank inwards. With the black crack as its core, his head slowly squirmed, as though it was forming a nebulous vortex.

Such pain made the City of Silver's Chief, who had killed many powerful creatures, unable to restrain himself. He let out a series of howling cries that could make the minds of ordinary creatures split apart.

If it wasn't for the fact that Colin Iliad had already evacuated the members of the spire in advance, leaving behind only the demigod-level Waite Chirmont to watch over him and prevent any accidents from happening, many Beyonders would've definitely lost control.

The remains of the six powerful living creatures that were situated in different spots floated up under the invisible power of the ritual, circling the mutated Colin Iliad, using some sort of mysterious connection to awaken some of the memories of this peerless Demon Hunter.

It was the experience of hunting "demons." It was him painfully ending the former Chief's attack with his own hands. It was his life of defeating powerful monsters again and again.

These manifestations appeared like painting on an altar. Sometimes, they would be integrated into Colin Iliad, and sometimes they would be extracted from him, helping him define himself. He maintained a certain level of clarity during the extreme pain and changes.

Only at this moment did Colin Iliad finally understand the essence of the ritual.

As a Sequence 4 Demon Hunter, the hunting of every powerful creature was a battle of intense mental catharsis. It left a deep impression in his life.

With these powerful mental imprints, he was able to locate himself after consuming the potion, and not be lost in pain and madness.

This made Colin Iliad recall a term recorded in some of the books in the City of Silver: "Anchor"!

At Sequence 3, he was considered a deity in a certain sense. He could respond to prayers within a certain range, so an anchor was required.

As this wasn't the level of an angel, an anchor didn't necessarily need to be a believer. It could be replaced by other things, such as the clear marks in one's life that had meaning in mysticism.

In the memories that had been awakened, Colin Iliad slowly regained his self-awareness. He felt his body again and grasped its changes.

Right on the heels of that, a layer of wings formed from illusory light extended out from behind him. They fused with the surrounding "paintings" as they constantly shrank inwards. The surface of Colin Iliad's body collapsed into a silver armor that was firm and beautiful, but it didn't possess any weight to it.

After the Demon Hunter advanced to a Silver Knight, due to the difference in the deity's blessing, there would be minute differences between Silver Knights. Previously, the leader of the King Court's Chasers, Light Culler Murskogan, had received blessings from the Giant King. Therefore, the various aspects of the Silver Knight domain were much stronger.

On the other hand, Colin Iliad could occasionally make his body condense a Silver Rapier that could teleport. While in combat, it would appear at random during an attack, with beneficial tendencies, bringing about unpredictable changes.

In addition, he could also obtain a certain uniqueness when using Mercury Liquefaction.

As the silver armor finally took form, Colin Iliad had completed his advancement. Apart from not having a single vertical eye on his head, he was equivalent to a Mythical Creature.

At this moment, he raised his right hand and waved it to the side.

At a small hill outside the City of Silver, a silver beam erupted out of thin air. It tore apart everything around it, splitting the small hill into two halves.

…

During Colin Iliad's advancement to Silver Knight, Derrick Berg completed the bestowment ritual and obtained a small metal tube.

Seizing the opportunity of the City of Silver's Chief creating abnormalities and drawing away most of the attention, Klein suddenly reached out while

in the ancient palace above the gray fog. He had summoned a bullet and Death Knell from the Historical Void.

Right on the heels of that, he did a divination in advance, confirming that there weren't any signs of Amon's parasites around Little Sun. Without any hesitation, he opened the revolver's cylinder and stuffed the Deceit bullet into it.

Pa!

With a shake of his right hand, he closed the cylinder and used the mysticism connection to aim at the spot where he had died.

Bang!

He calmly pulled the trigger and fired the only bullet.

At the same time, taking advantage of this Beyonder effect, he willed Sefirah Castle's powers into mobilizing.

The gray fog boiled once again, including the space around them. A majestic but slightly dark energy surged out like a tidal wave, wrapping around the bullet, passing through the gap and shooting towards the real world.

The light in Sefirah Castle suddenly dimmed. Suppressing his fear and horror, Klein used Death Knell's historical projection to simulate the feeling of a sudden descent. He "leaped" towards the crimson star representing The Sun and leaped towards the tiny tube of his blood.

On the barren moors of Chernobyl, all of the Amons wearing pointed hats raised "Their" heads and looked at the lightning that streaked across the sky. "They" looked at a deep and quiet swath that even the lightning couldn't illuminate.

The Amons nudged "Their" monocles, and after a moment of silence, "They" laughed.

"He doesn't seem like someone who can come up with such a solution…

"Pallez?

"'He' joined this organization codenamed the Tarot Club?"

…

In the Berg household in the City of Silver.

The darkness in front of Derrick suddenly turned dark, as if the candles in the room had been burned to ashes.

To the residents of the City of Silver, this wasn't a good thing. Derrick's eyes immediately lit up with the light of the sun.

At that moment, bits of light burst out from the deep darkness like transparent squirming worms.

The metal tube that Derrick had received shattered automatically as fresh red blood floated out from it and suspended itself in midair. It didn't spread apart but instead merged with the fragments of light.

In just two or three seconds, these "light fragments" condensed into one, forming a huge ball of light.

The spherical light ball stretched out and changed, quickly forming a figure.

The figure had a deep outline and a cold expression. He wore a silk half top hat and a black coat while holding a black iron-black revolver. It was none other than Gehrman Sparrow.

Having successfully deceived the laws of mysticism, Klein used the help of his old blood to complete his resurrection!

Without needing any introduction, Derrick had already recognized the visitor through his special temperament. After being stunned for a moment, he instinctively revealed an uncontrollable smile.

"Mr. World?"

Klein raised his head slightly and looked at Little Sun, who seemed to have grown taller. He subconsciously reached out and pressed down on his top hat.

He then nodded gently and said, "I will be in the Forsaken Land of the Gods during this period of time.

"However, I have to leave now. I can't lure Amon into the City of Silver.

"If there's a chance in the future, I will cooperate with you."

Having understood what Mr. World meant, Derrick nodded heavily and said, "Alright!"

Just as Klein raised his right hand and was about to snap his fingers to leave with Flaming Jump, Derrick looked at him and suddenly pointed to the storage cabinet in the room.

"Mr. World, do you need to bring some food with you? There are mushrooms that can produce milk!"

"…” Klein controlled himself, not letting the corners of his mouth twitch. He maintained his cold attitude and said, "I don't drink milk."

As soon as he finished speaking, he snapped his fingers, causing a scarlet flame to fly out of his pocket, wrapping around him like water.

The fire quickly dissipated like falling stars, and Klein's figure disappeared from Derrick Berg's room.

Outside the City of Silver, in a deformed forest, flames flashed continuously, extending all the way to the moors leading to the north.

After he truly left the City of Silver did Klein slow down his "footsteps" and summon a lantern from the Historical Void.

He had long expected that the revival process would go so smoothly. After all, once he found the correct solution, there was no way that Amon could stop him.

In the City of Silver, Amon only had a few avatars at the Sequence 4 or 3 level, so Klein could use his "true vision" to locate them and eliminate them ahead of time.

And if they could form an avatar at the Sequence 2 level, Klein, who had gained initial control of Sefirah Castle, could stir powers at the power of an angel, allowing him to easily fight such an avatar while being above the gray fog, and would stay undefeatable since he couldn't be attacked. He had the confidence to defeat his opponent.

If Amon moved "His" true body to the City of Silver, then Klein could choose to revive at his original spot.

Of course, Amon could create an avatar that was almost at Sequence 1 and send "Him" to the City of Silver. However, under the premise of the conservation of Beyonder characteristics, how many avatars could "He" create?

Not more than two!

As for Klein, he could split his remaining blood into multiple portions. He could use the bestowment ritual to send them to Mr. Hanged Man, to Ma'am

Hermit, and to The Star Leonard. There were too many spots where he could revive, so there was no way that Amon could guard all of them.

This was an "above board" plan based on his own level, Beyonder powers, and the special ability of Sefirah Castle. Before he attempted to revive himself, Klein was already quite certain of the outcome. The only thing he was worried about was that "Deceit" would be detected by Amon ahead of time, allowing "Him" to interfere in a timely manner, causing his respawn location to change.

Fortunately, his divination had confirmed that the level of danger wasn't high. This was one of the reasons why he dared to try.

Phew, I've really escaped from Amon… As he advanced amidst the dim yellow light, Klein felt the presence of his body, and he heaved a sigh of relief.

Of course, he knew very well that he was going to encounter the relentless pursuit of Amon's main body and various avatars!

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CHAPTER 1177
SUBSTITUTE

On the desolate moors filled with deep ravines, Amon stood in different spots. "They" opened "Their" mouths and chanted in Jotun, "The Blessed of the spirit world and Sefirah Castle…”

"The Mystery stemming from ancient times;

"The witness of an extended history;

"Protector of Backlund magic and drama performers;

"The great Gehrman Sparrow…”

These voices were layered as they bored into the void, as though they extended to an infinite distance.

Ten seconds later, all of "Them" adjusted "Their" crystal monocles in different manners and chuckled softly.

"He changed it really quickly."

If Gehrman Sparrow was still automatically responding to this honorific name, "They" could then use this opportunity to determine the other party's location and create an "error" to appear directly beside "Their" target.

…

In the darkness that was illuminated by lightning from time to time, the hatted and coated Klein proceeded north at a moderate pace while holding a

lantern.

There's a prayer… Amon is using Gehrman Sparrow's honorific name… This means that a number of Amons aren't too far from me… But the City of Silver doesn't have 'His' parasites… They're in the surrounding patrol teams, or in some unexpected creatures? As he walked, Klein suddenly turned his head and listened carefully for a few seconds.

Regarding this matter, he was rather glad that he was cautious enough. He had changed the honorific name that allowed default acknowledgement while above the gray fog. It went from the "Protector of Backlund magic and drama performers" to "Protector of all poor children in Backlund." This came from the Loen Charity Bursary Foundation he had set up.

Yes… Amon is a Cryptologist. It's very likely that he can "interpret" this honorific name from all the information regarding Dwayne Dantès… No, I don't even need an automatic response… As Klein looked at the faint yellow light emitted by the lantern, he quickly made a decision.

He made every Worm of Spirit only capable of listening to prayers, without having the ability to autonomously respond unless they had been given permission from the main body.

This way, frequent prayers would severely affect his daily life, but it wasn't a big problem. This was because, other than Amon's vile harassment, no one else would pray to Gehrman Sparrow since he hadn't spread the word about his honorific name.

After settling this matter, Klein thought of all of Amon's terrifying aspects. He suddenly had some doubts about what to do next.

His original plan was to stay far away from the City of Silver and head to the Nois ruins in the north to investigate the situation there. He wanted to see if he could obtain the main ingredients needed for the Miracle Invoker potion. However, after connecting that ancient city ruins with Amon, a problem was revealed:

Klein could already confirm that the upper levels of neighboring pathways also followed the law of Beyonder characteristic convergence. Since Amon had been wandering around the Forsaken Land of the Gods for more than a thousand years and had come near the City of Silver, how could "He" not be attracted to the Nois ruins in the north?

For the Chief of the City of Silver to not dare to enter, it means the power in Nois City has definitely reached the level of an angel. Amon wouldn't ignore it…”He" probably doesn't dare to directly eat such a high-level Beyonder characteristic of a neighboring pathway, but that doesn't prevent "Him" from setting up a trap… Even if "He" hadn't done so in the past, "He" would definitely be rushing over there now… Of course, I can't exclude the possibility that Amon has yet to discover it because, during the City of Silver Chief's first visit, the Nois ruins weren't as dangerous. Perhaps that power at the angel level came to the Nois ruins later…”He" has been constantly migrating "His" believers to avoid Amon? Amidst his thoughts, Klein felt a little afraid about heading northwest for the ancient city.

He decided to first see if there were any other ways to obtain the main ingredient of the Miracle Invoker potion before considering if he should head to the periphery of the Nois ruins to observe and gather some intel.

With this in mind, he walked towards the wreckage of a tall tower in his black coat and half top hat, guided by the occasional lightning.

Along the way, in the dangerous darkness outside the dim yellow light, monsters lined up and silently followed him.

They were already his marionettes.

Compared to them, the saints of the Seer pathway were even more bizarre and terrifying.

As they walked, one of the monsters that looked like a fish with limbs suddenly chanted in Jotun, "The Sun that is Eternal;

"You are an Inextinguishable Light;

"You are the Embodiment of Order…”

The moment it finished reciting the three-lined honorific name, the monster collapsed to the ground and lost its life.

The honorific name of deities often wasn't limited to three lines, but when chanting, one could choose any three. For example, the Eternal Blazing Sun's complete honorific name was "Eternal Blazing Sun, Inextinguishable Light, Embodiment of Order, God of Contracts, Guardian of Businesses." And just now, Klein had used the first three.

With this method, he prayed to the Lord of Storms, the God of Knowledge and Wisdom, and the Evernight Goddess, hoping to receive a certain response.

However, there was no change in his surroundings fifteen minutes later.

It's useless to pray to a Sequence 0 true deity in the Forsaken Land of the Gods? Unless the target is the True Creator, or is an existence that wields things like Sefirah Castle or the Chaos Sea?

That's not right. In Afternoon Town, that clergyman had the Goddess's true name concealed when saying it. When he mentioned the fourth King of Angels, he suffered "immolation" due to the involvement of deities… Perhaps it's because there's still all kinds of divine power in the Forsaken Land of the Gods, not only concealment and degeneration. And the true names of the different deities each have special meaning in mysticism, allowing it to stir the corresponding powers?

This way, it would explain why the City of Silver has been teaching the two true names of Badheil and Herabergen, but they didn't end up establishing any connection with the God of Combat or the God of Knowledge and Wisdom… The prayers in the Forsaken Land of the Gods are not heard by the true deities, or even if "They" can hear them, "They" are unable to

respond… This also means that there are no remnant powers of the God of Combat or the God of Knowledge; otherwise, there would have been certain anomalies…

Yes, it's also possible that it's not because there are no anomalies, but that the two Grade 0 Sealed Artifacts, uh—god-level Sealed Artifacts—in the City of Silver have eliminated them…

In that case, if I were to directly chant the true name of the Goddess, would I cause the surrounding darkness and concealment to stir? If this kind of power can be controlled, I'll have an additional effective trump card when being tracked by Amon… The probability isn't very high. Directly chanting the true name of a deity is an act of blasphemy, and it will result in the corresponding backlash, just like Afternoon Town's clergyman… Based on his logic and the phenomenon he had seen, Klein came up with a theory on the present situation. He was eager to try reading out all the true names of the deities he knew, one by one, and checking their effects.

Finally, he restrained himself and didn't blindly make the attempts.

I'd better go above the gray fog to do a divination first. Otherwise, who knows if there will be an unbearable accident… Hmm, divination involving deities might not give a clear revelation… After muttering inwardly for a while, Klein scoffed at his impulsiveness. My previous plan was akin to: I haven't been courting death for two days. I shall do it seriously today!

At that moment, he had already arrived at a collapsed tower. He sat beside a wall that had only been cut down by half. He reached out to take out a paper crane from the Historical Void, and he ignited it.

He wanted to see if he could contact the Snake of Fate Will Auceptin Ceres if there was a medium. He wanted to know where he could obtain the main ingredients of the Miracle Invoker potion.

Under the illumination of his third summoning of the lantern, Klein fell into a deep sleep, but he didn't dream of anything.

Indeed, it doesn't work… After he woke up, Klein shook his head and let his body enter a Historical Void.

Following that, he took four steps counterclockwise and arrived above the gray fog.

Sitting at the seat belonging to The Fool, he beckoned for a small paper box from the junk pile. Inside was a stack of paper cranes.

These were personally folded by a certain baby.

At the same time, The World Gehrman Sparrow was conjured. He prayed to Mr. Fool in a grayish-white region and requested "Him" to forward his request to Miss Justice, saying that this act could allow her to make contributions to her exchange for the Manipulator potion formula.

Of course, Klein had already revealed that the potion needed to be consumed while amidst a huge emotional resonance.

…

Backlund, Empress Borough, Inside the Hall family's luxurious mansion.

Audrey returned to her bedroom once again and set up a bestowment ritual to obtain the paper crane.

She picked up a thin pencil and wrote on the paper crane's surface:

"Dwayne Dantès has requested you to meet with me."

After finishing her preparations, Audrey followed Mr. World's instructions and placed the paper crane under her pillow before lying down to sleep.

Soon, she saw a pitch-black desolate plain. As a Dreamwalker who had given herself hints in advance, she maintained her consciousness and

walked towards the black steeple in the middle of the plains with strong curiosity.

As soon as she arrived at her destination, Audrey's spiritual perception was triggered. She raised her head and looked at the top of the steeple.

At some point in time, there was a giant silver snake coiled there.

This gigantic snake didn't have any scales. Its body was covered with symbols and patterns that formed wheels that were connected to each other, with different labels.

At that moment, the gigantic snake was staring at Audrey with its bright red and cold eyes. It said in a low voice, "What does Dwayne Dantès want?"

This is the angel of the Fate pathway that gave Ma'am Hermit a drop of blood? Audrey controlled her thoughts and calmly looked at the gigantic snake. She said in honesty, "He wanted me to ask you where he can obtain the main ingredient of the Miracle Invoker potion?"

The gigantic silver snake suddenly fell silent for a few seconds before saying, "The number of Sequence 2s in different pathways differ in numbers. Under the situation of the quota of Attendant of Mysteries being filled, there can only be a total of six Miracle Invokers."

A Miracle Invoker is the name of a Sequence 2 potion… Mr. World is going to become an angel? Or is he making preparations for his partner? No, if it's a companion, he can get them to ask "Him" themself… Audrey was first alarmed before she began to look forward to the mysterious serpent's answer.

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CHAPTER 1178
I HAVE A BLESSED

The gigantic silver snake looked down at Audrey and opened its blood-red mouth.

"The Sequence 1 potion that Zaratul, the leader of the Secret Order, consumed came from an Attendant of Mysteries. In other words, 'He' possesses an extra Miracle Invoker characteristic.

"Similarly, it was the same for the ancestor of the Antigonus family back then. Of course, if they were interested in something, or if they had a candidate who had won the favor of the family to the point of them being willing to nurture them, then an angel with sufficiently high status can separate the extra Miracle Invoker Beyonder characteristic to the other party.

The third Miracle Invoker's Beyonder characteristic had combined with a characteristic of mysterious origins. It has become Sealed Artifact 0-05, also known as the Magic Wishing Lamp… A true deity once attempted to destroy this item, to separate the characteristics and allow them to converge automatically, but eventually failed.

"The fourth and fifth Miracle Invoker Beyonder characteristics are in the form of a Grade 0 Sealed Artifact that exists in the Churches of the Eternal Blazing Sun and Lord of Storms. One of them is named 0-13. It comes from the Third Epoch's Creator, designated as 'The Last Banquet.' The other is codenamed 0-32, a product of the War of the Four Emperors, designated as 'Theater With Curtains That Never Draw.'

"The sixth Miracle Invoker Beyonder characteristic might be in the Forsaken Land of the Gods. During the Third Epoch, there was a remnant Dark Demonic Wolf who occasionally appeared. After the Cataclysm, 'He' vanished without a trace."

Audrey listened attentively and thought carefully for a moment before saying, "You're saying that, under the situation where the Attendant of Mysteries spots are filled, there are only six Miracle Invokers. And now, you only mentioned the Secret Order's leader, Zaratul, and the ancestor of the Antigonus family, but the spots don't seem to be filled.

"In such a situation, there might be an extra Miracle Invoker Beyonder characteristic."

This wasn't information that The World Gehrman Sparrow had informed her of in advance. Instead, it was a question that Audrey had come up with on her own accord from the details of the answer and her knowledge of mysticism.

The eyes of the giant silver snake moved slightly.

"Indeed. There should be three Attendants of Mysteries.

"But in the Second Epoch, in the era when the ancient god, Flegrea, still lived, the third set of the Attendant of Mysteries Beyonder characteristic seemed to have disappeared without a trace. No one knows where it is. Likewise for the corresponding Miracle Invoker Beyonder characteristic. Perhaps it has already combined together and has found a sufficiently concealed method to hide itself."

Audrey nodded gently and said, "I understand. I'll pass on the information to Mr. Dwayne Dantès.

"Oh… He even asked me to ask you if there's anything you need his help with?"

The giant silver snake slithered up and a third of its body stood up.

"No.

"A small matter.

"Yes, I have a Blessed who is an outstanding gourmet. He has a desire to taste ice-cream from the various noble families, so as to determine the most delicious one."

…This request… Mr. Snake, uh—maybe it's Ma'am Snake—is really nice to her Blessed…”His" tone is as if he can't wait… Hmm… This is too simple. I can agree to help on Mr. World's behalf and complete it on my own. I'll just treat it as accumulating the sufficient contributions needed to exchange the potion formula… Audrey said thoughtfully, "No problem.

"But how do I send him the ice cream?"

The giant silver snake slowly coiled and said, "Sacrifice it to him. He's already a Sequence 3 saint and can accept sacrifices in the same city.

"His honorific name is 'The Embodiment of Luck; The Clairvoyant Monster, The Calamity that Spreads Misfortune, The Witnesses of all Fates in Backlund, the Keeper of Chaos and Madness."

There's a difference between this honorific name and a normal Sequence 3's. There's no name at the end… Audrey's eyes darted around slightly, but she didn't say anything further and nodded in agreement.

…

Keeper of Chaos and Madness… Will's last honorific name is quite interesting… This shouldn't be the honorific name of the Snake of Fate, but something that "He" used when "He" was at Sequence 3. Some tweaks were made later on… The Monster pathway's watches over chaos and madness? Or could it be said that in this world, even for Fate, those at the lower

Sequences are in chaos and madness? Monsters are working hard to resist all of this, making everything seem normal? After Klein heard Miss Justice's answer, he didn't find it odd for Will Auceptin to request for ice-cream. Instead, he found the honorific name of the Life School of Thought president rather interesting.

Heh, having a Blessed… That's like saying "I know someone"…Did Will learn this from me? No, I have a real Blessed, Danitz! Later on, I'll have this fellow sacrifice something for me to eat. I can't really eat those mutated monsters or summon projections from the Historical Void, right? Yes, if I have a chance, I'll invite Little Sun to try them together. I can't let him be obsessed with Frank's mushrooms… Uh, the number of Blessed serving Will definitely won't be less than mine. There might even be more. "He" has the huge Life School of Thought… Klein conjured The World Gehrman Sparrow and made him reply to Miss Justice, indicating that the ice-cream contributed plenty.

After completing all of this, he rapped the edge of the long mottled table and seriously considered the problem with the main ingredient of the Miracle Invoker.

There's no need to think about the Miracle Invoker Beyonder characteristic with Zaratul. It's impossible for "Him" to separate it to give it to me. "He" only wants to turn me into "His" marionette…

It's not like there's zero hope with Antigonus's two portions, but if that's the case, I'll have to request it from the Goddess again. I can't offer something equivalent… I'm afraid… Besides, the Goddess might not be able to provide it. The reason why "She" wants to seal The Half-Fool, who has lost control, is probably because "She" is unable to kill "Him." Once "He" is killed, "He" will be able to escape his current predicament and revive elsewhere—just like how I escaped from Amon. Under such a situation, the Goddess has no way of getting Antigonus to separate a Miracle Invoker Beyonder characteristic…

Even a true deity can't shatter 0-05, so there's no point targeting it. It's useless even if I have it… This Sealed Artifact's origins are truly mysterious. There's something very fishy about it…

The Church of the Eternal Blazing Sun's 0-13 is called "The Last Banquet." It comes from the City of Silver's Creator… Why does this person always like to use the names that have dangerous implications… The Church of the Lord of Storms's 0-32 is "Theater With Curtains That Never Draw"…Just the sound of it allows me to imagine what it's like… The chances of obtaining these two Grade 0 Sealed Artifacts are very low, but it's not impossible. It just depends on whether the Eternal Blazing Sun and Lord of Storms are willing to support my growth so as to contain Amon…

Yes. Up to now, "They" have yet to show any kindness. I can't find a suitable way to interact with the right person. I can't possibly use divination to spy on the Eternal Blazing Sun again and communicate with "Him" through space, right? If that happens, wouldn't it be better if "He" directly invades Sefirah Castle and takes control of this place?

If I were to nurture Mr. Hanged Man and wait till he has the qualifications to come into contact with a Grade 0 Sealed Artifact, I'll most likely have become Amon…

The True Creator knows a clue to the third characteristic of the Attendant of Mysteries…"His" divine kingdom and holy residence are in the Forsaken Land of the Gods… These two might be related somehow…

The two sets of Miracle Invoker characteristics and an Attendant of Mysteries characteristics are highly likely to be in the Forsaken Land of the Gods… I wonder which one is in the Nois ruins?

Yes, the True Creator should only know a clue, and not its exact location. Otherwise, "He" would've obtained that Attendant of Mysteries Beyonder characteristic before the War of the Four Emperors and effectively increased "His" subordinates' strength…

In other words, the Attendant of Mysteries Beyonder characteristic is something even a true deity can't obtain quickly, and it's necessary to search for it. It might not be so easy for Amon to come across it, allowing "Him" to set up a trap… If the danger within the ruins were only recently found—having just been transplanted—it would match this trait…

From the looks of it, I still have to make a trip. However, I have to be careful enough. The danger comes from Amon and also from the ruins. Hmm, I'll do a divination first, then I'll observe and gather intelligence from a distance. I won't enter blindly and will be patient enough.

Klein conjured a pen and paper and was about to write the corresponding divination statement when he suddenly thought of something and decided to make another confirmation.

He drew a complicated symbol that was a mixture of concealment and mystery prying. He threw it into the crimson star representing The Magician. With Gehrman Sparrow's image and tone, he asked her to question Arrodes.

…

Backlund, East Borough. Fors, who was about to move houses, drew the curtains and lit a candle. She set up a mirror and found Xio to act as a bystander.

She then drew the symbol that Mr. World had given her.

In the room, the environment gradually turned dark as cold winds stirred, causing the two to tremble.

The surface of the mirror suddenly rippled, forming ancient dark red Feysac text:

"You have summoned the great Arrodes. You have to abide by the corresponding rules:

"You have to answer a question for every question asked. If you lie or refuse to answer, you will be punished."

"Alright," Fors, who had been warned, calmly replied.

Following that, she asked curiously, "Where can one obtain the main ingredient of the Miracle Invoker potion?"

On the surface of the mirror, dark red words appeared one after another as other lines vanished. They answered the question in detail:

It's basically the same as Will's answer… Above the gray fog, through the crimson star representing Miss Magician, Klein watched the specific process and nodded in disappointment.

After Fors memorized the answer, she said nervously, "It's your turn to ask."

The dark red words changed and formed a new sentence:

"Have you had an erotic dream in the past year?"

Phew… Thankfully, it's still okay… Fors heaved a sigh of relief and said, "Yes."

This was human nature. She didn't feel that there was anything to be ashamed of.

Following that, she raised the second question:

"Do you have any suggestions on the matter regarding obtaining the main ingredient of the Miracle Invoker?"

Arrodes dispersed the dark red text and used silver colors to form new words:

"The Abraham family still holds the Apprentice pathway's Sequence 2 Planeswalker potion formula, as well as the corresponding powerful Sealed Artifacts. A total of two of them.

"The Aurora Order also has one."

This… Klein's eyes lit up as he thought of a new possibility.

"Is that so…" Fors frowned slightly and said, "It's your turn to ask a question."

The silver color on the surface of the mirror faded away as dark red colors formed a sentence:

"Other than you, who else was the star of your erotic dream?"

Fors gaped as her face flushed red.

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CHAPTER 1179
PREPARATIONS BOTH WAYS

At that moment, Fors felt her cheeks burning as she stiffened. She didn't even dare to turn her head to look at her friend.

She realized that she had severely underestimated the bottom line of the magic mirror!

After stuttering for a moment, Fors recalled Mr. World's reminder and closed her eyes.

"I choose to accept the punishment."

A silvery-white bolt of lightning fell from the air in the room, but the moment it appeared, the lightning vanished without a trace like it was a hallucination.

The dark red words on the surface of the mirror were dyed silver as they were quickly replaced with new content:

"The question and answer game will end here today. Goodbye!"

Without waiting for Fors to open her eyes and before Xio could react, the rippling light in the mirror instantly calmed down. The gloom and darkness in the room shattered as they were swallowed by the light of the candle.

Wasn't there supposed to be a punishment? Fors waited for a few seconds before opening her eyes slightly. She looked at the mirror that had returned to normal and then at Xio, who was watching by the sidelines.

Xio pointed at the top of her head and said, "There was lightning that smote at you, but it disappeared halfway. Also, the magic mirror had already left."

“…The magic mirror was only joking? That's not right. The warning I received was that the questions would be rather embarrassing, and the punishments would be rather heavy… Could it be that Mr. Fool protected me?" Fors rubbed her right cheek as she made a guess.

"Perhaps." Xio nodded in agreement with her friend.

Just as Fors heaved a sigh of relief and rejoiced, she suddenly realized that Xio was looking at her earnestly.

"W-what's the matter?" Fors's heart skipped a beat.

Xio asked thoughtfully, "In that erotic dream of yours, who was the main lead?"

“…Haha, who would remember such a dream from so long ago? Besides, aren't dreams blurry and unclear?" Fors forced a smile.

Xio tersely acknowledged.

"If that's the case, why didn't you answer with that just now?"

“…I was nervous. I was too nervous." Fors glanced at the luggage that she had finished packing and said, "It's time for us to move. I miss having a fireplace!"

As she spoke, she walked towards her luggage.

It was only at this moment that she realized that, at times, the outcome was similar whether she answered the magic mirror's question or not.

Is this the "social death" that was mentioned by Gehrman Sparrow? I really want to bury my head into the ground! Fors continuously took deep breaths

in an attempt to calm her burning face and embarrassed heart.

…

In the ancient palace above the fog.

Klein threw the Sea God Scepter back into the junk pile and scoffed at Arrodes's act.

Despite knowing that I was the one who sent someone to summon it, it actually dared to raise such a question. Only when I stopped the punishment did it hurriedly change its attitude and leave in a panic… It sure had fun…

However, its answer has given me a new train of thought. I really don't need to restrict myself to the path of a Miracle Invoker…

The second Blasphemy Slate is most likely from the City of Silver's Creator, and is now in the hands of Adam… Although Amon and "His" brother are mutually staying away from each other's affairs and aren't on especially good terms, "They" have worked together before. I don't believe that "He" has never seen that Blasphemy Slate… If that's the case, "He" is definitely aware of the Miracle Invoker's ritual and can guess that I'll be bringing the City of Silver out of the Forsaken Land of the Gods. When that happens, "He" wouldn't even need to put much effort into tracking me. "He" just needs to wait at the Giant King's Court…

Yes, I can't go according to the enemy's expectations, especially since this is a God of Deceit and the God of Mischief. Countless accidents will happen… If it's because of my participation that the City of Silver's thousands of years of hope ends up being destroyed, then it'll be completely contradictory to my original intentions…

The problem with a Planeswalker is that I might hear Mr. Door's ravings, and will suffer the scrutiny and corruption from the cosmos that's worse than Sequence 2 angels from other pathways. Of course, this isn't completely unacceptable…

Also, will I need to pay back the two resurrection chances that Sefirah Castle gave me? That's still fine since I'll definitely transfer back to being an Attendant of Mysteries at Sequence 1 because Mr. Door has already blocked off the advancement path of the Apprentice pathway. "He" is at least in control of the Uniqueness and two sets of Sequence 1 Beyonder characteristics—perhaps even all three…

It's not necessary for me to switch to Planeswalker, but I have to make the necessary preparations. When my options increase, even if Amon tries to stop me, the difficulty of burying a trap in advance will increase significantly. Only then can I become an angel while under the pressure of a King of Angels!

Yes. I'll stay on the fence for now. I'll prepare for the Miracle Invoker advancement while preparing for the Planeswalker advancement. I'll determine which pathway to take based on the actual situation when the time comes.

Having come to a decision, Klein felt refreshed. His mind was abnormally active, and he quickly came up with a preliminary plan.

I'm not in a hurry to ask Miss Magician's teacher about the Planeswalker potion formula and the corresponding Grade 0 Sealed Artifact. This will scare the Abraham family, making them suspect that Miss Magician worships some evil god and has joined some terrible organization…

With their current situation, there's a high chance that they won't reply. They will change their identities, move, and sever all ties…

Yes, the head of the Saint of Secrets, Botis, will make a fine gift. Regardless of whether the Abraham family gives the Worm of Cosmos, this matter will have to be placed on the agenda… I hope Miss Justice can digest the Dreamwalker potion as soon as possible. I hope that Ma'am Hermit will be prepared. I also hope that the two ladies, Miss Magician and Miss Judgment, will be able to improve before the operation…

Right, according to what Miss Magician said, Saint of Secrets Botis is a defector of the Abraham family, and the Aurora Order holds a Grade 0 Sealed Artifact of the Apprentice pathway. That's interesting… Perhaps I don't need to contact the Abraham family. I might be able to get what I want from the Saint of Secrets. Uh, I have to remind Ma'am Hermit that Botis might be carrying a Grade 0 Sealed Artifact, so confirmation has to be made before the operation…

If that Grade 0 Sealed Artifact isn't in the hands of the Saint of Secrets, then I'll probably have to face the Angel of Fate Ouroboros to get it… No, Grade 0 Sealed Artifacts are terrifying to begin with. It's one of the sources of danger…

Phew, I'll first wait for Miss Magician's teacher to reply and see if the Abraham family is averse to any mention of the Worm of Cosmos…

As he thought of this, Klein suddenly felt a hint of self-deprecation. He felt that he and the Aurora Order appeared to be destined enemies. They often had all kinds of interactions.

When the operation begins, the Aurora Order will definitely shout in their hearts:

"Why is it you again? Why is it us again?"

After letting out a breath, he gathered his thoughts and conjured The World Gehrman Sparrow. He replied to Miss Magician who had reported the answer.

Following that, The World prayed once again, requesting Mr. Fool to forward his request to Danitz.

…

On a certain island in the Fog Sea, Danitz, who was waiting for the Golden Dream, turned his head to look at Anderson and chuckled.

"I'm going to summon Gehrman Sparrow's messenger."

Anderson pricked up his brows and scoffed.

"You're qualified to consume the Conspirer potion."

"You were the one who made it too obvious. Even I could sense that you were afraid of that messenger." Danitz felt even more pleased with himself as he said humbly.

Anderson suddenly guffawed.

"Why do you not suspect that I'm pretending to be afraid? I'm just trying to find a reasonable excuse to avoid hearing things I shouldn't be hearing."

“…Dogsh*t, do you think I'll believe the lies you came up with in a hurry?" Danitz was almost convinced.

Anderson spread his hands and walked to the door.

"You've gathered all the materials of the Conspirer potion. Remember to remind Gehrman to not forget my Iron-blooded Knight potion formula."

Danitz waved his hand impatiently, indicating that he hadn't forgotten.

After Anderson walked out of the room and closed the door, Danitz immediately set up a ritual and summoned the messenger holding four blonde, red-eyed heads.

Seeing the eight eyes look over at the same time, Danitz's chest immediately retracted.

He forced a smile and handed out a gold coin.

"Ma'am, Gehrman Sparrow wants me to tell you that he's fine. He's now in the Forsaken Land of the Gods."

…Wait, what did I say? The Forsaken Land of the Gods? As a crew member of Vice Admiral Iceberg, Danitz's knowledge of mysticism was still adequate. After a momentary pause, his pupils clearly dilated.

"Alright…" Reinette Tinekerr bit down on the gold coin and answered immediately.

Then, "She" entered the void and vanished from the room.

After reporting this to Gehrman Sparrow, Danitz received the Iron-blooded Knight's potion formula and new orders.

Prepare some local delicacies and sacrifice them to Sea God Kalvetua… Isn't this mission a little odd? Danitz muttered to himself, but he didn't dare to raise any questions.

He quickly tidied up the altar, found a parchment, and wrote down the supplementary ingredients and corresponding ritual in the Iron-blooded Knight potion formula.

Following that, he opened the door and handed the parchment to Anderson.

"Form a team of at least thirty people… The stronger the team's strength and chemistry, the better the ritual's effects…" Anderson unfolded the parchment in front of Danitz and read it. As he read, his brows gradually furrowed. "If the team's chemistry is to build upon the idea of killing me—the captain—the ritual is rather simple…"

Without waiting for Danitz to mock him, a burning white flame appeared from his fingertip and burned the parchment.

Anderson chuckled.

"I need to go back to my homeland to find an opportunity. That place is currently being invaded by Feynapotter, and war is always the best place for building up and training a team."

With a pause, he looked at Danitz and said with a smile, "I've prepared some questions for you. They're in my room. Once you become a Conspirer, you can try doing it and see if your intelligence has improved."

“…Dogsh*t! Are you trying to trick me into reading all the books in your room?" Danitz was almost moved, but he immediately understood that something was wrong.

No matter how high his intelligence was, he wouldn't be able to solve the questions if he hadn't read the textbooks!

"Not bad. It only took you three seconds this time to grasp the crux of the matter. If it were in the past, heh heh, you would've really believed me." Anderson praised with a smile as he turned around and left the inn.

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CHAPTER 1180
DIFFERENT EFFECTS

In the Forsaken Land of the Gods, at night when the frequency of lightning had dropped to a very low frequency.

Two slices of white bread and a piece of barbecued meat is pretty good after all… The sweet and sour desserts from the Fog Sea are better than I had expected… After swallowing the last mouthful of food, Klein sighed in amazement from the bottom of his heart. He then threw the remaining packaging into the darkness—after all, there was no concept of environmental protection here, nor was there a rubbish bin.

Of course, he had removed his connection with those items ahead of time, just like how he would head over to Sefirah Castle to perform "sterilization" every time he abandoned a marionette. This was to prevent Amon's avatars from locking onto him with them.

Hmm, lifeless objects won't be transferred into a concealed state by the darkness here… Klein raised the lantern that Danitz had sacrificed, and he illuminated the abandoned items.

It was only after he filled his stomach that he was in the mood to try out the dangerous things he had previously divined.

Amidst the flickering dim yellow light, Klein reached his right hand out into the air and dragged out another projection of himself.

It was another version of him from the Historical Void, one who was also holding onto a lantern.

Klein entered the grayish-white fog one second later, allowing his projection's consciousness to awaken.

The projection was surrounded by a group of monsters. Amidst the endless darkness, it opened its mouth, planning to recite the name, "Amanises."

"…”

He didn't manage to make a single sound, as though the words he wanted to say had been concealed.

"Indeed, it's as I expected." Wearing a silk half top hat and a black trench coat, Klein slowly took a deep breath.

Looking at the lantern that emitted faint yellow light, he suddenly chanted in Jotun, "Leodero!"

Before he could finish his sentence, more than a hundred lightning bolts warped as if they were responding to being summoned. They instantly blanketed the area.

There was no time for him to dodge. Even if he had switched places with a marionette, he would still be within the attack range.

Amidst the brightening of silvery-white light, he collapsed to the ground. His body was charred as he convulsed violently, as though he had become a gigantic piece of coal.

Then, his figure rapidly dissipated as the illusion vanished.

Wearing a real top hat, clothed in an Intis-styled windbreaker and carrying a simple lantern, Klein immediately "returned" to reality and continued proceeding forward as if nothing had happened.

After walking for a while, his figure suddenly turned blurry and clear.

Following that, Klein opened his mouth again and read out a name in Jotun:

"Au…”

Just as he produced the first syllable, a transparent flame burst out from his body, instantly reducing him to ashes, not giving him a chance to switch places with his marionette.

Klein's figure appeared once again. He pressed his hat and walked calmly on the hill filled with strange plants.

"Herabergen."

…

"Badheil."

…

"Omebella."

…

There's nothing out of the ordinary. There are no traces of the corresponding divine powers left in the vicinity of the City of Silver…

Medici, Ouroboros, Sasrir… These are of no use, neither one of "Them" are deities… I thought that the situation at Afternoon Town and the Giant King's Court was due to special circumstances. Using Sasrir's true name outside can activate the powers of degeneration from the Forsaken Land of the Gods… As a King of Angels with the Uniqueness, Red Angel is also considered half a true god. Yet, there aren't any traces left of "Him." How shameful for a person—no, shameful for a King of Angels! As Klein walked down the hill, he followed his spiritual intuition and headed northwest where the city ruins of Nois were.

He would occasionally take a detour, occasionally using Flaming Jump, and he didn't follow the route that the City of Silver had used to explore to reach their destination.

…

Backlund, late at night.

Feeling that she had digested the potion a little more, Audrey very eagerly used Dream Traversal to leave her mansion and to enter the various dreams of the surrounding area.

Knowing what the current situation was like, she had a strong desire to become a demigod.

Just like that, she suddenly saw someone familiar.

This was a noble lady who had a good relationship with her. She was 29 years old and had married a viscount two years ago.

At this moment, the lady's room was filled with rose petals. The bed was white, and there was a heart-shaped ring placed on it. And she could hear knocking sounds from the outside.

With flushed cheeks, the lady quickly walked over and opened the window.

A man wearing a black iron mask and a dark cloak leaped in. He hugged the lady and whispered, "I'll take you away from your suffering."

Then, the two of them started to wrap their bodies around one another as they rolled into bed.

As a Dreamwalker who was working hard to digest the potion, Audrey had long seen similar scenes. She had experienced the phase of feeling embarrassed, and she sighed at how everyone's dreams were full of imagination. At that moment, she didn't lose her composure at all. She

maintained the etiquette of a Spectator, as though she was witnessing an overly intense play.

After a brief examination, she discovered a problem:

The man wearing the black iron mask wasn't the wife's spouse, but more like a particular playboy in the aristocratic circles.

Is this a reflection of what's hidden in her heart? Audrey muttered to herself in an academic manner while analyzing the dream.

Following that, she "traversed" into the dream beside her out of curiosity.

This dream corresponded to the noble wife's husband, the viscount.

In the dream, this viscount was busy attending a discussion at the House of Lords. Later, he was chased by an earl with a revolver. The latter claimed that he had tricked his daughter.

After escaping to a safe zone, the viscount found his female secretary to vent his fear.

Audrey couldn't help but leave the dream, wanting to see the state the viscount and his wife were in.

In the bedroom under the illumination of the crimson moonlight, the viscount was hugging his wife on the huge white bed. His wife was hugging him and sleeping in a very intimate manner.

Yes, I have to realize that everyone has a dark side to them. It's just a dream that they've had. If "conviction" for a mere instantaneous thought was carried out, then everyone would descend into hell, and no one will be spared, including myself… I can control my dark side, preventing it from ever being realized in the real world. To most people, that's already considered excellent… Audrey increasingly felt that acting as a Dreamwalker was a way to question and hone one's mind and body.

She entered the dreamscape again and "traversed" to another area.

Not long after, she arrived at a warm "room."

There was a dining table placed over a thick carpet. At the seat of honor was a white-haired old lady.

To her sides were a middle-aged couple and three children who were not of age. They were all enjoying the delicious food, chatting and laughing.

It was dark outside the room. The strong winds made the glass groan and thump as they seemed to brew a horrifying sensation before the disaster struck.

What is the owner of this dream bothered about? Audrey retreated from the dream and tried to find an answer from the real world to verify her hypothesis.

She then saw a small bed and the white-haired old lady.

There were photo frames on the bedside table of the old lady. They were either wrapped in black cloth or white flowers—consisting of a middle-aged couple and three underage children.

Audrey silently turned her head to look out the window, only to see that there were ruins nearby, ones left behind by an explosion.

The young noble lady pursed her lips and suddenly returned to the old lady's dreams.

She didn't stop the disaster that might happen. She only conjured a chair and sat on it. She looked at the happy and warm family in a solemn manner.

Amidst the howling wind and glass, the room was brightly lit. There was the fragrance of food and laughter everywhere.

Audrey had already concluded one of the acting principles of Dreamwalker:

"A traveler of a dream enters, takes in the sights, and records—never interfering. That was a Spectator."

…

In Saint Samuel Cathedral, having been summoned by Bishop Anthony Steven, Leonard slowly walked up the spiral staircase under the sunlight that shone in through the stained glass.

Suddenly, he said with a suppressed voice, "Old Man, that secret gathering is about to begin again. Are you really planning to attempt to enter the treasures left behind by the Jacob family at the end of the month?"

"I'm not sure yet, but this is an opportunity. At the very least, Amon's main body is being tied down by the matter regarding Sefirah Castle. "He" won't suddenly appear." In Leonard's mind, Pallez Zoroast replied with a slightly hoarse voice, "However, I'm more inclined to reveal the news of the treasure trove. I want the people at the gathering to adventure and explore it. We'll stay in the vicinity and observe the situation, taking what I need from their hands."

Leonard was taken aback as he whispered, "Old Man, isn't that too sinister?"

This was using the members of the Hermits of Fate as tools to step into a trap.

"Heh, naive, childish. You can tell them all the details and let them decide whether they want to go on their own." Pallez scoffed.

Leonard didn't mention it again. Instead, he asked, "Old Man, when can I become a demigod?"

Pallez chuckled.

"If you can obtain a spirit at the level of your former colleague's messenger, you'll be able to digest the potion by the beginning of next year. However, heh heh, it's better to act according to my instructions. Engage in a deeper level of acting. Wait till the second half of next year, you'll have the qualifications to try for Sequence 4. Of course, I'm not sure if the Church of Evernight will give you the potion and hold a ritual for you. That high-ranking deacon named Cesimir Crestet, had to wait several years before he truly became a demigod when war truly broke out, didn't he?"

Leonard nodded and asked thoughtfully, "Old Man, can you act as a spirit to help me digest the potion?

"Your level should be higher than Klein's messenger…"

Pallez Zoroast fell silent for a few seconds before he chortled.

"What a great idea.

"How about I help you digest the potion?"

"How?" Leonard knew that Old Man was mocking him, but he couldn't help but ask.

"I'll deeply parasitize you, gaining full control over your body," Pallez snapped back.

As he spoke, Leonard came to the door of the Backlund diocese's archbishop.

He immediately shut his mouth and raised his right hand to knock on the door.

"Come in." Anthony Steven glanced at Leonard who had opened the door. "You can release that vampire behind Chanis Gate."

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CHAPTER 1181
NOIS ANCIENT CITY

Upon hearing the bishop's instructions, Leonard was first taken aback before he inwardly sighed.

Mr. Fool's prophecy was really accurate…

No, it's not a prophecy. "He" was already aware of everything.

Leonard quickly reined in his thoughts and followed the procedures to get Bishop Saint Anthony to give him an official document. Then, he returned underground and brought two members into Chanis Gate.

After waiting for the Keepers to check the documents, he came to Emlyn White's room which was illuminated with shining silver candles that were covered with engraved patterns. He opened the heavy stone door with a brass key.

Ghostly blue light entered the cell, "stabbing" Emlyn White's eyes to the point of him instinctively closing his eyes.

His face was much paler than before, and his body was much thinner. He exuded a feeling that a gust of wind would lift him up at any moment.

Thinking of Mr. Fool's answer, Emlyn suddenly felt confident in his current situation. Without opening his eyes, he slowly stood up and chuckled.

"I knew you would take the initiative to send me out."

Would you be disappointed if I said that it was just a routine investigation? Leonard lampooned inwardly and replied without any expression, "I'll give you thirty seconds. If you don't leave Chanis Gate within this period, I'll take it as you voluntarily choosing to stay behind."

As a slightly more senior Nighthawk and a captain of a Red Gloves team for several months, Leonard had rich experience in dealing with prisoners.

Emlyn's expression froze. He opened his mouth, wanting to say something, but he ultimately maintained his silence. He walked past Leonard and his two teammates and walked out of Chanis Gate.

Outside, he suddenly shuddered, as if he wanted to purge the chill in his body.

"Once you return, getting some sunlight would fix you up. Oh, the sun is a rare commodity in Backlund's winter, and you vampires don't enjoy sunbathing… Aren't you an Apothecary? You can concoct some medicine from the Sun domain yourself." Seeing this, Leonard casually reminded him.

Emlyn's condition wasn't the best. On the one hand, he hadn't drunk any spirituality-containing human blood for days. He could only rely on the blood of animals as a substitute. On the other hand, it was because he had stayed behind Chanis Gate for too long. The power of Evernight that supported the seal had eaten into him a little, making him require the effects of medicine from the Sun domain to remove the residual effects.

As a Potions Professor, Emlyn was aware of his physical and mental condition. He didn't retort or nod. He only emphasized the word "Sanguine" before asking, "Where's Father Utravsky?"

"He still needs to stay a little while longer. I hope this bloody war will end soon. Don't worry, we'll let him come out twice a week to get some sunlight. As for which days they'll be, it'll depend on the weather in

Backlund." Leonard gave a simple response before sending Emlyn White to the ground and onto the streets.

Emlyn hesitated for a moment before asking again, "Where's the nearest hospital?"

"What do you want to do?" Leonard asked in a professional manner.

"Get a blood transfusion." Emlyn raised his chin slightly, trying his best not to change his expression.

Blood transfusion… more like drinking blood… Leonard didn't call him out. He pointed in one direction and gave him the address.

After watching the Sanguine Viscount leave, he returned underground and began to discuss a recent case with his team members.

…

After several days of traveling, Klein finally arrived near the Nois City ruins in the north.

This was equally a desolate plain. The dried riverbed left traces of itself on the ground.

Looking at the dark, shadowy city that was filled with a thin fog, he was in no hurry to get close. Instead, he found a hidden spot and muttered the honorific name of Mr. Fool.

Following that, he took four steps counterclockwise and recited the incantation before entering the world above the gray fog. To return to Sefirah Castle with just a thought, he needed the prayers of the Tarot Club members to stack together, forming a strong and firm anchor. That way, it would provide The Fool with the sufficient summoning power.

With the help of the prayer light, Klein used his "true vision" to check the situation of the Nois ruins from afar. He discovered that the thin fog was slowly dissipating, but it couldn't completely dissipate. On the surface of the city, there wasn't a single Spirit Body Thread. The people who were dressed in linen robes or animal hides were lying in different spots on the streets. They weren't as lively and busy as the time the City of Silver's expedition team visited.

After the angel or Sealed Artifact that occupied this city discovered that "Their" whereabouts were exposed, they chose to migrate? As Klein made a guess based on the situation in front of him, he retracted his gaze and looked at the grayish-white fog that held up Sefirah Castle.

He was trying to prevent the Miracle Invoker, or Attendant of Mysteries, or the corresponding Sealed Artifact from hiding in the Historical Void and ambushing the Beyonders of the ancient Nois City. He didn't wish to directly encounter a cluster of translucent maggots that twisted into a huge vortex when he leaped into the fog of history, nor did he wish to be pursued by those terrifying tentacles.

The ambush that Zaratul had laid for him still left Klein feeling a lingering sense of fear. From time to time, he would have nightmares, hoping to seek Miss Justice for another round of treatment for psychological trauma.

This stimulus was worse than seeing his marionette, Enuni, wear a monocle in front of him while his body remained completely immobile. This was because he had implicated the Hounds of Fulgrim.

After confirming that the Historical Void was safe, Klein returned to the real world. He stretched out his hand, grabbed, and pulled out his former self. This former self was also wearing a silk half top hat, a black trench coat, and holding a simple glass lantern.

In the next second, he "jumped" into the grayish-white fog and followed the illuminated spots in the Historical Void, running all the way to a period before the First Epoch, in that city of a long-dead civilization.

To him, this was a very ingenious "safe house." This was because, aside from him, no Scholar of Yore could trace back to this lost piece of history.

Of course, to him, coming all the way here had required him to expend a lot of his spirituality. He could only stay there for another fifteen minutes at most, and that was only if he didn't make any burdening attempts at summoning Historical Void projections.

After hiding his true body, Klein's projection in the real world moved forward, quickly arriving outside the Nois ruins.

He didn't blindly approach or enter. After circling to a small mound opposite the dried riverbed, he raised his right hand and summoned his original marionette—the cold Earl of The Fallen Qonas Kilgor with dark blue eyes.

Qonas's body squirmed and instantly transformed into Gehrman Sparrow. Then, he reached out and took out a lantern from the Historical Void.

The historical projection who summoned a historical projection had "Disordered" the distance under the dim yellow light of the lantern. In a few steps, he arrived outside Nois City, alone.

With the lantern in hand, he passed through the rotting buildings and passed through the thin fog before entering the ruins.

Compared to using his "true vision" above the gray fog, actual contact made him discover more details.

The humans and monsters lying in different spots had signs of decay, as though they had been abandoned for some time.

Some of them sat on chairs under the eaves of the house, others slumped beside stoves. Some held moldy bread while others held hands. There were some leaning against the walls and sitting on the ground, their lips pressed against a bone flute…

This allowed Klein to imagine the situation in the city back when they were "living."

Some of them were slacking off and resting. Some were baking food, and others were shopping along the streets. Others were focused on music as some came and went, laughing nonstop. There were also others fighting monsters in an arena…

This was such a lively and bustling scene, but in reality, everyone had already died and were no longer in possession of their souls. They were only repeating predetermined actions.

And one day, this strange scene froze with time, and everyone collapsed without any warning.

A city formed by marionettes, the most realistic theater… Back then, the foggy town was in a similar situation… Although I'm also a Seer, I still have to say that, in terms of horror, terror, and bizarreness, our pathway is definitely ranked amongst the top three… Could it be that I'll be acting in the same manner in the future? Attendant of Mysteries? With the lantern in hand, Klein walked through the streets that were littered with corpses. He followed his spiritual intuition and headed for the ancient Nois City's center.

The situation here made him believe that the person who had once ruled the Nois ruins definitely had enough intelligence. After the City of Silver's expedition team broke the peace and serenity here, the entity didn't choose to kill or destroy any clues. Instead, this place was abandoned without hesitation before the entity migrated elsewhere.

The reason why the City of Silver wasn't silenced probably had to do with an Amon parasite following behind. Yes, it could also be because of the True Creator… As he casually let his thoughts wander, Klein quickly arrived at a relatively intact cathedral.

Inside the cathedral stood a statue of a demonic wolf with eight legs. It was covered with short and dark hair.

There was a tuft of grayish-white fur at the top of the statue head. Its pitch-black pupils covered at least three-quarters of its eyes.

It's not Flegrea… The Dark Demonic Wolf that occasionally appeared in the Third Epoch, the God of Wishes? "He" has been in the Forsaken Land of the Gods for thousands of years and has finally found that Sequence 1 Beyonder characteristic? Just as this thought flashed through his mind, Klein suddenly heard footsteps coming, resounding one after another.

Standing sideways, he immediately cast his gaze outside the cathedral. He saw a figure slowly walking through the thin fog before its outline quickly formed.

He was nearly 2.3 meters tall, with a slight hunch to his back. With grizzled hair, wrinkles at the corners of his eyes, and a scar at the corners of his mouth, he looked like an old priest or bishop while donning a long black clergyman's robe.

His dark brown eyes were calm, unlike the monsters deep in the darkness who were bloodthirsty and zero intelligence.

However, in the long, quiet night of low-frequency lightning, this clergyman didn't carry any animal hide lanterns or have any fire lit. He just quietly walked through the thin fog.

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CHAPTER 1182
THE HOLY WORD

Although it had been less than a week since he entered the Forsaken Land of the Gods, Klein had long gotten a good understanding of the place through Little Sun. He knew that normal humans, even saints, had to use fire to create light in the darkness. Otherwise, it was very easy for them to encounter dangerous monsters lurking in the depths of the darkness, or be secretly devoured, disappearing without a trace, never to be found again.

And at that moment, the elderly clergyman wasn't carrying any animal hide lanterns. Instead, he passed through the fog in the darkness and slowly entered the cathedral that was illuminated by the dim yellow light.

If it wasn't for his deep and calm eyes that didn't show any signs of madness, Klein's first reaction would've been that he had encountered a special monster.

Of course, having a normal person's state of mind and being immersed in darkness were contradictory traits. Any living creature with any semblance of normal intelligence could easily come up with a conclusion that this person might be even more terrifying than special monsters.

Klein had only met one person who could pass through the darkness without being affected by it while having sufficient intelligence:

Blasphemer Amon!

Sensing that the faint yellow light was reflected on his face, the tall black-robed clergyman with a slight hunch to his back stopped in his tracks.

Looking at the demonic wolf statue, he hoarsely asked, "Where did the owner of this city go?"

Klein was the kind of person who would try his best to resolve a problem peacefully if a fight with a stranger could be avoided. As he raised his guard, he calmly replied, "I don't know where either—I just entered the city—who knows where the owner went."

Just as he said that, the entire cathedral dimmed. A thin fog surged in like a tidal wave from the outside, drowning the interior.

The lantern in Klein's hand failed miserably at illuminating the windows and the situation at the door. It was dark outside, and nothing could be seen.

In the blink of an eye, the cathedral that worshiped the demonic wolf statue seemed to be isolated from Nois City. It was unknown where it was located.

Klein's pupils dilated slightly as he looked at the clergyman with wrinkles and white hair. He asked in a deep voice, "Who are you?"

The hunched clergyman replied in a condescending manner, "I'm an attendant by the Lord's side. I'm the Angel of the Holy Word, Steph. I walk this land of the past that the Lord had passed on, doing so on 'His' behalf in search of the 'Blasphemer' hidden in the darkness."

As he spoke, the elder's figure expanded to a height of four meters tall. Behind him, black illusory feathers appeared. Their shadows intersected and formed four pairs of gloomy but holy wings.

Angel of the Holy Word, Steph… An attendant by the Lord's side… Land of the past… This is the Blessed of the True Creator, the Angel of Fate's subordinate, a member of the Rose Redemption? It's no wonder that "He" can walk in the darkness; "He" has the power of degeneration protecting "Him"…That evil god is still searching for the Beyonder characteristic of the Attendant of Mysteries? Klein had no choice but to raise his head and lock eyes with this clergyman who, despite wearing a black robe, had four

pairs of angel wings on "His" back. This high-level existence angel's form remained wrinkled with grizzled hair. There was a sense of contradiction in everything about "Him."

Pretending that he had never made an enemy of the Aurora Order, he calmly said, "That Blasphemer has long fled. I'm also searching for 'Him.'"

After staring at Klein for two seconds, the Angel of the Holy Word asked in a low voice, "Who are you?"

It won't be convenient saying it out directly… Klein sighed and smiled.

"I'm a lonely traveler."

After he gave this reply, he suddenly felt an extreme sense of darkness developing within him. It then sank down and merged with the shadow created by the lantern.

The pitch-black figure abruptly warped and came to "life," stretching itself out to become another Gehrman Sparrow—one with sinister and ferocious eyes and a solitary demeanor.

This… Klein's pupils constricted. Without any hesitation, he reached out his right hand and grabbed outward at thin air.

At this point, if he hadn't guessed that Steph was using his "answer," he should've joined the Aurora Order and made the True Creator his god.

At this moment, he already knew what it meant by "Angel of the Holy Word."

This was clearly the Angel of the Evil Word!

By using a person's reply, "He" could extract a portion of the ambiguity or expand on it to create the effect of spirit language!

When Klein said that he didn't know where the owner of the city had gone, Steph extracted the words "I don't know where I went," trapping himself and isolating himself from the outside world.

When this angel revealed "His" identity, every word was enhancing "His" level and strength.

When Klein answered who he was, it ended up separating "a lonely traveler" from him.

From the moment "He" appeared in Nois City, there was a strong sense of malice in the black-robed Steph!

And just as Klein was attempting to summon a particular image from the Historical Void, the sinister Gehrman Sparrow seemed to share the same thoughts as he did. He too grabbed at the same projection, canceling each other out.

Seeing that his powers as a Scholar of Yore had been restrained, Klein's eyes narrowed. Without any hesitation, he opened his mouth and said a word in Jotun.

But in the next second, the word was stolen.

Standing at about four meters tall, the stooped Angel of the Holy Word, Steph, had at some point in time grown a head covered in blood on "His" left shoulder. It looked very similar to "Him," but was much younger—a person who was approximately in the forties.

Around the head were two skinless arms that had mangled flesh. They had "Grazed" different souls and had used Beyonder powers that could steal thoughts.

At the same time, another bloody head grew on Steph's right shoulder, one that looked to be in "His" twenties.

Amongst the three heads, one "Grazed" souls and stole Klein's thoughts, while the other was staring coldly at the target, deepening the self-awareness of the lonely traveler. The last one opened "His" mouth and said, "You lie!

"You are the person who destroyed the son of God's descent ritual and interfered with the Lord's descent twice!

"You are one of the targets I'm looking for!"

The corners of Klein's mouth twitched as he calmly said a word in Jotun, "Leodero!"

This was the true name of the Lord of Storms!

The reason why this thought wasn't stolen was because he had lined up his subsequent actions. The lineup was filled with the same content. It didn't matter if the first thought was stolen, as it didn't affect the subsequent thoughts.

This was a precious experience he had gained from fighting Amon.

Of course, if he were to meet Amon again, he suspected that such a method might not work. Once the God of Mischief was prepared, "He" would definitely come up with something new.

As soon as he finished speaking, the eyes of the Angel of the Holy Word Angel, Steph, lit up with bolts of silver lightning.

They covered the entirety of Nois City, and they tore through the darkness that enveloped the cathedral. They tore apart all the corruption, concealment, darkness, vileness, and evil.

Inside, Klein and the sinister Gehrman Sparrow were situated at the eye of the lightning storm. Without even a grunt, they dissipated.

Then, the terrifying, silvery-white, twisted electric bolts snaked the area and swallowed the demonic wolf statue as well as the Angel of Holy Words, Steph.

Amidst the dull rumbling sounds, the ancient city of Nois completely collapsed, becoming a true ruin.

At the opposite side of the dried-up river bed, Klein's historical projection quickly faded away, returning to the real world.

Right on the heels of that, Klein immediately used Flaming Jump to distance himself from the Nois ruins. During this process, he pulled out a few paper figurines and made them into "angels" to cover his tracks.

The desolate plains returned to its state of dead silence once again. After an unknown period of time, the ruins where the cathedral stood shook. Steph slowly stood up amidst crumbling dust and rock.

"His" completely white hair had thinned again, and "His" deep-black clergyman's robe became tattered.

The Angel of the Holy Word left Nois ancient city in silence, got "His" bearings, and walked deep into the darkness.

Half a day later, a figure approached the city's ruins from another direction. It was none other than Klein who had made a huge detour.

He hadn't had the chance to check the ancient city of Nois previously, and his return this time was motivated by the hope of finding actual clues of that existence.

At a relatively far distance away, Klein repeated his observations above the gray fog, summoned the historical projection, and hid in ancient times, using the projection to summon another historical projection.

After finishing his preparations, he stepped into Nois once again and returned to the cathedral in absolute silence.

Along the way, the corpses that had been lying dead on the ground had either turned to ash or turned to charred remains, devoid of that creepy and harrowing feeling.

That fellow named Steph didn't die… From the looks of it, the remnant divine powers of Storm here can only injure an angel… Klein stopped in front of the ruined cathedral and muttered to himself wistfully.

Of course, he only found it a little regretful. He didn't expect to finish off an angel so easily.

As he swept his gaze, he saw a few pieces of the demonic wolf statue.

The surface of it was dark black, and the insides were dark red—nothing like commonly seen stone.

These stones must be extraordinary for them to be used by that Dark Demonic Wolf for "His" statue. Furthermore, they don't look like something produced in the vicinity… Perhaps I can seek out the area the Dark Demonic Wolf hid prior to Nois City by investigating them… As a Miracle Invoker, or even an Attendant of Mysteries, that Dark Demonic Wolf must be good at covering "His" tracks. It'll be very difficult to track "His" whereabouts directly, but if I can find most of the areas "He" had hid previously, I should be able to gain insight into "His" habits and style…

Once I know a person's past, I can predict his future! As he thought, he took two steps forward, bent down, and attempted to pick up a fragment of the statue.

At that moment, a charred hand suddenly reached out and blocked his finger.

From the corner of his eye, he saw a charred corpse standing up!

The charred corpse's other hand held onto a crystal monocle and wore it on its left eye.

Amon! Left eye… Klein's heart tightened at first before a strong sense of doubt and suspicion surfaced within him.

In the next second, the charred corpse smiled and said, "Sorry, I wore it on the wrong side."

As it spoke, it took off the monocle and moved it to its right eye.

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CHAPTER 1183
KLEIN'S ADVANTAGE

"…” Once again, Klein understood why Amon was the God of Mischief.

At that moment, he didn't even have the desire to lampoon. All he wanted was to immediately end the historical projection and escape from the Amon —no, Amons—in front of him.

The charred corpse that had been "Parasitized" wiped the soot from its face. Before Klein disappeared, it said with a smile, "There's no rush. You are just a projection from the Historical Void. I can't really parasitize you, and you should know very well that I'm not alone. It's difficult for you to launch an effective counterattack."

With a simple lantern in hand, Klein thought silently. He picked up a piece of the black sculpture fragment that had red insides, and he cautiously asked, "What exactly do you want to say?"

At that moment, Amon had already changed back into "His" appearance. The only problem was that "His" skin remained darker.

"He" adjusted "His" crystal monocle and chuckled.

"You know that I'm aware that you're searching for that Dark Demonic Wolf in an attempt to obtain the Miracle Invoker's Beyonder characteristic from 'Him.' I happen to be very interested as well. Why don't we play another game and see who can get to it first?"

What's the point of that? It's not like I won't pursue it or think of snatching it if I don't play this game. After two seconds of silence, he shook his head.

"I refuse."

He had no intention of listening to what conditions Amon would offer. The more he heard from a top cheat, the more he would suffer.

Amon shook "His" head without a hint of anger.

"You'll regret this. I had originally planned to use a Miracle Invoker's Beyonder characteristic to exchange for Sefirah Castle with you, and also give you a period of time to transfer the secret gathering you organized.

"And now, I can only consider stealing your fate directly. I will carry the burden of the corrosion from the source. Yes, although it's dangerous, it's still thrilling enough. I'm already prepared to accept it and see who will eventually control the flow. With my father's experience, I believe I won't perform too poorly."

…What? Corrosion from the source? The experience of the ancient sun god? Klein originally didn't wish to continue discussing the topic of the Miracle Invoker Beyonder characteristic and Sefirah Castle, but when he heard that, his heart stirred.

He recalled Amon's description and couldn't help but ask, "The source refers to the Oldest One, the first Creator?"

He desperately wanted to know what sort of unbearable fate Sefirah Castle would bring him.

Amon pinched the edge of his monocle and looked at him for a few seconds before suddenly smiling.

"It's better if I don't answer this question directly, as you won't believe every word I say."

Tell me, I'll determine its authenticity! Klein suppressed the urge to blurt out and calmly replied, "Maybe it's just because you haven't made up the

reason yet."

Amon didn't mind at all as "He" smiled and said, "You can think of it that way too.

"Heh heh, at times, the truth that you discover for yourself is definitely more agreeable than what others tell you. If you have the time, you can wander around the Forsaken Land of the Gods. This should provide you with more clues. Of course, if you have the guts to enter Chernobyl, then you would know more."

"…” Klein didn't pursue the matter any further. After staring at the collapsed cathedral that was bathed in a faint yellow light, he casually said, "Did the Dark Demonic Wolf hurriedly migrate because of the discovery of your existence?"

Amon nodded slightly and said, "It wasn't just me. 'He' also sensed The Hanged Man's gaze. 'He' has been hiding in the Forsaken Land of the Gods for thousands of years. 'He' is very sensitive to such matters."

A Sequence 2 angel, perhaps even a Sequence 1 angel, can only play hide and seek in the Forsaken Land of the Gods and live such an abject life… Isn't the environment here a little too harsh? Klein sighed inwardly before saying, "You must've left more than one avatar in the City of Silver. Why didn't you try to stop me from reviving there?

"Why didn't you send more powerful avatars over?"

Amon nudged the bottom of "His" monocle with "His" right index finger and laughed.

"If that happens, you'll choose to revive in the outside world. This will cause quite a bit of trouble for my follow-up tracking.

"And if I—if we were to relax a little, due to the existence of the Miracle Invoker Beyonder characteristic in the Forsaken Land of the Gods, you

would most likely be resurrected here. In the following game, the only things that we need to consider are The Hanged Man and Ouroboros."

Just as I thought… Klein said after some thought, "Even in the same region, as long as you exceed a certain distance, your true body and avatars have no way to instantly merge or switch locations?

"Back when you first entered the Forsaken Land of the Gods, you were able to transform back into your true form because the anomalies with Sefirah Castle had similarly interfered with the area here, allowing your true body to sense something. You went to the entrance in advance to wait?"

After hearing what he said with a smile, Amon asked without answering, "What's your guess?

"Why don't you guess if I've turned back into my original form?"

Klein raised his right fist and covered his mouth. After pondering for a few seconds, he revealed a smile.

"I guess your other avatars are setting up a corresponding ritual to allow your true body to descend directly…”

Before he could finish his sentence, his figure rapidly turned incorporeal and dissipated.

The Historical Void projection was dispelled.

In the wilderness outside the ancient city of Nois, the air around the hiding Klein suddenly stirred. In midair, there were a series of illusory monocles.

They stared at Klein's figure, as if saying that they had finally found him.

However, Klein's figure rapidly faded away.

Back when Amon moved the monocle to "His" right eye, Klein had already returned from ancient history to the real world. With the help of Paper Angel, he had used Flaming Jump and other Beyonder powers to quickly leave.

The reason why his historical projection was able to speak to Amon rather normally was because he was essentially a marionette. It was Qonas Kilgor in the form of Gehrman Sparrow. He had a Worm of Spirit that came from history inside him and was controlled by Klein's projection outside the city.

Meanwhile, in the process of escaping far away, Klein frequently entered the Historical Void, allowing the projection outside the city to intermittently regain consciousness and maintain control of his marionette.

This caused the person who had spoken to Amon to fall into deep thought from time to time. He would either stare with a focused look for a few seconds or seemingly need time to recall what Amon had said.

Against the God of Deceit, Klein didn't dare to be careless!

After leaving Nois City, he circled around two more times and used his true vision to inspect his surroundings above the gray fog. Only then did he slow down.

The corrosion that comes from the source… I wonder if Amon is bluffing me… Indeed, I'll have to enter Chernobyl one day to take a look, but I have to become a Miracle Invoker—doing so after I have self-preservation abilities to a certain degree; otherwise, I'll just be knocking on death's door… With the lantern that Danitz had sacrificed, Klein casually proceeded in the dark environment of the weeds.

Thanks to this experience, he finally had a deeper understanding of the danger in the Forsaken Land of the Gods.

Extremely harsh and warped environment, crazy cultists, fallen angel, groups of Amons wandering about, and Mythical Creatures lurking in the

darkness. Somewhere here, there are evil gods watching everything. I can stir remnant divine powers that others can as well… As expected of the Forsaken Land of the Gods. The danger level far exceeds my imagination… As he sighed, he turned his attention back to the Dark Demonic Wolf.

To be frank, he didn't think he had any advantage in tracking this Mythical Creature. Be it his understanding of the Forsaken Land of the Gods, or his confidence in the target's situation, he was far inferior to Amon, who had been exploring the area for more than a thousand years, as well as the True Creator's Blesseds who had the benefit of this place being their home ground.

My only advantage is that I share the same Seer pathway as the Dark Demonic Wolf. Furthermore, I have Sefirah Castle. There is a strong inclination for Beyonder characteristic convergence. This will have a certain effect on fate and judgment… However, Amon is a King of Angels of a neighboring pathway. There is also the law of Beyonder characteristic convergence between "Him" and the Dark Demonic Wolf. The effects won't be any weaker than mine… Klein considered carefully for a moment when he suddenly had an idea. He found his best advantage.

The advantage was:

He was very weak!

Compared to Amon, the True Creator's attendant, and the Dark Demonic Wolf, he was very weak!

Under normal circumstances, this was a disadvantage, but at times, it was possible that it could bring him something that he wanted.

My level is low, and I'm weak. That means that I can become the hunting target of the Dark Demonic Wolf instead… It's very difficult for me to find "Him," so why don't I get "Him" to come and find me instead! A Scholar of Yore might not necessarily interest the Dark Demonic Wolf, but if this Scholar of Yore can still trigger Sefirah Castle, that's a whole other matter…

I can stir Sefirah Castle from time to time, leaving behind traces of the gray fog's aura as bait for the Dark Demonic Wolf… The more he thought, the more viable he believed it was.

Of course, this was definitely very dangerous. If he wasn't careful, he might accidentally bait Amon or even the True Creator. And the Dark Demonic Wolf might very likely choose to observe first before suddenly launching an attack and not giving him a chance to prepare.

Before taking this approach, I have to make sufficient preparations… There's no need to rush it… Taking a deep breath, Klein reached out his hand and pulled out the black demonic wolf sculpture's fragment that was red on the inside.

Although he had failed to obtain the item due to Amon's obstruction, this didn't stop him from taking it out from the Historical Void. This was because he had already seen it and had touched it. And the item itself wasn't at a high level.

At this moment, he wanted to use the fragment to search for the hiding spot of the Dark Demonic Wolf by analyzing it in reverse and figuring out its modus operandi.

In the wilderness ruled by darkness, Klein lifted the lantern that emitted a faint yellow light. He got his bearings and changed directions before slowly entering.

…

Backlund, Hillston Borough.

Fors, who had gone out "Traveling" once, finally received a reply from her teacher, Dorian Gray Abraham.

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CHAPTER 1184
"RECORD"

There are no Worms of Star at the moment… He wants me to take note of what else the person who's seeking to purchase a Worm of Star needs… Fors read the letter from her teacher and silently heaved a sigh of relief.

However, when she thought about how she was about to begin hunting the Saint of Secrets, she felt a pang of nervousness. After all, he was a demigod, a saint who had reached Sequence 4 about one or two years ago. It was unknown if he was already at Sequence 3 now.

Although the mastermind behind the operation is Ma'am Hermit, as the bait, I still need to worry about my own safety… Besides, the Aurora Order still has Rose Redemption backing them, as well as angels and a King of Angels… Fors didn't regret agreeing to Gehrman Sparrow's request. This was something she had wanted to do in the first place. However, due to the high risk involved, it was inevitable for her to feel flustered and uneasy.

This made her think of another possibility:

If Mr. World could participate in the operation and lead it, I'll definitely feel less nervous and worried.

It wasn't that Fors didn't believe in Ma'am Hermit's strength and experience, but that the results from The World Gehrman Sparrow were laid bare for all to see. His hunts didn't include one or two demigods, so having him run the operation would make one feel at ease.

Xio, who was sitting beside the fireplace, glanced at her friend and asked, "Is the hunt about to begin?"

"Yes." Fors nodded solemnly before saying, "It won't be too soon. Everyone needs some time to prepare."

Hunting a demigod wasn't akin to fox hunting in the suburbs during autumn. Setting off wasn't as simple as bringing the equipment and gathering friends. This required a precise and meticulous plan. Fors believed that Ma'am Hermit had to come to Backlund personally, or live in another kill box that she had decided on for some time. Only by figuring out the exact situation could she come up with an effective plan.

As for Miss Justice, she was still speeding up the digestion of her Dreamwalker potion. This might take another one to two months or even longer.

For Fors, she could afford to wait. She also wanted to finish digesting her Scribe potion, set up the ritual, and become a Traveler before the actual operation began.

The only thing she wasn't sure of was whether The World would rush them.

I will try my best to convince him—no, let Miss Justice convince him. That's what a Spectator is best at… Just as Fors mumbled, she saw Xio turn around and hesitantly say, "The liaison officer from MI9 suggested that I should officially join them today. And they said that, with the new king in place, there are many matters from the past that I don't need to worry about. People like me and him have the chance to have importance placed on them again."

Fors listened attentively and said after some deliberation, "That isn't some sort of investigation that's targeted at us, right?

"This will likely make them discover that there's a faction behind you."

Xio nodded and said, "They believe that I was abandoned after that incident. Also, they suspect that that faction belongs to a Church—the Church of Evernight."

Xio believed in the Evernight Goddess, so mentioning the Church was undoubtedly referring to the Church of Evernight. However, considering that her good friend was a believer in the God of Steam and Machinery, she made an emphasis to prevent any ambiguity.

"Heh heh, that's what Mr. World told us to disguise ourselves as," Fors stroked her hair with a relaxed expression and said with a smile.

She then made herself look serious and mature.

"Xio, this is an opportunity for you. 'Acting' as a Judge clearly requires the support of the officials. Your current strength and level aren't enough to be a Judge in the underground world in Backlund. You also lack sufficient support.

"If you can really enter a court of law, rotate between the different courts, and serve in a criminal court for a few months, your potion should be completely digested. Oh right, I heard that MI9 has a 'Paranormal Court' within it, one which specializes in Beyonder cases. If you become a Judge there, you might be able to attempt to be a Disciplinary Paladin by February or March next year."

Seeing Xio clearly being moved by her speech, Fors hurriedly added, "Once you make enough contributions, you might be able to restore your father's reputation to a certain extent. Anyway, George III is already dead. As long as it doesn't affect his reputation, Jevington II might not stop it."

Jevington was the eldest son of George III. He had worn the crown as Balam's emperor and was now the new king of Loen.

Xio fell silent for a while before she slowly nodded.

"I'll give it a try."

"Yes, after things settle down, you can bring your mother and brother to Backlund. Although the situation is tense now and food prices are rapidly

rising, you definitely get food rations from MI9. You can provide for them!" The more Fors spoke, the more she felt that joining MI9 was a good thing.

After persuading Xio, Fors entered her bedroom and prayed to Mr. Fool, asking "Him" to forward her message to Mr. World.

Immediately following that, Fors extracted the important points of her teacher's reply and described her thoughts, hoping that Gehrman Sparrow could be more patient.

Just as she finished her prayers and was about to leave the room, her vision suddenly blurred. She saw a crimson tide surge out of the void, instantly drowning her.

Fors immediately discovered that she had arrived in the ancient palace and was sitting on her usual high-back chair. However, there was no towering figure that was shrouded in gray fog at the long, bronze table's seat of honor.

At that moment, there was only her and The World Gehrman Sparrow around the long mottled table.

"…” Fors's mind suddenly tensed up as her thoughts raced suddenly. "Mr. World, I meant, just now, that it's best if you have some patience. This will make things simpler. It's actually fine if you don't. We will begin hunting as soon as possible."

Klein let out a soft chuckle.

"Don't worry, I'm not in a hurry."

When his ultimate goal had become an angel-level potion formula and Grade 0 Sealed Artifacts, he had enough patience regarding this matter.

Phew… Fors secretly heaved a sigh of relief and asked curiously, "Then why did you look for me?"

Klein replied calmly, "Didn't you wish to digest the Scribe potion as quickly as possible?

"Apart from the customs of different places, I think you still need to record all kinds of Beyonder powers. The higher the corresponding level, the better the digestion's effect."

Fors's eyes lit up when she heard that.

"Yes… Yes!"

After blurting it out, she found her attitude highly questionable. She hurriedly and fearfully added, "Is this the advance payment you mentioned before?"

Klein nodded slightly and said, "Let's begin. Be prepared. I've borrowed a Grade 1 Sealed Artifact from Mr. Fool. It corresponds to the level of a saint."

To a Sequence 6 Scribe, the chances of successfully recording an angel-level Beyonder power was extremely low—nearly impossible. Therefore, Klein didn't attempt to summon Miss Messenger and Mr. Azik from the Historical Void to showcase their "skills."

Fors sat up straight and nodded heavily.

"Yes."

In the next second, she saw The World Gehrman Sparrow raise a white bone scepter covered in blue gems.

Amidst the bright light, bolts of lightning leaped out of the void and interwove together, forming a forest of lightning that emitted an aura of destruction.

Fors's eyes turned silvery-white as her body and mind were left in awe.

After the Lightning Storm calmed down, she was stunned for two seconds before timidly saying, "It failed…”

"Again," Klein calmly replied.

"Lightning Storm" descended again and again in the ancient palace above the gray fog. After an unknown period of time, Fors exhaled and leaned back in her chair. She couldn't hide her joy as she said, "It's a success! It's a success…”

She had finally "Recorded" Lightning Storm once.

It's finally over… Fors immediately relaxed. Then, she heard The World say without emotion, "Alright, next Beyonder power."

…Next? Fors saw the crazy adventurer at the bottom of the long, mottled table extend his right hand and grab at the grayish-white fog. Out of nowhere, he took out a long, thorny cross that was covered in bronze.

Record this cross's ability? Fors tried hard to make her expression appear normal.

After she digested the Scribe potion to a certain extent, the godhood powers that she could "Record" had increased from one to two.

"No." Klein glanced at Miss Magician and said, "Record my summoning of the Unshadowed Crucifix."

“…It failed," Fors said softly.

The reason for her failure this time was that she didn't have time to "Record" it.

Dispelling the maintenance of Unshadowed Crucifix, Klein once again reached into the fog of history and pulled out an iron-black revolver.

"It didn't succeed…” Fors replied with a complicated expression.

All she wanted to do now was to return to the real world and digest what she had just received, but the ringing of the bell to mark the end of "class" just didn't happen.

Nearly thirty times later, when Fors's head throbbed in pain and her mental strength was beginning to run dry, she finally "Recorded" Historical Void Summoning once.

At that moment, she felt her tears fill her eyes, but she still held back her fatigue and tried her best to show the attitude of a good student.

"This can summon people and objects that one is related to through the Historical Void?

"When the time comes, who should I summon, or what item should I summon?"

Klein looked at Miss Magician and coldly replied, "Me."

"…” Fors forced a smile and asked, "From which period?"

"The last time we met." Klein had already thought of an answer.

It was the him who had deliberately sent Miss Magician back from the world of ice and snow to Backlund before he destroyed George III's ritual. He had already become a Scholar of Yore by then.

Fors nodded solemnly and subconsciously asked, "What if I fail? For me to summon someone who exceeds my own level, the probability of failure should be very high…”

"Come again tomorrow to record this ability. Use Leymano's Travels," Klein said calmly.

Will two times be enough to succeed? Fors instinctively had such a question. However, she didn't dare to speak when she saw how certain The World Gehrman Sparrow was about it.

She raised her hand and gestured.

"Then, can I go back now?"

With a terse answer, he allowed Miss Magician to leave Sefirah Castle with a delighted expression.

…

In a primitive forest on Sonia Island.

Alger Wilson led his subordinates into an elven ruin that was seldom visited.

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CHAPTER 1185
REAPPEARING

The withered vines drooped down, covering the rotting wooden structure. The entire ruins had been frozen in a silent atmosphere that no one had tread within for a while.

Alger and a few sailors circled around the ruin in the environment of a withering winter, but they still failed to discover anything of value.

"Captain, batches of adventurers have come here before. What else could they have left us?" Finally, a sailor in his thirties impatiently broke the silence.

This resonated with his other companions as they echoed, "A place that didn't take us much time to learn about can definitely be easily found by others."

"That's right, that's right. Let's continue to f**k the Feysacians!"

"Captain, are you trying to make this place a stronghold?"

Alger slowly scanned the area, quelling the sailors to stop their complaints under his gaze and making them choose to obey.

After a few seconds of silence, he said, "I plan on using this place to ambush the Feysacians.

"Let's observe the terrain and see if it's suitable."

With such an excuse, the sailors barely perked up, and the group quickly entered the depths of the elven ruins.

As he walked, Alger's spiritual perception was triggered as he subconsciously looked behind a gigantic tree.

There were some signs of churning in the soil over there, and it wouldn't take more than a year.

Alger retracted his gaze and pretended not to notice anything amiss. He naturally looked elsewhere.

After exploring the elven ruins, they returned to their new camp.

At that moment, it was almost evening and the forest was getting colder. Alger had dinner with the sailors before leaving two patrolling guards behind, and then all of them entered their respective tents.

The cold wind blew through the trees, causing the bonfire to sway. Alger, who had wanted to leave the campsite in the middle of the night, suddenly heard faint singing from afar.

The voice was ethereal, like a woman humming and singing slowly, relating her inner thoughts.

This made Alger involuntarily recall the past. He recalled his mother who had long passed away, and the days when he was a bullied child.

Indescribable grief surged from the bottom of his heart, preventing him from waking up immediately. He waited for a few seconds before he suddenly sat up, frowning and listening.

This time, he didn't hear anything. That melodious voice seemed to have never happened.

Alger narrowed his eyes, grabbed his thick jacket, and put it on. He walked out of the tent and came to the bonfire.

The two sailors in charge of night duty had just finished their patrol and were drawing warmth from it.

"Did you discover anything unusual?" Alger asked in a deep voice.

The two strong, vigorous sailors shook their heads.

"No."

Alger's brows relaxed a little as he turned around, intending to make his own rounds.

At this moment, he noticed something from the corner of his eye.

The two sailors were too close.

If it were any ordinary pirate, this wouldn't have been a problem. However, Alger's subordinates had undergone formal training through the Church of the Lord of Storms. They definitely knew that, in such an environment, the patrol team had to maintain a certain distance from each other. They couldn't be too far or too close. They had to be able to see their companions, as well as prevent themselves from being taken away at the same time from a single assault.

Alger took two steps without batting an eyelid. He turned back and casually asked, "Did you discover anything normal?"

He had changed the question and made it appear very strange.

The two strong sailors shook their heads and replied without changing their expressions, "No."

No… Alger nodded slightly with a relaxed expression.

"Very good."

He turned around and slowly walked into his tent.

The moment the sailors' attention on him was cut off, Alger drew out the Blade of Poison and the Gargoyle Glasses. He opened his mouth and prepared to belt out a song.

At that moment, the ethereal voice from before appeared once again. It echoed in Alger's ears and pierced into his mind.

This was an extremely ancient folk song, spelling out an extreme sense of sadness and melancholy through the singing. It made Alger's Spirit Body produce pale, non-existent arms that constantly tore at him.

Alger's expression twisted as his skin began to produce slippery, black fish scales. His dark blue hair stood up one by one as they became abnormally thick.

The thoughts that originally existed in his mind were disrupted by the song and were cut off by the pain. They were unable to take form any further.

Alger fell and struggled on the ground. He squirmed, becoming less and less like a human as he was pushed to the brink of losing control.

Suddenly, the singing stopped. A slightly indifferent voice entered Alger's ears:

"Some elven blood…

"Then, that shall be all. Use Siatas's Beyonder characteristic well."

Alger's forehead was covered in cold sweat as he slowly got up. He didn't know when a figure had appeared in the tent.

It was a woman with black hair and exquisite facial features. Her ears were slightly pointy, and her eyes were deep. Her facial features were soft, and she wore a complicated and ancient long dress. Even though she didn't have the advantage in height, she still gave off an air of superiority.

“…Are you the Elf Queen, Queen of Calamity Cohinem?" A thought flashed through Alger's mind as he took the initiative to ask.

The woman played with a beautifully decorated golden cup and calmly said, "Haven't you already met me?"

Alger suddenly recalled the similar singing he had heard on Pasu Island. He recalled seeing a high elf when he entered the underwater coral palace.

After a few seconds of silence, Alger said in a deep voice, "You're actually still alive."

At the same time, he silently recited Mr. Fool's honorific name in his heart, but he didn't know if it would be effective if he didn't recite it out loud.

The black-haired woman's expression remained unchanged as she replied, "It's very difficult for an angel to perish without encountering an enemy."

"Then why did you split the characteristics and place yourself to be in a strange state? This makes you need to wait for an opportunity to be resurrected." Alger had learned of the corresponding situation at the Tarot Club, and now, he was asking out of curiosity, partly to stall for time.

The elven lady suspected to be Queen of Calamity Cohinem snorted.

"Because the divine throne for 'Storm' is occupied by Leodero, and I have no way of resisting the 'Tyrant.'

"Also, the elves are dwindling in numbers. My anchors are becoming increasingly unstable."

Other people might not know who Leodero was, but Alger knew very well. He didn't dare continue this topic in the real world.

Just as he was about to ask the Queen of Calamity Cohinem's goal for coming, the Elf Queen said, "Do you want to become a demigod?"

"She" wants to use my body to revive? "She" wants to use my wish to advance to Sequence 4 and obtain godhood as bait to intrude my body? While Alger was tempted, questions arose in his mind.

Considering how Mr. Fool could cleanse all kinds of corruption, Alger acutely felt that this was an opportunity.

This made him recall a term Emperor Roselle had once mentioned:

A trojan horse!

And now, he had a high chance of bringing in the trojan horse and throwing out the invaders within.

"What do you want me to do?" Alger didn't appear too anxious as he raised a question based on his personality.

Queen of Calamity Cohinem observed him for a few seconds before saying, "When you have the right to make contact with the Book of Calamity, take out something that no one else will notice, and take it to the Western Continent."

The Western Continent… The legendary homeland of the elves? Alger frowned slightly and said, "Hasn't the Western Continent already disappeared?"

The corners of Cohinem's lips curled up slightly.

"Since it disappeared, it will reappear again.

"It will definitely appear again when the apocalypse happens."

Without waiting for Alger to ask further, the Elf Queen paused and said, "You don't have to personally send that item to the Western Continent, but you have to entrust someone trustworthy. Although I'm not skilled at curses, I can still make you die in pain from breaking our agreement."

"But what if the Western Continent doesn't appear again, or if it can't be entered?" Alger thought seriously for a moment.

Cohinem, with her gentle gaze and lustrous raven-black hair, seemed to be lost in beautiful memories.

After a few seconds, she calmly said, "If it really doesn't appear again, then the agreement shall be null and void.

"Perhaps entering the Western Continent requires an incantation or command, but I do not know what it is. However, you can ask a particular existence."

"Who?" Alger asked, puzzled.

Cohinem glanced at him and coldly said, "The Mr. Fool you were chanting in your heart just now.

"I have a feeling that 'He' is the key to this matter."

Alger's heart tightened as he hurriedly lowered his head in response.

"I understand."

Seeing this, Queen of Calamity Cohinem nodded slightly and said, "If you wish to become a demigod and abide by this agreement, you can head to the elven ruins when the sun rises."

After the voice fell, the Elf Queen's figure quickly dissipated, like a mirage that was often seen at sea and in the desert.

Alger suddenly opened his eyes and realized that he was lying in a tent, having just woken up.

His memories were in a mess, but he quickly regulated them.

He and his sailors had just found the location of an elven ruin and had yet to explore it.

The previous "exploration," singing, sailor anomalies, and appearance and conversation with Calamity were all just a dream!

It's no wonder I was so careless… Even though I knew that I might encounter the Queen of Calamity, I didn't pray to Mr. Fool first… The Queen of Calamity relied on her status as an angel to create this realistic dream? Or perhaps, she has a corresponding Sealed Artifact. Even if she exists in a special state, she still has the means to use her powers? Alger listened to the commotion outside the tent, and he realized that everything was normal.

He then sat down and prayed sincerely to Mr. Fool.

In just twenty to thirty seconds, Alger arrived above the gray fog and saw Mr. Fool sitting at the end of the long, mottled table.

"You met Cohinem?" After The Hanged Man greeted him, The Fool Klein spoke casually.

Alger answered seriously, "Yes, but I can't be sure that it's the Elf Queen."

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CHAPTER 1186 OPPORTUNITY AND DANGER ARE TWO SIDES OF THE SAME COIN

The Fool acknowledged softly and didn't deny The Hanged Man's guess, nor was he certain that it was Queen of Calamity Cohinem. After all, it was impossible for him to take out a gold coin in front of him and perform a divination on the spot.

Alger waited for a few seconds. Seeing no clear response from Mr. Fool, he quickly went into greater detail about what he had said in the prayer. From the woman suspected to be Queen of Calamity Cohinem saying that he had some elven blood in him, to how she gave him a promise of becoming a demigod, as well as the key to the Western Continent and the completion of the agreement.

After recounting everything, Alger shut his mouth and lowered his head, not daring to directly ask Mr. Fool what "He" thought. He obediently waited for the great existence to speak.

Some elven blood… Send something from the Book of Calamity to the Western Continent… The missing Western Continent might reappear again… The Western Continent… The Fool Klein listened quietly. He closed his eyes and calmly said, "This is very dangerous, but this is also an opportunity for you."

He had already gained initial control of Sefirah Castle, and the power he could mobilize had reached the level of a Sequence 2 angel. As for Queen

of Calamity Cohinem, she couldn't be higher than this level; therefore, he was quite confident that he could resist the various accidents brought about by the Elf Queen.

It was precisely because of this that he dared to claim it to be an opportunity for The Hanged Man.

Of course, the prerequisite for grasping the opportunity was that The Hanged Man wasn't rash or went overboard. He had to constantly remember to ask for protection at all times. Therefore, Klein specially emphasized that it was very dangerous. He wanted The Hanged Man to remember to pray to Mr. Fool before he took action.

This short sentence had two meanings to it, but he believed that Mr. Hanged Man would definitely understand it.

Alger was delighted as he replied rather sincerely, as though he had learned from The Sun.

"My faith lies only with Mr. Fool!"

These words made Klein feel uneasy as he remembered the pain of being drowned by endless lightning. He could only smile without saying a word.

Alger deliberated for a moment before asking, "Honorable Mr. Fool, what are the incantations or commands needed to enter the Western Continent?"

I would like to know that too… The Fool Klein sighed and said, "It's not time for you to know."

"Yes, Mr. Fool." Alger didn't ask further as he bowed respectfully.

When he returned to the real world, he immediately walked out of the tent and led his sailors out. Under the light of the morning sun, he spent a certain amount of time reaching the elven ruin.

The scene here was identical to what he had seen in his dream. The withered vines covered the decaying wooden structure, and there were some areas where the text on monuments could be seen. The air seemed to have frozen, as though no one had stepped in for a long time.

Looking around, Alger suddenly thought of a question.

How was he to face the Church after he really relied on the Queen of Calamity to become a demigod?

Directly rebel, becoming the fifth king over the Five Seas—no, the sixth king? But this way, I won't have a chance to come into contact with the Book of Calamity. Unless I design a situation that forces the Church to use this Sealed Artifact that might've been labeled as Grade 0 without my knowledge. That will not only be very difficult, but I have to become a Sea King, or even a Calamity to succeed… Yes, I can request The World's help… If I wish to continue staying in the Church, I have to give them a reason that they cannot ignore but is sufficiently believable… Alger frowned slightly without hiding his solemnity.

In the eyes of the sailors who followed him, this was a sign that he was worried about the ruin.

As his thoughts churned, Alger gradually came up with ideas:

There are many books in the Church that have records of people turning into demigods due to a fortuitous encounter… Two-thirds of them were invaded by evil gods and devils and eventually lost their lives in the purification process… However, a third of them passed the test and became a high-ranking deacon or a cardinal…

Now that the war has broken out, the situation in Loen is tense. As long as there aren't any problems during the investigation, the Church wouldn't mind having an additional Sequence 4 demigod as cannon fodder… Then, I can slowly gain their trust later…

The prerequisite for all of this is that the Queen of Calamity hasn't truly attempted to corrupt me or left a mark on me…

Considering the various Sealed Artifacts in the Church's possession, I have to pray for Mr. Fool's blessings ahead of time… According to Miss Justice, Angel's Embrace can effectively hide one's true thoughts and tests in one's dream…

With the members of the Tarot Club beginning to become demigods or about to become demigods, Alger really didn't wish to be lining the bottom of the barrel. Just like in the past, he had done so many things in the Church, all for the sake of being superior to others. Now, he was naturally willing to take a certain risk.

With this decision, Alger immediately led his sailors into the ruins and began exploring the path in his dreams.

This time, he didn't split his subordinates into small teams. On the one hand, he was worried that an accident might occur, and on the other hand, he hoped that they could all be his "witness."

After fifteen minutes, Alger and his crew arrived beside the giant tree that had signs of its soil being churned.

Before he could survey his surroundings, his vision blurred, and he saw a gorgeous palace made up of coral.

Above the palace was a layer of deep blue seawater that rippled outwards. Giant pillars stood tall and held up an exaggerated dome. It was tall and beautiful, but also dark and gloomy.

Alger looked around and realized that all the sailors beside him had disappeared. He immediately knew that he might have been pulled into an illusion.

He took a silent breath and slowly walked into the coral palace.

There were many elves inside. They were either roasting fish or placing spices in the coagulated animal blood. Their choice of utensil was two tree branches to bring the food to their mouths. None of them minded the entrance of a stranger.

Alger then cast his gaze to the nine-staired stairs a hundred meters away.

On the steps, there was a coral throne inlaid with sapphires, emerald, and lustrous pearls. The Elf Queen, Queen of Calamity, was sitting there, looking down at Alger.

"Very good." Cohinem nodded and threw out the exquisite gold wine glass.

The gentle but resilient wind held the wine cup in its embrace and, like tiny pixies in a line, carried the corresponding items towards Alger.

Alger reached out to receive it and looked down. He discovered that there was a blue liquid inside the golden cup. It was incorporeal, dreamy, and surreal.

"Drink it, and then head to the waters near the Symeem Island of the Rorsted Archipelago. Find this coral palace. The thing you want is inside."

"If I don't drink this 'wine,' I won't be able to see that palace?" Alger asked thoughtfully.

Although he was facing an angel, he was still able to communicate rather calmly. This was because he met a mighty figure every week and was already used to this situation.

Queen of Calamity Cohinem nodded and said, "That's right."

"Will you leave a mark on me?" Alger asked cautiously.

"Yes," Cohinem said coldly. "So, before entering the coral palace and obtaining the corresponding items, you can't return to Pasu Island. You can't

meet the angels under Leodero."

The pontiff can't be met even if I want to… Alger heaved a sigh of relief inwardly before asking, "After I get hold of that item, the effect of this 'wine' will disappear?"

Elf Queen Cohinem, replied without any change in expression, "No, you need to directly consume that characteristic.

"When the time comes, this 'wine' will transform into a seal, allowing that characteristic to temporarily not invade your body. How you prepare the ritual and explain this to the Church of Storms will be up to you."

Let the characteristic belong to me first before holding the ritual? This way, there might be a better way for the Church to accept it… Alger thought for a moment before raising his hand to bring the wine cup to his lips.

The ice-cold liquid slid down his throat and disappeared in a blink of an eye. The entire coral palace shattered as the light of dawn and the remnants of the gigantic green tree reappeared in front of Alger.

You didn't sign a contract or get me to swear an oath? Yes, drinking that cup of "wine" is equivalent to making an agreement… Alger retracted his gaze and said to the surrounding sailors who were unaware, "There's nothing here. Let's go deeper and take a look."

…

In the ancient palace above the fog.

Klein also retracted his gaze from the crimson star representing The Hanged Man and nodded thoughtfully.

That's Siatas and Mobet's grave… I never expected that golden wine cup to have such an effect…

That is indeed Elf Queen Cohinem… How's "Her" present condition? Half of it is in the Book of Calamity, while the other is hiding somewhere unknown. "She" was using the golden wine cup or the characteristic to influence reality?

Mr. Hanged Man hasn't been contaminated for the time being. I'll wait for him to head to the Rorsted Archipelago before making another assessment.

As his true body had a limited amount of time left in the Historical Void, Klein didn't stay any longer, and he returned to the pitch-black wilderness. He carried the lantern that emitted a faint yellow light as he walked towards a certain location.

As he walked, he turned his head to look east, which was symbolic of where Chernobyl was. His footsteps slowed down involuntarily.

Once I gather sufficient information from the Dark Demonic Wolf's former hiding spots, I'll head east. I'll walk all the way until I reach the boundary and confirm the situation. Then, I'll consider the matter of the Miracle Invoker Beyonder characteristic… Amon probably wouldn't expect that I would suddenly leave…”He" definitely knows the past of the Dark Demonic Wolf. It's impossible for "Him" to do the same kinds of investigations that I'll be doing… Yes, but "He" will definitely be tracking me… Klein exhaled slowly and sped up his pace.

A bolt of lightning streaked across the sky, illuminating the dark and red desolate plains. Raindrops began dripping down intermittently.

Klein dragged out a black umbrella from the Historical Void. With one hand holding an umbrella and the other holding the lantern, he proceeded alone.

…

About a week later, the Future was docked somewhere along the long Loen coastline.

Cattleya held a stack of tarot cards in her hand and said to the sailors—Nina, and company, "I'll be staying in Loen for some time. All of you have to watch Frank and prevent him from doing his strange experiments."

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CHAPTER 1187
CHANGE

Upon hearing the captain's instructions, Nina pouted and pointed out the window.

"Are any of Frank's experiments not strange?"

"…" Cattleya was momentarily at a loss for words. All she could do was sigh and say, "If there are any signs of danger, write to me immediately."

As a Mysticologist, she also had her own messenger.

"Alright." Nina puffed her chest out and said, "If there's anything to blame, it's solely because I'm the most mature and reliable person on the Future."

Having said that, she asked curiously, "Captain, what are you doing in Loen? What mission did you take on? Are you going to engage in some sabotage raids behind enemy lines?"

Nina was of Feysacian descent, and she was considered half-Intis. She naturally had some inclinations in the recent war; therefore, she guessed that her captain had established contact with Intis's intelligence department.

"…You could say that," Cattleya replied sternly.

In a sense, Nina's guess wasn't wrong. She had indeed taken on a mission and was dealing damage in Loen's capital, Backlund. However, her target wasn't an official faction, but a cultist.

Furthermore, there's still a chance to meet the Queen. She probably hasn't left Backlund yet, and the earliest she'll leave is probably after the new year… Upon thinking of this, Cattleya suddenly felt a little excited.

Ever since she left the Dawn, she hadn't really met Queen Mystic. She only had letters to communicate with her, or despite being on the same boat, they didn't communicate with one another for some reason.

Nina didn't dare to press further as she pointed to the door and said, "Captain, is there anything else? If not, we'll leave."

Cattleya nodded, indicating that this Future boatswain could leave with her subordinates.

Just as Nina held the handle and gently twisted it, Cattleya suddenly recalled something and hurriedly shouted, "Nina."

"Hmm?" Nina, whose blonde hair was tied into a high ponytail, turned around with a confused expression.

"Don't drink!" Cattleya emphasized seriously. "When I return to the ship, you'll be allowed to have your fill."

Nina immediately revealed a charming smile.

"Deal!"

Cattleya thought for a moment before exhorting,

"Apart from Frank, you have to take note of Heath's condition. Don't let him generate curiosity towards unknown voices, and don't let him be overly exhausted. Also, pull Ottolov out of his room frequently, and control the frequency and times he interacts with mysticism knowledge. Also…"

"I know, I know. Don't I know them all too well?" Nina waved her hand and agreed.

After the boatswain and her subordinates left the captain's cabin and closed the door behind them, Cattleya cast her gaze out the window to look at the currently invisible Backlund.

After a few minutes, she took out a tarot card from the deck in her hand.

It depicted a lonely old man with a glass lantern and a staff: The Hermit card.

…

Late at night, Backlund, Empress Borough, Earl Hall's house.

Audrey, who was wearing a white silk nightgown, suddenly opened her eyes. She took a blue cloak and draped it over her body.

She then got out of bed and walked to the full-body mirror in the room. Through the crimson moonlight shining through the curtains, she carefully observed herself.

Her pair of emerald-green eyes seemed to glow brightly and limpid. It was so clear that one could clearly see every detail.

Audrey closed her eyes. By the time she opened them again, all the abnormalities had vanished.

The corners of her mouth curled up bit by bit, and a small depression appeared on her face. Her eyes curved slightly as she silently praised herself.

Audrey, you've finally come this far!

She had completely digested the Dreamwalker potion.

According to her confidence in herself, and her predictions, she had originally believed that it would take until February for her to digest the

potion. To her surprise, she had encountered many strange and completely different dreams recently.

This included many dreams within dreams, dreams that were a result of a mental illness, lucid dreams, dreams caused by the influence of evil spirits and wraiths, and the dreams of a few demigods.

Under normal circumstances, as a Dreamwalker, Audrey could generally determine the creature's level when entering a dream, thus avoiding danger. However, those demigods had hidden themselves very well. Only when she entered their dreams did she realize that something was amiss and nearly jumped in fright.

Fortunately, she wasn't discovered all those times. She ended up accumulating experience, and she began carefully touring, traveling, observing, and analyzing in the demigods' dreams, allowing her to greatly digest her potion.

In addition, the other special dreams gave her a completely different experience. After that, she attempted creating multiple dreams within dreams. Some attempted to hide behind the scenes in her dreams and guide them in an ingenious manner to develop and interfere with the subconscious in a reverse manner. She treated the mental illness of the owners of the dreams, or the corruption caused by an evil spirit or wraith.

To a certain extent, she had gone against the requirements of only observing, recording, and not making any interference. Yet, this strangely accelerated the digestion of the potion.

This made her conclude a new principle:

…If you really want to interfere, then be the mastermind and conductor behind the scenes. It's so that even if the goal succeeds, no one will notice it.

This was something that Audrey had done very well. The few people with serious mental illnesses had unknowingly recovered after having five or six strange dreams.

And it was very normal for a dream to appear strange and incomprehensible.

To be able to digest the Dreamwalker potion so quickly, it's mainly a result of my good luck recently. Without so many unique experiences, I'd definitely have to wait another month or two. Yes, I might even be caught by a demigod and be thrown into a Beyonder prison or directly be killed… When did my luck become so good? It seems like it started after I sacrificed the ice-cream to that Fate domain's angel, uh—"His" Blessed… Uh… Audrey looked at her reflection and blinked her eyes with a smile.

She quickly retracted her gaze, scanned her bedroom, and walked to the dressing table.

Sitting on it was a deck of cards.

In a room of a girl who enjoyed mysticism, it was normal for her to have a deck of tarot cards.

Audrey stretched out her right hand and touched the card at the top with her fingertip. She slowly took a deep breath and muttered to herself, The fighting at the Amantha mountain range is getting more intense…

Midseashire had already lost a port…

It's said that the defenses of the Hornacis mountain range in Sivellaus County can't last until spring…

If not for the fact that we have gained a significant advantage at sea, our connection with the Southern Continent's East Balam would've surely been severed…

Alfred is still there…

I wonder how this war will develop.

Thankfully, I'm about to become a demigod. Mr. World has already given me the Manipulator's potion formula and main ingredient… The seven drops of tears that were shed from intense human emotions have also been found during my dream experience recently…

The Tree Mentor's golden leaves were obtained via a trade with Little Sun. I'm just short of the blood of an elderly mind dragon…

Phew, I'll tried to trade for it with the Psychology Alchemists. Before Hvin Rambis died, I was already the person-in-charge of a small psychological discussion group… But will this reveal that Hvin Rambis's death has something to do with me?

Or could I get Mr. World to summon the blood of an elderly mind dragon from history? This can last for at least fifteen minutes. When I succeed in advancing, I'll converge my spirituality and complete my cueing. Its disappearance will not affect anything. After all, it's just a supplementary material…

Audrey, you actually learned how to fake things. What's more, it's on such matters!

After a self-deprecating comment, Audrey began to think about the kind of situation to use to complete the advancement ritual of a Manipulator.

The ritual required one to drink the potion while in the midst of an emotional resonance generated during a special occasion with at least ten thousand people.

As her thoughts raced, Audrey came up with a preliminary idea:

The Goddess's Winter Gifts Day?

But no matter how large a Mass is, it can't accommodate 10,000 people… The cathedral can't accommodate so many people…

Yes, it's usually impossible. If there's a chance, I can donate a sum of money. I can suggest we do an extremely large Mass in memorial square so as to placate the souls that passed away during the war.

In the most important square, the family members, relatives, and friends of the deceased are invited. As long as they accommodate a certain proportion of the participants, the emotions that resonate will affect the others who are participating in Mass, allowing the ritual's requirements to be satisfied…

After calmly analyzing the situation, Audrey suddenly bowed her head and looked at the mirror on the dressing table. She saw that the faint smile on her beautiful face had long disappeared, leaving behind only calmness and sadness in her eyes.

She stared at herself, her lips curling up slightly as she whispered, "Audrey, you've become despicable…”

Closing her eyes and opening them again, Audrey had returned to normal.

She reached out to the stack of tarot cards on the dressing table and flipped the card at the top.

The card depicted a goddess of justice sitting on a stone chair with a sword in one hand and a balance in the other, coldly watching everything.

…

Backlund, Hillston Borough, in a house with a fireplace.

"You've finished digesting your Scribe potion?" Xio had just changed into her home clothes when she heard the piece of unbelievable news upon walking back to the living room.

Fors nodded with a haggard expression.

"Yes."

"Do you know what kind of life I've been enduring recently?"

As she was being forced to "travel" to six places in a consecutive manner, she had to experience, admire, and record the sights day and night. In addition, she would be pulled up above the gray fog, recording all kinds of strange or high-level Beyonder powers.

The "Lightning Storm" and the "Historical Void Summoning" powers had been replaced several times. They had finally recovered their original setup today.

"I don't know…" Xio answered honestly.

"I know you don't know." Fors took a deep breath and said, "What about you? How have you been recently?"

"Not too bad. It was arranged for me to preside over a Paranormal Court, and I had some thoughts about the acting principles. The speed at which the potion is being digested has increased," Xio acknowledged.

"I find it hard to imagine you wearing a judge's robe and sitting at the tribunal's seat to judge." Fors sighed from the bottom of her heart.

"Are you trying to say that the prisoners and lawyers won't be able to see me?" Xio added, not minding it at all.

Fors laughed dryly and said, "I'll need to have some rest to prepare my advancement ritual to become a Traveler."

"Don't you need to go deep into the spirit world? Do you have a way?" Xio asked in puzzlement.

Fors nodded and said, "That person asked me to summon his messenger."

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CHAPTER 1188
THICK-SKINNED

Summon his messenger… As Judgment of the Tarot Club, as a member of MI9, Xio understood what a messenger meant. Furthermore, she knew that the middle ranks of the Numinous Episcopate widely used messengers.

Before she could ask for more details, she saw Fors walk towards the guest room on the first floor with her eyes vacant and footsteps listless. She said with an ethereal voice, "Let me sleep for a while. We can talk later."

She slept all the way till the next morning, waking up thanks to the aroma of meat.

Desi pie? Fors rubbed her eyes and walked out of the room. She saw that the table was already filled with food.

"Yes." Xio came out of the bathroom. "The one from the corner of the street. It's not bad."

Fors enthusiastically acknowledged and sat beside the dining table. She quickly picked up the Desi pie and stuffed it into her mouth.

After finishing one, she drank a mouthful of sweet iced tea and sighed in satisfaction.

This is life!

Oh no, I forgot to brush my teeth…

After she was done washing up, she finally regained her ability to think. She looked at Xio in puzzlement and said, "Did MI9 not have any suspicions about how you secretly became a Judge?"

"They thought it was the remuneration that motivated me back then," Xio informed her of what she had learned.

Fors stroked her hair and said with a smile, "That's true. Let them ask the Church of Evernight."

She covered her mouth and yawned.

"I'm going to summon that messenger."

After this period of "Recording," the way she addressed Klein had changed from Gehrman Sparrow and Mr. World to "that person."

On the one hand, it was a form of respect, and on the other hand, she was afraid that someone would eavesdrop.

Upon hearing her friend's words, Xio looked around and asked in confusion, "Aren't you going to set up the ritual?"

She remembered that summoning a messenger required a ritual.

"That's only one of the methods. That person got me to use another method." Fors glanced at her clothes and realized that her clothes were all wrinkled since she hadn't had the time to change her clothes last night.

Upon realizing that she would be meeting the messenger later, she decided to pay attention to her image. She hurriedly returned to the bedroom on the second floor and changed into a beige dress with frilly designs.

After preparing herself, she raised her right hand in front of Xio, and she grabbed at it as if she wanted to pull something out of the air.

In her eyes, an illusory book took form. It quickly flipped and stopped at one of the pages.

In the next second, her arm sank and a figure emerged from the void.

This was Gehrman Sparrow, who was wearing a half top hat and a black coat. He had a cold expression and an unyielding air, but his eyes appeared somewhat dull.

I succeeded? This is just my second attempt… I've only tried it once yesterday and failed… Fors's eyes widened as though they wanted to take in more light so as to see more clearly.

She knew that this was the Historical Void projection she had summoned, so she wasn't too nervous. Instead, she held her breath and looked warily at Gehrman Sparrow's projection. She couldn't tell if he was real or fake.

She still remembered the combat achievements of this crazy adventurer.

Fors has actually summoned Gehrman Sparrow? Shouldn't it be his messenger? Would Gehrman Sparrow still be able to summon something? Questions popped up in Xio's mind.

Just as Fors was unsure of what to do next, Gehrman Sparrow's eyes darted around slightly as his gaze instantly turned focused. He no longer had a rigid and vacant look, as though he was alive.

Following that, he took out an exquisite, silvery harmonica and blew it.

No sound came out of it, but the surroundings instantly turned cold as a biting wind stirred.

Then, a woman dressed in a dark and complicated long dress with four blonde hair and red eyes in her hands walked out of the void. Her eight eyes looked at Gehrman Sparrow.

Gehrman Sparrow nodded slightly and pointed at Fors.

"This lady needs to set up four special coordinates deep in the spirit world. Please help her."

"Alright…" One of the heads of Reinette Tinekerr said as it moved up and down.

Gehrman Sparrow didn't speak further. As he approached the window, he made the glove on his left hand become transparent.

His figure quickly disappeared as he "Teleported" out of the house.

He left… He left just like that… The Historical Void projection I summoned left just like that? Fors stared with her mouth slightly open, as though she was experiencing a comical play.

According to her understanding, the thing she summoned should be under her control. How could it leave after giving some instructions?

Could it be that the Historical Void projection has the same personality as the actual person… No, it's as if Gehrman Sparrow himself had descended… Fors glanced at Xio and realized that she was just as confused as she was.

At that moment, Fors suddenly shivered, as though an extremely terrifying creature was glaring at her.

She subconsciously turned her head and realized that Gehrman Sparrow's messenger was looking at her with eight red eyes, carefully observing her.

As terrifying as Gehrman Sparrow… Fors forced a smile and said, "…Sorry to trouble you."

At this moment, Reinette Tinekerr's four blonde, red-eyed heads spoke one after another:

"Need…" "To pay…" "Eight hundred…" "Gold coins…"

There… there's still a fee? Fors turned agape once again, at a loss for a response.

After a few seconds, her thoughts suddenly became active as she began to calculate her savings.

After loaning 2,400 pounds to Xio, I still have 780 pounds left… My expenses recently have been quite high, but the royalties from my past novels are still being credited. Adding my other income and the 300 pounds Xio returned me, I have a total of 1,258 pounds… That's enough…

Fors immediately agreed, but she immediately discovered a problem.

"Gold coins, all of them?"

Reinette Tinekerr's four heads shook slightly.

"Yes…" "You…" "Can…" "Owe…"

As expected, all of them need to be gold coins… I remember that Mr. World has been trying to gather gold coins and exchange for gold coins for quite some time before. It was to pay this messenger? The relationship between him and his messenger is really complicated… Uh, Mr. World should still have quite a few gold coins. I'll try to exchange 800 gold coins from him later… Fors secretly heaved a sigh of relief and said, "Alright."

After agreeing, Fors saw the headless messenger raise one of the heads in her hand to bite down on her clothes near her shoulder.

The surrounding colors became saturated and brighter—the reds became redder, the blacks became blacker, and the whites became whiter.

In such a manner, Fors was led by Reinette Tinekerr through similar scenes that she had no way of getting her bearings right. It didn't take long before

she arrived at the spot where there was a faint fog.

In the depths of the fog, one eye after another seemed to look over, but they quickly shrank back.

…

When Fors summoned Gehrman Sparrow's projection from the Historical Void to Backlund, he had immediately entered the fog of history and dashed all the way to a period before the First Epoch.

His consciousness came alive within the projection, reducing Fors's spirituality expenditure.

This way, Klein had indirectly returned to Backlund. This was also the reason why he had gotten Miss Magician to use such a complicated method to summon the messenger.

As for the messenger summoned by the adventurer's harmonica, it was an independent existence—it didn't increase the burden on Fors's spirituality burden. Even if the Historical Void projection vanished, Reinette Tinekerr could still remain in the real world if "She" so wished.

After a "Teleportation," Klein's figure appeared in a secluded alley near Saint Samuel Cathedral. He then used his Faceless powers to change his appearance and figure.

During this process, although there were still a few pedestrians in the alley, they were affected by an illusion. They didn't notice a sudden companion appearing beside them.

Right on the heels of that, Klein straightened his clothes, pressed down on his hat, and walked quickly to Saint Samuel Cathedral. He found a seat to the side of the main prayer hall and sat down.

After taking off his hat and chanting an honorific name, he sincerely drew a crimson moon on his chest. Then, he clasped his hands together, closed his eyes, and prayed softly to the Evernight Goddess.

“…I'm currently searching for traces of the Dark Demonic Wolf's past to grasp his exact condition…”

At this point, he recalled that the Dark Demonic Wolf might've been a former "colleague" of the Evernight Goddess. "They" likely knew plenty about each other as he quickly added, “…I wonder if you can give me some hints…”

He didn't wait for a response. Instead, he maintained a calm attitude and continued, “…After this matter is completed, I plan on heading all the way east to see if I can reach the Western Continent and see what state that place is in. I'll take this opportunity to escape Amon's pursuit and find other possibilities…”

After praying, he tapped his chest four times in a clockwise fashion and whispered, "Praise the Lady."

Just as he finished speaking, a dark night sky with countless stars suddenly appeared in front of him. A message unknowingly appeared in his mind.

It was information regarding Black Demonic Wolf, Kotar.

"…” Klein was stunned for a moment. Only when the starry sky before him completely disappeared did he return to his senses. He sincerely praised the Goddess once again.

After leaving Saint Samuel Cathedral he used Creeping Hunger and another "Teleportation" to arrive near the Holy Wind Cathedral located in Cherwood Borough.

He wanted to pray to the Lord of Storms.

He looked up at the towering steeple and felt some momentary hesitation. He really wasn't sure if he should enter the headquarters of the Church of the Lord of Storms in Backlund.

I'm just a Historical Void projection. There's nothing to be afraid about… I won't suffer any losses from praying, but what if the Lord of Storms hears about the Amon situation and decides to bestow 0-32 to me? That way, I won't have to risk hunting the Dark Demonic Wolf… A person should always be hopeful! After some thought, he finally made up his mind.

He carefully raised his hand and summoned Enuni, the one who had yet to be parasitized by Amon, from the Historical Void to walk into the Holy Wind Cathedral in his own form.

A minute or two later, a dark cloud suddenly appeared above Backlund. There seemed to be a flash of silver lightning in the Holy Wind Cathedral, but no one noticed it.

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CHAPTER 1189
WINTER GIFTS DAY

As soon as the dark clouds in the sky dispersed, everything in the Holy Wind Cathedral returned to normal.

In a nearby corner, Klein raised his hand to rub his forehead. The corners of his mouth twitched as he mumbled, "If you don't want to give it to me, so be it… But why did you kill my marionette…”

He then took a deep breath before his figure rapidly faded away and disappeared. The time limit for maintaining the Historical Void projection was almost over. After all, a Scribe's imitation of a high-level power had significant differences from the original version. The burden of a Sequence 6 summoning a Sequence 3 was rather heavy. Even if a Scholar of Yore could transfer his consciousness over and reduce the spirituality expenditure, it was impossible for Fors to keep it up for too long.

…

In the outskirts of Backlund, downstream of the Tussock River.

Leonard hid his red gloves and slowly walked towards a certain spot.

Suddenly, the slightly-aged voice of Pallez Zoroast rang out in his mind:

"How's your former colleague been doing recently?"

Thinking back to the conversation at the Tarot Club, Leonard suppressed his voice and said, "He just avoided a trap set up by Amon's avatar. He's searching for the truth in the Forsaken Land of the Gods."

After listening to what he had to say, Pallez Zoroast didn't say another word and allowed Leonard to proceed forward.

…

After setting up the special coordinates, Fors was thrown back into the real world by Gehrman Sparrow's messenger.

"I feel exhausted, but I just woke up not too long ago… It must be that High-Sequence Beyonder powers are too draining on my spirituality…” Fors covered her mouth and yawned. She looked at Xio with a haggard expression.

"That's possible." Xio agreed with her friend's judgment.

Her intuition told her that the Gehrman Sparrow projection that had been summoned definitely wasn't simple. It could even be equivalent to a saint.

After some hesitation, Xio said, "Sleep a little longer. Don't attempt to advance in such a state.

"In one of my previous trials, the murderer was mentally psychotic. He would deliberately make his friends, his students, and the tramps he took in, consume potions in all sorts of negative states, watch them lose control, and mutate into all kinds of monsters—disgusting and terrifying ones."

“…What was this fellow's goal?" Fors was stunned for a second.

"Two goals. One was to observe whether the same potion caused the same loss of control on different people. The other was to use oil paintings to record the corresponding scenes. He believed that the madness, the pain, and the distortion had an unparalleled beauty, one that can stimulate his greatest creative passion." Xio recalled the trial from back then. She felt a sense of hatred and lingering fear. "He was a complete lunatic."

"That fellow should be executed!" Fors couldn't help but shudder when she imagined it. She bared her teeth and said, "Was he a cultist?"

"Perhaps, but there were no clues… On the surface, he appeared to be an outstanding artist, and he is very famous internationally. If it wasn't for more than five of his students and friends who had disappeared over the past few years, attracting our attention, then he might've had to wait until he completely went mad and lost control, becoming a monster, before this matter would be discovered." Xio suddenly paused for a moment before saying, "Back then, everyone in the law-enforcement team that opened his hidden basement vomited. There were all kinds of mutated and terrifying corpses, and hanging overhead were all kinds of harrowing yet charming oil paintings…"

"A hateful fellow, but it's also a very attractive story." Fors thought for a moment and pressed, "Was he a Devil?"

"No, he's a Psychiatrist." Xio rejected her friend's guess.

"…You sentenced him to death?" Fors asked in anticipation.

Xio shook her head.

"His defense lawyer convinced me that he's more suited to be a Sealed Artifact researcher."

"There's a lawyer? You have lawyers at the Paranormal Court? Isn't it all a direct trial?" Fors asked in surprise.

Xio straightened her blonde hair and said, "There are some Beyonders from the Lawyer pathway among us who also need to act. Of course, they don't know that they're acting."

"Alright." Fors yawned again and pointed to the reclining chair beside the fireplace. "I'll sleep for a while. Eh, don't you have work?"

"We can take days off," Xio replied succinctly.

Fors didn't ask further as she walked to the fireplace and collapsed into it.

About two to three hours later, she woke up and Cogitated for fifteen minutes.

Following that, she found the Traveler Beyonder characteristic and the supplementary ingredients given to her by her teacher, Dorian Gray Abraham, and concocted a potion bottle.

The potion's color was white but transparent. It was like half-melted snow water, occasionally producing light-green bubbles.

Fors held the potion and glanced at her friend who was on guard by the side. She smiled and said, "If I lose control, don't hesitate. Just chop off my head.

"No, pray first. There might still be a chance to save me."

"…” Xio slowly nodded. "Maintain this state."

Fors silently exhaled. Without any hesitation, she raised the bottle and gulped it down.

In the blink of an eye, she felt her body and her eyes light up one after another. They blasted around her body and opened one illusory door after another.

Fors's consciousness couldn't help but enter one of them. Her entire body turned transparent as she vanished.

In such a chaotic state of mind, Fors nearly couldn't regain her sense of self-awareness. Thankfully, she had her fair share of being tormented recently and had a strong will. Furthermore, from time to time, she could feel the

four special coordinates in the spirit world. Finally, she slowly came to her senses.

After an unknown period of time, she realized that she had already entered the depths of the spirit world. It was difficult to tell her exact location, and she couldn't find her "way" back.

With the help of the four special coordinates, Fors slowly "traversed" back to a familiar spot, leaving the saturated, stacked colors and the thin fog before walking out of the spirit world.

The four special coordinates weren't only used to help me find a way back, they can also effectively maintain my self-awareness… Teacher is only a Sequence 7, so without any actual experience, it's inevitable for him to miss out on such knowledge… As Fors thought, she cast her gaze towards Xio and smiled slightly.

"I'm a Traveler."

Xio heaved a sigh of relief and asked curiously, "What new Beyonder powers did you get?"

"The main one is 'Teleportation.' Also, 'Invisible Hand.' In addition, the number of demigod-level Beyonder powers I can 'Record' has increased to four. The actual effects should be close to that of a Sequence 4…" Fors examined herself.

She then raised her hand and pulled out a tarot card from across the room, one used for divination.

It was a person with a scepter in his right hand that pointed towards the sky. His left hand pointed to the earth. In front of him were people like the holy grail, a scepter, a sword, star coins: The Magician card.

…

Every year's longest night was the birthday of the Evernight Goddess, commonly known as the Winter Gifts Day.

On this day, all Evernight believers would head to a nearby cathedral to witness the sunset of the sun. When night fell, they would participate in Mass, enjoy a holy meal, listen to the hymns, and do all sorts of activities.

The year 1350 for Loen's Evernight believers was a very heavy year. The intensity of the war and the cost of items had made them lose the good mood they had. However, on Winter Gifts Day, they still came out of their houses. This was because the Church of Evernight was going to hold a massive Mass in the various large public squares to placate the souls that had passed away.

At the same time, many foundations would distribute food vouchers at the Mass. People who received them could be able to obtain the corresponding items in any of the relief points or cathedrals. This led to Storm and Steam believers who didn't celebrate Winter Gifts Day to head for the nearest square.

West Borough, Memorial Square, where George III was blasted to death.

Dressed in a black cloak while walking her golden retriever, Susie, with a leather bag on her back, Audrey walked among the nobles looking refined. Her expression didn't seem abnormal, but she hid some pain and guilt.

She had obtained the blood of an elderly mind dragon. After concocting the Manipulator potion, she placed it in the small bag Susie was carrying.

Susie was already a Sequence 6 Hypnotist. She believed that not many people present would notice her abnormality and snatch things from her.

The blood of the elderly mind dragon came from The Hermit Cattleya. Apparently, she had obtained it from Queen Mystic, and she had paid 3,000 pounds for it.

This was in line with her expectations, as she didn't really want to obtain the ingredients from the Psychology Alchemists. After all, her direct superior, Hvin Rambis, had only died a few months ago. To collect the items needed for an advancement, it made it inevitable for people to suspect her. As for the other members of the Psychology Alchemists, they had the ability and intelligence to notice this point.

Besides, after becoming a demigod, one has to come into contact with the Psychology Alchemists' councilors. According to Mr. World, there might be an angel from the mind domain hidden amongst them. I'll continue making preparations. With a suitable opportunity and excuse, I'll consider raising my position in the organization… I'll hide my strength for now… The blonde Audrey lifted the ends of her skirt slightly and slowly walked towards her predetermined spot.

Along the way, many nobles extended their hands to her in a friendly manner, hoping to help this beautiful, noble, and weak young lady through the crowd. However, these were all blocked by Earl Hall.

He got his eldest son, Hibbert, to be in charge of his youngest daughter while he held his wife's arm and walked ahead. From time to time, he would turn back to look at the most dazzling jewel of Backlund.

Not long after their family arrived at their destination, the Church of Evernight's Bishop of the Backlund diocese, Saint Anthony Stevens, walked up to the high platform in his black robe with red patterns.

He looked around, raised his right hand, and tapped his chest four times in a clockwise fashion.

"Praise the Lady!"

When the believers below responded, this saint's deep voice could be heard by everyone.

"Today is the celebration of the night, but the Goddess's response is pity.

"'She' takes pity on every mother who has lost her child. 'She' takes pity on every lonely child. And 'She' takes pity on everyone who has suffered immense pain.

"'She' said that all of this will end. All the suffering will return to silence and repose."

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CHAPTER 1190
RESONANCE

As Anthony Steven Vincent's words echoed in Memorial Square, it spread to other areas. The Loenese citizens who participated in the Mass were both moved and sad, feeling warmth in the midst of their depression.

In a different square, different choirs began to chant the hymns. The ethereal and holy voice seemed to echo deep in everyone's heart:

"Full-faced above the land stood the crimson moon;

"And sweet it was to dream of themselves,

"Of child, and wife, and parents; but evermore[1]…”

Unknowingly, everyone felt their spirits being cleansed and their spirituality naturally released.

They seemed to have entered a dream and were strolling in a quiet darkness.

Their children were sleeping here. Their parents, their wives, their husbands, their friends, and the deceased were no longer suffering. They no longer had any pain, their expressions were peaceful and gentle.

"We look upward into the night sky,

"We tenderly say her name:

"'Evernight Goddess!'

“…If 'She' heard us, 'She' would surely agree,

"Smiling with purity at the dead:

"Come, rest and sleep well, my children[2]!"

The people who were strolling in the dream felt awash with intense sorrow once again, as though they realized that they were really going to bid each other farewell.

They recalled all the beautiful memories from the past. They recalled the scene of their family enjoying delicacies and having fun at the dining table. They recalled the people who looked at them warmly, and the pain of seeing them get hurt. When they learned of their passing, it was as if they could tear their souls apart. They recalled the dark clouds and separation that had been brought to this war.

They were sleeping peacefully in this serene nation, no longer having any worries. However, the people who survived had to suffer the days and nights, turning haggard and withered.

One teardrop after another flowed down. The people participating in Mass at Memorial Square could no longer suppress their emotions as they silently released the pain they had accumulated.

A huge wave of sadness filled the air, mixed with the chanting of the choir, as though it had a corporeal form.

"Cross your hands humbly,

"Over your breast!

"Make the silent prayer,

"And shout from the bottom of your heart:

"The only escape is tranquility[3]!"

The people who were sobbing silently with their eyes closed subconsciously followed the content of the hymns and made similar gestures. Then, they shouted in their hearts, infected with each other's emotions:

"The only escape is tranquility!"

The grief reached an apex with more than ten thousand hearts resonating at Memorial Square.

At this moment, Audrey opened her eyes and bent down. She took out a bottle of potion from the leather pouch that her golden retriever, Susie, was carrying.

There were countless points of light floating in the potion, just like the manifestation of the sea of collective subconscious.

Audrey didn't hesitate. Under such circumstances, she removed the bottle cap and gulped down the liquid inside.

Unlike in the past where she could experience the potion slush through her throat and into her stomach, she immediately felt abnormal.

She felt that she could no longer sense her body. Her entire being seemed to have condensed into an idea as she merged into the illusory sea around her.

This was her first time directly seeing the sea of collective subconscious without passing through a dream or mind island. As though she had returned to her mother's embrace before she was born, she returned to the very beginning where the imprints left by human ancestors were washed away by the tides as they crumbled and were influenced.

There was fear, madness, and all kinds of terrifying mental corruption. For a moment, Audrey found it difficult to resist. Her consciousness faded, and

her "body" shook as though it was on the brink of melting away.

However, the "sea" nearby wasn't serene. There was a certain degree of undulations, spreading the intense sorrow and pain around.

Under such influence, the self-aware Audrey, who was about to be assimilated by the sea of collective subconscious, also began to resonate, generating uncontrollable feelings of grief within her.

The grief spread from one thought to another. Soon, it filled the blob of "thoughts" that Audrey had mutated into. It pierced through her Soul Body and pierced her soul.

Audrey finally regained a little of her senses. She skillfully Placated herself, constantly giving cues to remove the corruption until she regained her senses.

The voice in her ears became clearer and clearer, louder and louder. Finally, it reverberated through the sea of collective subconscious.

"The only escape is tranquility!"

"The only escape is tranquility!"

The only escape is tranquility… Audrey repeated the prayer as her figure quickly turned clear.

With a mere thought, she split herself into many transparent and illusory bodies. She traveled through the sea of collective subconscious and reached the mind islands that represented different people and stepped onto them.

In these "places," she could clearly see the sadness coming from different people.

The bombshells that came from the sky, the airship that made up a fleet, the letters spelling bad news sent from the front lines, blood and flesh

splattering in front of them, and the person who they loved suddenly collapsing in front of them, the pile of toys that no longer had an owner, the fit of coughs that came from the Great Smog…

"The only escape is tranquility."

The golden retriever, Susie, also shut her eyes in Mass. She used the human language to recite those words in her heart, but she failed to notice any changes in her surroundings.

Suddenly, in her soul, in her Body of Heart and Mind, Audrey's voice sounded:

"Susie, I succeeded…

"I've always been worried, worried that I'll become more and more indifferent as my Sequence increases due to the potion's effects; that I'll become more and more like a Mythical Creature instead of a human."

Susie raised her head in confusion and saw that although the blonde girl's eyes were tightly shut, tears had unknowingly covered her face.

Then, she heard Audrey say in her heart:

"Thankfully, I can still feel their sorrow.

"How nice…”

In Susie's eyes, teardrops fell from the corner of the blonde girl's eyes. It was crystal clear.

At this moment, the sun's final ray of light was swallowed. The night brought about tranquility.

Everyone opened their eyes and said in a calm voice, "The only escape is tranquility!"

…

After crying without restraint, the bright, cheerful Audrey's mood became heavy. She became a little sensitive and a little sad. It made everyone who saw her feel a sense of love from the bottom of their hearts.

Under all kinds of protection, she returned to Empress Borough and returned to her room.

Only then did she have the chance to seriously examine herself and digest the knowledge and experience she gained from the sea of collective subconscious.

Others might not be able to tell, but Audrey knew very well that the tall, blonde, blue-eyed beauty in the mirror already possessed extraordinary strength and exaggerated dragon scale defenses. She could break through a block of steel with one punch.

Oh, I can still use "Dragon Transformation." It's equivalent to using an incomplete Mythical Creature form. However, I have to wait until I get used to the potion and keep stacking up the correct psychological cues. Otherwise, I can lose control… Every "Dragon Transformation" can't exceed a certain amount of time. Otherwise, even if I have the means to treat my mind and soul, I'll be contaminated by madness and confusion, causing me to lose control… My current limit is about a minute…

The core power of a Manipulator is "Manipulation." I can allow a Body of Heart and Mind pass through the sea of collective subconscious and enter another person's mind island. I can directly change their subconscious and read their thoughts, silently driving them to do all sorts of things…

Matching "Manipulation" is "Virtual Persona." I can create many personas, allowing them to have a corresponding Body of Heart and Mind. This aspect can resist a lot of influence in the mind domain, and on the other hand, it can allow me to use "them" to silently invade the target's island of consciousness without any signs of it…

I currently can have only 13 Virtual Personas…

A Manipulator can also create a terrifying "Mental Plague." By using the sea of collective subconscious, I can spread all kinds of mental illnesses and extreme madness…

Yes, "Awe" has turned into "Mind Deprivation," a huge area-of-effect version. It's no longer just the single effect of "Awe"…

I can also transform my designated thoughts into a "Mind Storm" that will sweep the surroundings, affecting all my enemies…

Heh heh, as a Manipulator, it naturally comes with the ability to travel the sea of collective subconscious. It's called "Consciousness Stroll." Otherwise my target would've long left by the time I arrived at a location after a series of complicated manipulations… Audrey looked at herself in the mirror and suddenly revealed a faint smile.

Then, she puffed up her cheeks and opened her mouth as if she was about to spew something.

Since her Mythical Creature form was a mind dragon, it definitely had to have some form of dragon's breath.

This was an attack that could directly stimulate and harm the target's Body of Heart and Mind and Soul Body. It dealt damage in an area-of-effect manner, an upgraded version of "Psychic Piercing."

Following that, Audrey's green eyes turned slightly and she looked away. She sighed inwardly.

This is what it means to be a demigod. These powers make even me feel afraid… How powerful is Mr. World for him to be able to kill Hvin Rambis…

…

In the ancient palace above the fog.

As the participants of the hunting operation made their preparations, they decided to organize a private gathering to discuss the details.

"A Manipulator is that terrifying?" The Magician Fors looked at Miss Justice beside her and blurted out in shock.

Just now, Audrey had briefly mentioned the changes she had undergone after becoming a demigod. Although she didn't elaborate in detail to protect her trump cards, it still left The Magician, The Hermit, Judgment, and The Star in shock.

"Actually, it's not that terrifying. Mr. World knows very well." Audrey cast her gaze to the bottom of the long, mottled table.

The World Gehrman Sparrow didn't nod as he tersely acknowledged.

"I also had powerful helpers before I could kill Hvin Rambis."

He paused and said, "Before discussing the hunting operation, I would like to know how to make the Abraham family sense my friendliness?"

[1] Adapted from the Lotos-eaters by Tennyson.

[2] Adapted from The Cry of the Children by Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

[3] Adapted from The Bridge of Sighs by Thomas Hood and Lotos-eaters by Tennyson.

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CHAPTER 1191
GRASPING ONE'S MENTALITY

Friendliness? Upon hearing The World Gehrman Sparrow's question, Fors nearly doubted her ears.

The image of Mr. X's head that was put together, leaving it covered in cracks, crevices, and blood surfaced in her mind.

Just as Fors was deliberating over her words, Audrey glanced at her and smiled at The World Gehrman Sparrow.

"To let the Abraham family sense your friendliness, it isn't about what you do, but what Miss Magician writes in her letters."

That's right, unless I appear directly in front of Miss Magician's teacher, his understanding of me will only be limited to the various rumors and things that Miss Magician tells him… As long as the story she tells is good enough, even if it doesn't fit the actual situation, it doesn't matter… Klein suddenly realized that he had been splitting hairs on the question.

"Ah?" Fors was somewhat enlightened by Miss Justice's words, but she didn't fully understand it.

After looking at The Hermit, The Star, and company, Justice Audrey said to Fors, "You need to convey Mr. World's friendliness to your teacher. For this, you can fabricate some stories and not tell him the truth."

"Then what should I say?" Fors asked for advice.

This wasn't because she wasn't good at making up stories. On the contrary, this was what she was most adept at. However, the problem was that writing a novel that was well-received was different from a story that could convince people. If she could get a senior psychologist's advice on the latter, it would undoubtedly be easier.

Audrey had already thought of the details of the letter before she opened her mouth. She replied unhurriedly, "It's obvious that your teacher has already noticed that you've rapidly advanced, and because of Mr. X's death and all sorts of sensitive issues, he has a certain level of doubt and vigilance regarding the Beyonder circles that you've participated in."

"Yes." Fors nodded indiscernibly in agreement with Miss Audrey's judgment.

If her teacher, Dorian Gray Abraham, was careless, he wouldn't have been able to survive to this day. He would have long been caught by the Aurora Order or died in the hands of other powers who were interested in the Abraham family.

Audrey continued, "In such a situation, he will still maintain contact with you. He will teach you knowledge, give you formulas, and provide you with ingredients. This shows that, on the one hand, he acknowledges your character and morals, and on the other hand, he will also have a certain level of anticipation for you to obtain important information from the mysterious and dangerous Beyonder circle, as well as you becoming a Sequence 4 demigod.

"This is the mentality we want to exploit."

Audrey originally wanted to use the more neutral term, "grasp," instead of "exploit," but after pausing for a moment, she chose to face herself directly and face the essence of the matter.

With Fors listening attentively and Judgment, The Star, and The Hermit looking forward to what she had left to say, Audrey pursed her lips and said,

"When you return, you can write to him and tell him that you have already become a Traveler. It will make him happy for your growth, and also be surprised by such an exaggerated advancement speed. Then, you can answer the question he asked previously, saying that the gentleman who was seeking to purchase the Worm of Star had mentioned something—that the ancient curse in the Abraham family seems to come from a secret existence known as Mr. Door.

"This is a question that your teacher has never told you about but is definitely concerned about.

"Without a doubt, he will feel fear towards the gentleman who seems to know that you're related to the Abraham family. He will want to avoid you, but he will definitely yearn to know more. He will then try to find out what secret lies behind the curse that has plagued generations of Abrahams, one that he has no solution to.

"At the same time, a letter exchange isn't a direct meeting. It will give him a certain sense of security. He might change his residence, change his identity, and use a more roundabout way to receive the letter, but there is a high chance that he will not sever the connection.

"Maintain this connection. Step by step, reveal something more valuable. You will awaken your teacher's desire and use it to portray an image of Mr. World so that your teacher can experience some form of friendliness."

At this point, Audrey stopped and looked at The World Gehrman Sparrow once again.

She could roughly tell that Mr. World's goodwill towards the Abraham family was because he had a request, but as for the specific request, she wasn't a clairvoyant, nor had she read Gehrman Sparrow's mind. Naturally, she couldn't guess it, nor could she continue explaining.

Klein nodded and said with a hoarse smile, "After we establish this kind of indirect connection, I might ask your teacher for a transaction and use the

promise of breaking the curse to exchange for certain items of value."

Through Demoness Trissy, he had already grasped the solution to the Abraham family's curse. However, he didn't plan on exchanging it for the Planeswalker potion formula or a Grade 0 Sealed Artifact.

On the one hand, the difference in value was too great, making him feel guilty. On the other hand, he didn't want to bring a dangerous existence like Mr. Door back into the real world. It was being irresponsible to himself and the innocent.

He was thinking of another way to make the curse of the Abraham family disappear to a certain extent. In other words, it might still exist, but it wouldn't affect the normal lives of the Abraham family and provide a certain range of improvements.

Is that so… Mid- to High-Sequence Beyonders in the mind domain are really impressive. She can make people follow her arrangements without realizing it… Compared to when we first met, Miss Justice has seemed to undergo a complete metamorphosis. It makes people fear and respect her… Fors glanced at Xio and seemed to read the same poignant thoughts from her eyes.

After some thought, she mustered her courage and said to The World Gehrman Sparrow, "What if my teacher rejects your request?"

Did you think I would murder for property? Klein lampooned in Chinese. He scoffed and said, "Don't worry, I won't harm him. I won't use any methods that will force him."

Phew… Although Mr. World is a little scary, he's still a man of his word… Fors slowly nodded and said, "I'll write a letter to my teacher according to Miss Justice's suggestion."

Klein nodded slightly and surveyed the area.

"You can begin discussing the hunt."

Cattleya took control and said, "The biggest problem with this operation is finding the Saint of Secrets Botis."

Fors immediately recalled how she had encountered him and raised her hand.

"If I can borrow that powerful Sealed Artifact from my teacher, then I can bring it with me. I can often wander around Backlund and use the convergence of Beyonder characteristics to attract Botis to a nearby location.

"Uh, this might attract other demigods of the Apprentice pathway; or the leader of the Secret Order, Zaratul; or Blasphemer Amon…"

The more Fors spoke, the lower her voice became. She felt that this method was too dangerous.

She didn't know what would happen to the other members who participated in the operation if Zaratul and Amon really appeared, but as bait, it was without a doubt that she would fail to escape.

Cattleya nodded and said thoughtfully, "If it's only a Grade 1 Sealed Artifact of the Apprentice pathway, the law of convergence of Beyonder characteristics shouldn't be that attractive to neighboring pathways. The range will be limited to the demigods of the Apprentice pathway. And from what I know, there aren't many of them. In fact, it can be said that there are very few of them. Most of them exist in the form of a characteristic or Sealed Artifact."

I suddenly do not wish to become a Sequence 4… Fors's eyelids twitched when she heard that.

Cattleya cast her gaze at The World Gehrman Sparrow.

"Let's not discuss the problem of whether there are any Grade 1 Sealed Artifacts of the Apprentice pathway. If we want to let the Saint of Secrets and Miss Magician bump into each other, the prerequisite is that he is also in Backlund. He mustn't be that cautious and often goes out."

Upon hearing this, Leonard said from the angle of a professional official Beyonder, "It's actually not difficult. As a demigod of the Apprentice pathway, Botis is definitely in charge of dealing with accidents among the upper echelons of the Aurora Order. He has sufficient mobility to aid the other members in different places. Heh heh, this is a term that appeared after the steam engine and the airship were invented.

"As long as you can create some matters against the Aurora Order in Backlund, he has a high chance of showing up."

As he spoke, Leonard glanced at Klein.

Based on what he knew, in the chaotic battle outside Bayam City caused by Gehrman Sparrow, the Saint of Secrets had appeared and picked up a glove.

"This is a solution…" Audrey and company nodded.

At this moment, The World suddenly said, "Let me remind you that the Aurora Order is an organization that worships a true god. Once you take action against them and secretly target their upper echelons, the True Creator might be able to foresee this and give them a warning."

That can happen? Audrey's eyes widened slightly as she observed Cattleya, Leonard, and company. She realized that they were equally astonished.

This was something that they had never considered before.

It wasn't that they weren't smart enough, but that they had never participated in such matters that involved high-level existences before. Or rather, even if they were involved, they weren't aware of it.

"Then what should we do?" Fors couldn't help but ask.

Klein replied in a suggestive tone, "By not targeting the Aurora Order directly, we can use a milder approach to fish out the Saint of Secrets Botis."

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CHAPTER 1192
EACH SERVING THEIR DUTY

A milder approach… The Hermit Cattleya, who lacked experience only on high-level matters, instantly had a new idea and probed, "Let Miss Magician participate in the various Beyonder gatherings in Backlund. 'accidentally' revealing that she's related to the Abraham family, attracting the attention of the Aurora Order?"

Seeing no objection from The World Gehrman Sparrow, Cattleya thought as she looked to the other side.

"How we can make this matter appear reasonable without arousing suspicion, how to design the steps and procedures needed to 'expose' herself, and how to lay the foundations at each one of the gatherings—these might require your help, Miss Justice."

From her point of view, only a Manipulator who could accurately grasp the various mentalities of the different people at the gathering could allow the scheme to appear natural and reasonable, without leaving a trace.

"Alright." Audrey nodded solemnly, feeling somewhat excited.

She then added, "Although I've never done anything similar before, I will try my best to make everything seem reasonable."

…Why do I suddenly feel a little afraid… Why do I feel like we are all inexperienced people? Apart from Mr. World who can't directly participate, uh, Ma'am Hermit might be very experienced in other aspects, but she shouldn't have been involved in such hunting before… This isn't a game, it's a cruel act that can kill someone if we aren't careful… Fors trembled when

she heard this. She had a deep suspicion of the "experience" of most of the members. This included herself.

However, when she thought of how Miss Justice and Ma'am Hermit were already Sequence 4 demigods, and that she and The Star were at Sequence 5, she felt that this wasn't too serious of a problem. After all, every powerhouse had accumulated their experiences over time from nothing. Furthermore, they still had The World Gehrman Sparrow, the strongest hunter over the Five Seas.

Reasonable… Scheme… Manipulation… Listening to the conversation between Ma'am Hermit and Miss Justice, Klein subconsciously extracted the keywords.

This reminded him of how he had used 0-08 and the experience of playing out situations that had been arranged by 0-08. He couldn't help but sigh inwardly.

It's no wonder the Spectator's Sequence 1 is called Author. This is indeed a very reasonable development, but it can change from a "guidance" to being "forced"…

"There's no need to rush yourself to make the arrangements in detail. Go back and think it over carefully. Yes, at the same time, we need to combine the feedback from the scene to make adjustments." Cattleya nodded in thought as she immediately had a new idea. "When Miss Magician participates in the Beyonder gatherings, it's best you hide in the vicinity. Use your control of the sea of collective subconscious to monitor every participant's thoughts and accurately grasp the feedback."

Would 13 Virtual Personas be enough? There should be more than 13 members at a Beyonder gathering… Hmm, I can switch to using "Monitoring" to select a target to focus on… Audrey quickly analyzed the feasibility of the suggestion and tersely acknowledged.

"That wouldn't be an issue."

To her, this was also a form of training. At the same time, it was also a form of acting—she didn't directly use her Beyonder powers to affect the target, but instead used her precise understanding of the target's mental state to "manipulate" them by using words, behavior, actions, and a "script."

Seeing that there was no problem on Miss Justice's side, The Hermit Cattleya looked at The Magician.

"In order to prevent a surprise attack, and to better grasp your surroundings, I need to plant something on you."

"What is it?" Fors asked warily.

Cattleya glanced at The World at the bottom end of the long, mottled table. After receiving the permission of Mr. Fool's Blessed, she raised her hand and pressed it between her brows.

A pair of transparent eyes appeared in front of her, ones that were without eyelashes, looking cold and heartless.

"This is the Eye of Mystery Prying. After becoming a Mysticologist, I can place it on someone else's body. Whatever it sees it will be what I see. Furthermore, once it enters a concealed state, it will be very difficult to be discovered through other means." Cattleya gave a simple introduction.

Upon seeing this scene, Klein leaned back slightly and sighed inwardly.

When he first grasped Spirit Vision, he had seen something similar behind Old Neil.

If he had the mysticism knowledge he had now back then, he would've detected the problem earlier. Perhaps things would have developed differently.

If this strange eye were to be planted on me, wouldn't I be watched by Ma'am Hermit when I go to the bathroom… Fors secretly drew a cold gasp

as she hesitantly asked, "Can we 'plant' it before each gathering?"

"If we make frequent contact with each other, we'll be easily discovered. Besides, the Saint of Secrets wouldn't only appear at times you choose." Cattleya nudged the heavy glasses on her nose bridge and explained. "Don't worry, I won't look at things I shouldn't see."

It was a lesson learned through blood.

Fors fell silent for a few seconds before she slowly exhaled.

"Alright then…”

Cattleya nodded slightly and continued, "After discovering clues to the Abraham family, the Aurora Order will definitely do a certain amount of investigation. And for safety, so as to prevent any accidents from happening, they will definitely send out someone with a certain level of confidence. Among them, the Saint of Secrets Botis is undoubtedly the person who is most interested in the matter regarding the Abraham family. In addition, Backlund isn't suitable for a King of Angels' main body to be active in, so the probability of him appearing is the highest."

At this moment, The Star Leonard, who was leaning against the back of his chair, raised his hand and said, "Not necessarily.

"According to the information we have gathered, the Aurora Order has other high-ranking members in Backlund—Saint Tenebrous. After Mr. A disappeared, he came forward to organize certain matters.

"When the time comes, the person responsible for tracking the clues to the Abraham family might very well be him, not the Saint of Secrets. After all, this is his 'diocese.'"

The demigod I met when I assassinated Mr. X was Saint Tenebrous? Klein nodded in enlightenment without bringing any attention to himself.

Cattleya was already prepared for this. Without any hesitation, she said to The Star, "This might require your help. In the near future, you should investigate more cases involving the Aurora Order and strike at them more.

"This way, it will be inconvenient for them to move around. After discovering clues about the Abraham family, they might very likely seek reinforcements, getting—yes, the more mobile and more concealed Saint of Secrets to be responsible for it."

Leonard thought of his recent mission list and nodded slightly.

"Sure."

As the captain of a Red Gloves team, he had the right to do so.

"The only problem is, could this be predicted by the True Creator?" After Leonard agreed, he turned to look at Klein.

After some thought, Klein pointed out indirectly.

"You are similarly under the gaze of a deity."

Leonard retracted his gaze as though he had gained some understanding. He said to The Hermit Cattleya, "I have no further questions."

The Hermit Cattleya raised her glasses and cast her gaze towards Judgment.

"We will try our best to limit the Beyonder circles that Miss Magician will be involved in to East Borough and the Backlund Bridge area. These should be places you are familiar with. You have to constantly be aware of any abnormalities. Inform me immediately about the surroundings of the gathering's location."

"Alright." Although Xio was disappointed that she was involved in the periphery matters, she knew very well that with her strength, she could only do so much.

At that moment, Cattleya thought for a moment before saying, "You are a Judge. When the time comes, you might need to do some area-of-effect 'Prohibition.' This might not be effective against the Saint of Secrets, Botis, but it should be able to cause some interference. Don't doubt it. As support, Mid-Sequence Beyonders can similarly influence a saint to a certain extent."

All of this is under the premise of a demigod resisting a demigod while all I provide is support… The education Xio had received since she was young, and the addition of the knowledge she learned from MI9 now put an emphasis on cooperation. It was very easy to understand what Ma'am Hermit was saying.

At this point, the plan had just started taking form. The next step was to adjust it bit by bit through on-the-ground feedback.

Fors heaved a sigh of relief when she suddenly thought of something. She hurriedly said, "Previously, Mr. World mentioned that Botis might have a Grade 0 Sealed Artifact. How should we deal with it?"

Frankly speaking, she didn't have a direct impression of how terrifying a Grade 0 Sealed Artifact was. This was because she had never encountered one before and had never seen anyone encounter it before. However, she had experienced the Grade 1 Sealed Artifacts that Gehrman Sparrow had borrowed from Mr. Fool. She knew how terrifying it was, and with a Grade 0 Sealed Artifact being one grade higher than a Grade 1 Sealed Artifact, it was obvious how potent one was. In the rumors that Fors had heard, some Grade 0 Sealed Artifacts could even destroy Backlund, or even the world.

Cattleya said after a few seconds of silence, "On the one hand, through Miss Justice's grasp of the minds of the people around you, she will be able to find traces of possible existences. On the other hand, with Miss Judgment's understanding of the various anomalies in the region, and combining it with divination, we will be able to determine ahead of time if there are any Sealed Artifacts.

"If we can't get any feedback from all of this, and if the Saint of Secrets has a Grade 0 Sealed Artifact with him, you don't have to be too afraid. He won't kill you immediately. He will definitely try to gain control of you and interrogate you at a safe place. We have enough time and opportunities to separate him from the Sealed Artifact. Remember, a Sealed Artifact that a Beyonder possesses isn't completely a part of his strength.

"During this process, didn't you 'Record' some high-level Beyonder powers? If the situation is critical, don't hold back, and try your best to escape."

Sounds like you're not very confident either… Fors's face suddenly turned pale as she forced a smile.

"I'll try my best."

At this moment, The World Gehrman Sparrow took the initiative to speak.

"In times of necessity, pray to Mr. Fool. I will also ask 'Him' to provide 'His' protection in advance and provide some revelations."

As this operation wouldn't pose a threat to Klein's actual body regardless of the development, and it might involve a Grade 0 Sealed Artifact, he could only gain some revelations from his initial control of Sefirah Castle.

That's good… Fors, Xio, and company heaved a sigh of relief.

When the private gathering was coming to an end. Klein glanced at Cattleya and said, "It looks like there's no way to end the operation before New Year. I'll provide you with the advance payment."

He then condensed some of mysticism knowledge he had never mentioned into a pale white brilliance and pushed it to The Hermit.

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CHAPTER 1193
HEADING EAST

Dark Angel Sasrir might very well be the negative personality that's expelled from the ancient sun god… Mr. Door was once the most powerful King of Angels… The Abraham family also possesses at least two Grade 0 Sealed Artifacts that's at the level of an angel of the Apprentice pathway… The underlying rules of this world are chaos and madness… Pieces of mysticism knowledge resonated in Cattleya's mind, causing her to feel weighed down in addition to her shock.

If it wasn't for the Tarot Club, Mr. Fool's protection, and The World Gehrman Sparrow's help, she believed that it wouldn't be easy for her to obtain such knowledge. She definitely had to take a tremendous risk in exchange. If she wasn't careful, she would attract the attention of certain high-level existences, or be embroiled in madness and pain.

"Thank you for your advance payment. This will greatly help me digest the potion." Cattleya opened her eyes and thanked him sincerely.

According to her original plan, she believed that she would be able to gain some mysticism knowledge after meeting Queen Mystic. With Gehrman Sparrow's current advance payment, her Mysticologist potion would most likely be completely digested. Unfortunately, a few days before she arrived in Backlund, Queen Mystic Bernadette had left the city to trace a lead. This left Cattleya extremely disappointed.

Upon hearing Ma'am Hermit's words, Klein, who was pretending to be The World, laughed hoarsely.

"A price is exacted for what's bestowed."

As his voice echoed, he nodded at the two ladies—Justice and The Magician—indicating that he was also directing those words at them.

After the private gathering ended and the members left Sefirah Castle one by one, Klein stood up and walked back to the seat of honor from the bottom end of the long, mottled table, to the seat belonging to The Fool.

He leaned back into his chair and propped his elbow on the armrest as the void beside him rippled and formed halos.

These were prayer lights that came from puppets controlled by a historical projection that Klein had summoned. They had existed before the gathering, but the corresponding area had been hidden from the rest, so no one could sense it. It was only now restored to normal.

He cast his gaze at the rippling light and expanded his vision into the distance.

In the real world, a dark mountain stood erect. There was a mountain hole at the mountainside that extended downwards.

This was once a place that hid many humans who had survived the Cataclysm, but they were later turned into Dark Demonic Wolf Kotar's marionettes.

During this period of time, Klein kept tracing the clues and found three spots where the Dark Demonic Wolff had hidden "Himself." However, Klein didn't gain much from them.

The reason was simple. Just like now, there was a rock in the cave. On it sat a young man wearing a classic black robe, a pointed hat, a broad forehead, and a thin face—Amon.

This Angel of Time seemed to sense the gaze from Sefirah Castle as "He" raised "His" head and adjusted "His" crystal monocle. The corners of "His" mouth curled up slightly.

"…” Klein retracted his gaze, his facial muscles twitching slightly as he muttered, "What a haunting presence… It's not like this fellow doesn't understand the Dark Demonic Wolf's past. Is there a need for him to destroy all the clues I need? Furthermore, 'He' only comes slightly earlier than me every single time…”

If it wasn't because he wasn't Amon's match, he really wanted to hang "Him" up and beat "Him."

Phew… Klein exhaled and immediately returned to the real world.

He wore a black top hat and carried a dim yellow lantern. He dispelled his maintaining of the historical projection and, without looking back, he left the mountain and ventured deep into the silent wilderness.

There was no hesitation in his footsteps, as he had already obtained detailed information about the Dark Demonic Wolf, Kotar, from the Evernight Goddess. He was well aware of the character, styles, and habits of the God of Wishes.

The reason why he was still searching for the Dark Demonic Wolf's past was mainly because he wanted to verify the information. After all, the East Continent had been in the Forsaken Land of the Gods for more than two thousand years. The Dark Demonic Wolf had escaped the Evernight Goddess's attention for a sufficiently long period of time, so it was very likely that some abnormalities and changes in character would occur. If he made a plan following the intelligence provided by the Evernight Goddess, there was a small chance that he would make the mistake of launching a surgical strike using an outdated map.

Under the tremendous pressure from the True Creator and Amon, the chances of the Dark Demonic Wolf transforming isn't low… Perhaps it has even turned abnormal or half-mad because of the excess stress… Klein couldn't help but lampoon inwardly.

The words "Dark Demonic Wolf" could actually be switched to "Klein Moretti" or "Zhou Mingrui" ad verbatim. It just needed to be said in future tense.

The other reason for his persistence in pursuing the Dark Demonic Wolf's past was that he was trying to fool Amon, making it difficult for "Him" to guess that he had already grasped the key information.

Of course, this might not be able to deceive the God of Deceit. His main goal was to obtain a victory of the mind, so as to adjust his mental state that was overly stressed. This allowed him to reduce the frequency at which he sought Miss Justice's treatment.

Well, from the looks of it, the Dark Demonic Wolf still maintains its clarity and rationality in the late Second Epoch. It wasn't as violent as when it first fused with other Beyonder characteristics, bloodthirsty, crazy…"His" most important personality appears to not have changed; ever so suspicious. "He" doesn't even trust "His" own marionettes. Once "He" decides to migrate, "He" would leave all the marionettes that "He" had before and sever all connections… Also, the Dark Demonic Wolf seems to have migrated from the east over here… As he thought about it, Klein came to an abrupt stop. Under the darkness that was void of stars and the crimson moon, he cast his gaze in a particular direction by relying on his spiritual intuition.

His expression gradually turned solemn as he raised his right hand and pressed on his silk top hat.

Then, he adjusted the direction he was heading in and walked towards where his eyes were trained at.

That was the east.

In the endless darkness, the lantern in his hand cast a lonely shadow. His trench coat was almost the same color as the distant night as his footsteps quickened.

…

Backlund, Empress Borough, inside the Hall family's luxurious mansion.

Audrey sat in front of the dressing table and began to seriously consider how to release the "bait" in a seemingly reasonable fashion.

During this process, she suddenly thought of something.

That was that, if she wanted to go near a Beyonder gathering and monitor the thoughts of the participants, there was a lack of quick and efficient methods.

As a Sequence 4 demigod, she neither could fly nor "Teleport." She also couldn't use the flames to "jump" secretly. It would be fine if it was late at night, but if she wanted to use dreams as a springboard, she could only rely on her feet during the day and evening.

Oh… Actually, my speed isn't slow, but if I were to run faster than a steam train, I would definitely attract attention… There are so many powerhouses in Backlund, so there's no lack of existences that can see through my "Psychological Invisibility"…Similarly, in my dragon form, I can fly, but that's just too eye-catching… Currently, I can only let my consciousness and Spirit Body enter the sea of collective subconscious, while I'm unable to bring my body in… As she pondered about the matter, Audrey could only consider purchasing Sealed Artifacts or mystical items that had "Traveling" powers while deciding to travel through dreams if there were dreams. Otherwise, she could only rely on walking, carriages, or the metro.

What a simple demigod… Hmm, it's no wonder the full name is half-human, half-god. Those terrifying Beyonder powers are the godly side of things, while these are the human side of things… Audrey gave a self-deprecating laugh and reined in her thoughts.

…

Backlund, Hillston Borough.

Sitting beside the fireplace, Fors opened a book that was propped on her thigh as a platform for her to write.

Holding a pen in her hand, she stared at the horizontal lines on the paper and the tarot cards that were scattered on the ground for a long time.

"What's wrong? You don't want to lie to your teacher? No, everything you write will be the truth… You don't want to set up your teacher?" Xio walked over, crouched down, and looked up into Fors's eyes.

Fors shook her head.

"No, it's not because of this.

"I do feel a little guilty, but I know that this is a good thing for the Abraham family.

"I'm just hesitating. I keep feeling that our destinies will change after writing this letter."

"Ah?" Xio was a little stunned when she heard that. She didn't quite understand what her good friend meant.

Fors let out a sigh and said, "The battles from the past and now were actually not that dangerous for us. We had the ability to avoid it and obtain the corresponding resources to continue our peaceful lives. Therefore, my feelings for them don't run deep.

"We're like people standing beside a torrent. We could have watched everything go by safely, but after writing this letter, we might perhaps be swept into the torrent."

Xio listened quietly. She opened her mouth and pursed her lips.

"If not for this, do you think we can avoid the torrent of fate?"

As she spoke, she picked up a tarot card from the ground.

The surface of the card depicted an angel blowing a trumpet and the deceased.

Judgment card.

Fors looked at the deck of tarot cards for a while before closing her eyes. She pulled her hair back and smiled.

"I understand.

"This is an inevitable destiny."

After praying to Mr. Fool and after obtaining The Magician card, it was an unavoidable destiny.

The fountain pen in Fors's hand finally landed on the letter.

…

Pritz Harbor.

Dorian Gray Abraham, who had long left the fishermen's association and changed his identity, tore open the letter sent by his student.

As he quickly browsed through it, his expression went from shock, joy, and confusion to horror.

Bang!

Dorian threw away the letter in his hand and knocked down the table in front of him. It was like a monster hiding on that piece of paper with a curse.

He retreated to another corner, pulled open the drawer, and took out some items. Then, he rushed to the door and prepared to leave.

When his right hand touched the brass doorknob, Dorian's actions suddenly slowed down and finally stopped.

He slowly turned around and cast his gaze at the letter on the ground. There was a complicated look in his eyes.

After a few seconds, Dorian Gray Abraham slowly walked towards the letter. He walked with hesitation, feeling the dilemma and struggles, but he didn't stop. It was as if he had been seduced by the devil.

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CHAPTER 1194
A LION'S HUNT OF A RABBIT

Finally, Dorian stopped beside the letter.

He bent down and reached out his right hand. His fingers trembled as he grabbed the edge of the paper and picked it up.

This time, Dorian was very careful. He began reading each word, one after another from the very beginning. Sometimes he was enlightened, sometimes confused, sometimes puzzled, and sometimes in pain.

The letter Fors had sent wasn't long. He only used three minutes to read it twice before he fell into a long silence.

The sunlight shined through the window and landed on the toppled table.

Dorian Gray Abraham's lips suddenly quivered, but he ultimately didn't make a sound.

Separated by a piece of paper, his right thumb and index finger quickly rubbed against each other and ignited the letter with a scarlet flame.

After doing all of this, Dorian packed his belongings, put on his disguise, changed his clothes, and left the rented apartment. Using the identity he had previously prepared, he went to another place.

After settling down, he sat beside the desk and stared at the brass ornament, seemingly deep in thought.

The area became darker and darker as the sunlight weakened. Dorian's eyelids twitched as he slowly sighed.

He then unfolded the piece of paper and picked up the fountain pen. As he pondered, he wrote:

“…I'm very happy to see you digesting the Scribe potion in a few months. This means that you might really become a demigod…

“…These are the key points to take note of while acting as a Traveler, at least the ones that I know of. However, you have to remember that everyone's personality is different. There will always be some differences in acting in real life, so you can't copy blindly… This doesn't mean that the acting principles of others are wrong, but that it might lead to a huge conflict in your heart, affecting your mental state… Sometimes, you can make appropriate adjustments to slow down the speed at which the potion is being digested, but it will only be beneficial to you. You have to remember: acting is a tool, not something to lord over you…

"I look forward to the day you completely digest the Traveler potion, I will prepare the corresponding ingredients and a present for you.

“…I'm very interested in the matter of the Abraham family's curse mentioned by that gentleman… I think you should have noticed long ago that I have done a certain degree of research on such matters. Otherwise, you wouldn't always ask me about such matters…

"I hope you can continue to learn about this matter at a deeper level…”

After writing the reply, Dorian Gray Abraham closed his eyes and quickly folded the paper.

…

January 1351, Backlund's new year was much bleaker than before.

In a basement in West Borough, there were a few candles flickering with yellow flames, illuminating the surrounding altars, chairs, and round tables.

At the edge of the light, in a place that was extremely dark, a figure appeared indistinct. At times, it would sway, sometimes stretching into a thin entity that didn't have any thickness. It was like a shadow that came alive.

Suddenly, the figure said in a deep voice, "You arrived earlier than I expected."

Beside the candle, a figure quickly appeared in the spot illuminated the greatest by the light.

It was a man dressed in a mysterious black robe. His brown hair was slightly curled, and his dark, deep eyes seemed to contain countless objects.

He was none other than one of the five saints of the Aurora Order, the Saint of Secrets, Botis.

Botis smiled and said, "To me, distance is not a problem."

He pulled a chair and sat down before saying to the long and narrow shadow, "Have you investigated thoroughly? Did you find anything unusual?"

The shadow that nearly slinked into the shadows answered in a low voice, "There aren't any problems."

"Really?" At the confirmation of the question, Botis instinctively had doubts. "Kisma, could this be a trap?"

The Aurora Order's Saint Tenebrous, Kisma, slowly shook his head and said, "The target is very careful. It's definitely not a case of deliberate exposure.

"If she wasn't seeking to purchase an ancient wraith's cursed item, we wouldn't have been able to sense that she might be related to the Abraham family."

Saint of Secrets Botis seemed to be in thought as he said, "An ancient wraith's cursed item. This is one of the main ingredients of Scribe. I remember that the Abraham family does have a spare Asmann's brain… Heh, they aren't willing to directly provide a Scribe Beyonder characteristic, hoping to carry out some tests. It's indeed the style of the Abraham family. To put it simply, they don't have enough trust in others."

Saint Tenebrous Kisma didn't echo Botis's words as he continued, "Even if she was seeking to purchase the main ingredients of the Scribe potion, we wouldn't have noticed any problems. After all, not every believer knows the corresponding mysticism knowledge, but she even mentioned some questions related to Apprentice and the Abrahams.

"She was really cautious in this aspect. The circle of Beyonders from which she sought to purchase materials from and the one she asked questions weren't the same. Different matters were left to different circles. Furthermore, at times, she would hire other participants to help her make requests.

"If it weren't for the fact that we have our people in those few circles and were able to combine the intelligence, we wouldn't have noticed her."

Saint of Secrets Botis nodded slightly and asked, "Why didn't you just take action? You even came to me?"

In the shadows, the darkness stirred and replied slowly, "The situation in Backlund is getting more and more tense. The Nighthawks, the Mandated Punishers, and the Machinery Hivemind are carpet sweeping the area, one spot after another. We're being watched very closely.

"If I were to handle this matter, it would be fine if there weren't any accidents. However, if an accident were to happen, I might not be able to

escape due to not having 'Grazed' a Secrets Sorcerer.

"Besides, aren't you the one who is most interested in the Abraham family?"

Botis chuckled and said, "I'm not interested in them at all. I just want them to all die.

"To ensure my own safety, the most important thing is to nip revenge in the bud. This is the philosophy I abide by."

As he spoke, the Saint of Secrets took out a crystal ball from his black robe's pocket.

The crystal ball was neither clear nor translucent, as if it had been injected with the dark night.

As he touched it with his palm, his lips quivered. This strange crystal ball suffused a resplendent glow.

They were like stars that slowly spun, forming a complicated scene.

"It's still acceptable…" Botis looked at the crystal ball in his right hand and nodded gently.

He then looked at the "ghostly shadow."

"Give me the details."

When he learned that there would be a Beyonder gathering in a particular circle tonight, with the target possibly appearing, the Saint of Secrets Botis stood up and said to Saint Tenebrous Kisma, "I need to make some preparations."

As soon as he finished speaking, his right hand opened and with a gentle lift, his fingers closed.

The region he was in immediately warped and vanished.

The candles, flames, round table, and chairs that were originally located here vanished, leaving behind only the tiles and ceiling.

After a while, the shadows moved and everything returned to normal.

Nothing happened to Saint of Secrets Botis, but Saint Tenebrous's figure appeared out of the darkness.

He looked at Botis and said in a deep voice, "Your caution has exceeded the necessary limits."

"But this isn't a bad thing. I hope that I can resolve the problem without anyone noticing," Botis replied with a smile. "You can follow me. You can hide in the shadows as my support. You will not directly appear, and you will leave immediately once you discover anything amiss."

“…Alright." Saint Tenebrous Kisma slowly walked out of the shadows.

He looked young and handsome with outstanding facial features, but his face seemed to be covered with a faint curtain of darkness.

After coming close to Botis, there were a series of illusory chewing sounds that came from nowhere. The chewing sounds and the sound of digesting could be heard, as well as undisguised evil and hunger.

This made the demigod shudder involuntarily.

Saint Tenebrous's eyes froze for a second as he cast a shocked and surprised look at Botis's face.

The corners of Botis's mouth curled up as he revealed a rather cruel smile.

A few seconds later, one of them used "Teleportation," and the other merged into the shadows and left the house.

…

In an apartment that had been in disrepair for years, in the area intersecting Backlund's East Borough and the bridge area, there were a few rooms on the first floor of a cheap motel that had their rooms connected.

When Botis walked out from the spirit world, the Beyonder gathering was only to be held two to three hours later. No one had arrived yet.

He looked around and took in the long tables that were arranged messily.

After observing the environment, he walked to a corner with his right hand pulling the curtain.

The region was then enveloped by a shadow, distorting before vanishing.

This was because there wasn't anything there to begin with. There was no objective measure, so no one would have discovered that there was a space missing. They would only feel that the distance between the walls and themselves was a little closer, but upon closer inspection, everything was normal.

This was the "Space Concealment" power of a Secrets Sorcerer!

They could use this ability to split a place into two and conceal part of it. One had to use a specific "door" to enter.

At that moment, in the area that had been divided and hidden, the room existed normally. There were floor tiles, a ceiling, and a cockroach crawling across the ground.

The cockroach rushed to the boundary and was blocked by the endless darkness.

After Saint of Secrets Botis surveyed the area, his gaze paused at a transparent vortex in midair.

This was the "door."

Every hidden space would definitely have a "door."

After some thought, Botis reached into the black robe's pocket, took out a mirror, and inserted it into the "door."

The mirror twisted and quickly reflected the scene in the outside world.

There were chairs and long tables randomly strewn around. The place was empty.

In this way, Botis used this mirror to monitor the Beyonder gathering's venue.

Seconds changed to minutes as the Beyonders dressed in various disguises arrived.

One of the hooded figures habitually chose a corner near the window. She took out a palm-sized notebook and casually flipped through a few pages, as though she was revising the main points of her questions or checking if she was fully prepared.

And behind her to the side, there was an ordinary mirror embedded in the wall.

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CHAPTER 1195
GRADE 0

In the region that had been concealed, the Saint of Secrets, Botis, narrowed his eyes slightly as he recognized Leymano's Travels.

This made him no longer have any doubts about the intel provided by Saint Tenebrous Kisma.

He recognized this notebook and knew that it was a mystical item that the Abraham family placed great importance on. It was one of the most powerful items below the High-Sequences, and the negative effects were negligible.

Heh, back when I was a Mid-Sequence Beyonder, I had yearned for this notebook so much. In the end, the Abraham family was wary of me and didn't place any importance on my needs at all… Now, have they learned their lesson? This woman shouldn't be a descendant of the Abraham family. Otherwise, she wouldn't have gone around searching for the cursed item of an ancient wraith… Botis muttered inwardly as his expression gradually turned grim, showing hints of a cruel fervor.

After observing his surroundings for a while, he carefully reached into his black robe's pocket.

The pocket seemed to contain a vast space as Saint of Secrets Botis dragged out a three-layered jewelry box from within.

This jewelry box wasn't tiny, making it difficult to hold it with one hand. It was mainly silver-black in color, and its surface was covered with exquisite

decorations. There were rubies, emeralds, sapphires, and diamonds embedded in it, making it look rather luxurious.

As he held the "jewelry box" in his hands, there was a hint of panic and fear in his expression. It was as if he was facing the Abyss or listening to an evil god's ravings.

…

The gathering continued as usual. Fors put away Leymano's Travels and focused on listening to the participants, as though she was seeking some answers.

During this process, she would occasionally ask questions, using gold pounds and spiritual materials as payment. However, she didn't receive any effective answers.

Gradually, the Beyonder gathering came to an end. The host arranged for the different participants to leave from different exits.

Soon, only Fors and a few other Beyonders were left in the room.

After receiving the signal of the host, Fors stood up and resisted the urge to stretch herself as she walked towards the side door.

At this moment, she realized that her body had stiffened. Her head could barely turn, but it felt like she was a toy that had its torsion spring wound up.

From the corner of her eye, she saw that the grayish-white walls had turned silvery-black in an instant. They were covered in granules, as though they were made of metal. The remaining participants and the host had their skin lose the luster that it should've possessed. Their eyes were dull, their movements mechanical, as though they were large dolls.

In the concealed area, Botis had opened the "jewelry box" at some point in time. The interior of its top layer wasn't exquisite enough, but it had completely restored the scene of the room.

In the room, there were chairs and long tables scattered haphazardly. There were a few palm-sized puppets sitting or standing, as though they were trying to simulate reality.

Among these people, the person standing was wearing a hooded robe. The shape of her chin was beautiful and her lips were plump and red. It was none other than Fors.

She and the remaining Beyonders, together with the gathering's host, had silently become toys. They had been taken into the highest layer of the "jewelry box"!

The room that connected in the external world was only left with grayish-white walls—nothing else.

The corners of Botis's lips curled up bit by bit. With his right hand, he closed the lid of the jewelry box.

In just a single breath, he had magically controlled his target!

This silver-black, three-layered "jewelry box" was the Grade 0 Sealed Artifact that he had snatched from the Abraham family.

As it had never been obtained by the orthodox Churches, nor was it ever deeply understood, it didn't have a corresponding number.

According to what Botis knew, this "jewelry box" originated from an Abraham family angel from the Fourth Epoch. "He" enjoyed roaming the cosmos and heading to different places in the vast universe. However, once, when "He" returned to "His" family to rest, he died silently in his palace. His face was filled with fear, and his expression was twisted as if he had seen something extremely terrifying.

A true Mythical Creature, one that could be considered a subsidiary god in the Second Epoch had actually died silently without causing a stir. The death was extremely bizarre.

The Beyonder characteristic "He" left behind combined with "His" corpse, forming the "jewelry box" that was quite different from the other kind of Sealed Artifacts. And back then, Mr. Door, Bethel Abraham, not only didn't attempt to shatter it and restore it to a pure Beyonder characteristic, "He" had even given it a rather strange name: "Box of the Great Old Ones."

The first level of the Box of the Great Old Ones could turn the target's location into toys and switch locations with its interior. Botis had used this trait to easily achieve his goal.

The second level of the Box of the Great Old Ones recorded different locations. Once it was released, the holder and the living beings within its effective range would head directly to the corresponding region. They would then wander around the cosmos like the angel from the Abraham family back then, exploring the universe.

As for what was on the third level of the Box of the Great Old Ones, Botis knew about it but didn't dare to think about it. It was just like how he usually didn't dare come into contact with this Grade 0 Sealed Artifact.

Smack. After closing the lid of the Box of the Great Old Ones, he grabbed the mirror that was embedded in the transparent vortex that was suspended in midair with his right hand.

Once a certain area was concealed, a Secrets Sorcerer had to use the corresponding "door" or directly remove the "concealment" to exit.

Botis had chosen the latter method because it was the easiest and fastest method.

The shadows stirred, and the area that disappeared returned to the real world. The room was finally complete.

Botis didn't stay any longer. Without even looking at his surroundings, he made his body rapidly fade away.

He held the many gemmed, silver-black Box of the Great Old Ones as the colors saturated and overlapped with each other. He traversed the spirit world which was filled with strange creatures towards his designated location. In a few seconds, he walked out of the void, attempting to enter the ruins of the battle of the gods by crossing the huge chasm that split the seas.

At this moment, the Botis stopped in midair.

His eyes narrowed and his eyes instantly turned dark, dotted with countless points of resplendence.

It was like the cosmos had been reflected in his eyes.

The "gravel" formed by the stars spun rapidly, causing the cracks at the bottom of the sea to rapidly turn incorporeal, causing everything in front of him to shrink and condense into a wavering orange flame.

This flame extended from the tip of a matchstick as it was extinguished.

Everything that Botis had experienced after removing the "concealed space" was an illusion. He remained rooted to the ground!

And the source of this illusion was the burning matchstick.

The matchstick was held by a fair-skinned palm, and the owner of the hand was a woman wearing a purple-patterned black robe and a hood. She was sitting on a carriage that was half-way through the wall, formed from a gigantic pumpkin.

Pulling the carriage were a bunch of gray rats.

This was none other than Cattleya, but her appearance, image, and bearing had changed.

This was the power she gained from the magic of Cinderella!

The core Beyonder power of the Mystery Pryer pathway's Sequence 4 Mysticologist was called "Mystical Re-enactment," fully expressing the saying—"knowledge is power."

To put it simply, a Mysticologist could draw power from different mysticism knowledge they grasped, and create all sorts of magic or witchcraft. As for the corresponding "mysticism knowledge," the less that was known by others and the less it spread, the more powerful the spells became.

The contrary could also be established. Once some knowledge and legends were known to many and no longer mysterious, the magic or witchcraft created by drawing on its powers would become almost ineffective.

Cattleya had no idea why the Queen could create all kinds of magical powers that were rich in magical colors from the private fairy tales that Emperor Roselle had told her, but that didn't hinder her learning and usage of them. After all, she had heard of those fairy tales from Queen Mystic.

The magic she had used it to temporarily transform and disguise herself was called "Cinderella." The magic that threw Saint of Secrets Botis into an illusion was "The Little Match Girl." With that, she had used it to stop the other party from "Teleporting" away, creating an opportunity for the battle that would follow.

Just as Botis had extricated himself from the hallucination, the "Cinderella" who was sitting in the pumpkin carriage placed her foot on the ground and spread out her arms, causing a huge cross to appear behind her.

As for Cattleya, she seemed to be carrying an illusory object.

In the empty room, candlelights lit up, one after another, illuminating a long table covered with flesh and blood.

Around the long table were three extremely blurry figures holding the globs of flesh as they constantly devoured the food.

As if sensing something, the three figures turned their heads at the same time and looked at Botis. This Saint of Secrets's heart raced as he felt a chill rush out from deep within his soul.

He then heard illusory gnawing, chewing, and digesting sounds. He could feel the undisguised malice and hunger.

Botis's eyelid twitched. He hurriedly lowered his head and cast his gaze at the Box of the Great Old Ones in his hand.

The silver-black box had opened itself without him realizing it at some point in time!

The magic that Cattleya used was called the "Feast of Betrayal." It stemmed from the mysticism knowledge she learned of the ancient sun god's death from the Tarot Club. Its purpose was to temporarily awaken or imbue the target with intelligence, allowing them to commit a "betrayal!"

Without a doubt, the effects of encountering a Sealed Artifact that was filled with malice towards the owner would be excellent.

However, if not for the fact that she had obtained the protection of Mr. Fool at every gathering they monitored, Cattleya wouldn't have dared to use this magic.

Once the three main leads of the "betrayal feast" sensed it, she would definitely die for obscure reasons. She wouldn't be able to resist her death and would die an abnormally horrifying death.

Therefore, Mysticologists were definitely individuals with high-risk. Their strength came from walking the edge of the Abyss, coming from things they shouldn't have seen or heard.

In comparison, Queen Mystic who could create magic from her father's private fairy tales was much safer than other Mysticologists at the same tier.

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CHAPTER 1196
THE UGLY DUCKLING

When opening the first level of the Box of the Great Old Ones, the long table, chairs, Fors, and the others were like dolls. They were either still or motionless. Otherwise, under the power of torsion springs, they made repeated simple movements.

Upon seeing this scene, Botis's hair stood on end. For some baffling reason, he felt that he was about to join and become one of them.

He instinctively wanted to react to the Grade 0 Sealed Artifact in his hand, but he saw the hooded, purple-robed woman retract her right hand and hold it to her mouth, slightly clenched.

A dark color instantly formed in her palm. It was an ancient bugle with a charm that appeared very heavy and powerful.

The Horn of Magic, the Horn of Destruction!

Botis's pupils dilated as he lacked the luxury of time to deal with the Box of the Great Old Ones. He grabbed forward with his right hand, as though he had raised an invisible screen that shielded the void.

The area he was in was distorted once again. He disappeared and was concealed.

Woo!

The horn in Cattleya's hand let out a soft hum. It echoed in the room but didn't extend out of its confines.

With the sound waves overlapping, the shadows shattered and the ground cracked. The space that had been concealed by the Saint of Secrets was like a thick piece of glass that had been struck by a sledgehammer. Countless cracks appeared and intertwined with each other.

Elsewhere, a towering knight in full black armor appeared out of the shadows. He held a long broadsword, and two dark red beams of light glimmered in his eye sockets—Saint Tenebrous Kisma.

Woo!

Once again, Cattleya blew the horn. Everything in the room seemed to freeze into a translucent amber.

Silently, the amber broke apart, and even the black-armored knight fell to the ground like a mirror, shattering into small shards.

The distorted region returned to the real world.

However, Botis also managed to grab the gaps between the two horn blows as he created numerous illusory doors to appear around them.

Some of them were double doors that opened outwards, some were deep and recessed, some were covered in mysterious patterns, and some were hollow in the middle, allowing one to vaguely see the boundless darkness behind them…

The illusory doors were in bountiful numbers, densely packed, and overlapped together, almost enveloping the Saint of Secrets.

Without any time to think further, Botis immediately opened a grayish-blue door with seven brass locks, and he threw the Box of the Great Old Ones that was just about to have its second layer open inside.

This was a Secrets Sorcerer's "Exile." It could throw a target that he had gained initial control of into a corresponding chaotic space. As for the

different illusory doors, they represented different scenes—ones where danger and opportunity coexisted.

This kind of "Exile" wasn't permanent. At Botis's Sequence level, he was only capable of isolating the Box of the Great Old Ones from reality for twenty seconds. Once that time was up, the Grade 0 Sealed Artifact would return to the spot beside him through the "illusory door" from before.

However, by then, the "betrayal" induced by the enemy's Beyonder powers would definitely have disappeared.

As a demigod of the Apprentice pathway, he had traveled many places, witnessed many things, and recorded many kinds of powers, Botis made the most correct decision in that split instant.

At the same time, the Black Knight that had split into pieces quickly squirmed and reformed, becoming a thin rug that flowed with flesh and blood. It covered every corner of the room.

As a cult that could only survive in the shadows of reality, the Aurora Order might have many lunatics, but they were used to doing things to conceal themselves so as to prevent themselves from attracting the official Beyonders before their goals were met.

Of course, once the matter was in its final stages, they would definitely proclaim their existence openly.

In addition, Saint Tenebrous Kisma had done so in hopes of obstructing the possible enemies that were hiding outside to a certain extent. This allowed a separation of the battlefield.

When a layer of flesh grew out from the floor, walls, and ceiling, a twisted black shadow rose up from the corner.

This was one of the souls that Saint Tenebrous Kisma had "Grazed."

It was a powerful vampire from the Forsaken Land of the Gods, a Sequence 4 Shaman King of the Moon pathway.

If the Shepherd's Grazed target was a demigod, he could release it directly due to the existence of its corporeal Spirit Body. However, there only one could be released at any one point in time unless the corresponding Shepherd had already become a Sequence 3 Trinity Templar.

Seizing the opportunity that the horn in the female demigod's hand was dissipating, the twisted Shaman King reached out and dug out one of his eyes—a bright-red, illusory eye.

The eye shimmered with a bright, crimson glow as it instantly illuminated the entire room, as though the crimson moon had descended.

Its pupil reflected the woman wearing the purple-patterned black robe and a dark-colored hood.

Immediately following that, the Shaman King clasped the hand which was holding his eye, letting the crimson "moonlight" become completely devoured by darkness.

A deep darkness appeared around Cattleya as the solidified darkness bound her to the spot. It froze the scene.

Upon seeing this scene, Botis took a step forward, phasing behind his enemy instantaneously.

Performing one "Blink" followed by another as a total of eight figures dressed in black robes appeared around Cattleya!

These weren't avatars he created, but afterimages he left behind due to his blazing "Blink."

Some of them released "Lightning Storm," while others condensed a blinding white spear. Some were covered in black armor as they slashed out

a heavy broadsword that could appear capable of slicing through anything…

Different figures with different powers either attacked or created a form of control, but their target was one and the same—Cattleya.

There was almost no pause in between their actions. When Botis's figure "Blinked" to another corner, he quickly turned transparent as he was on the brink of disappearing.

He had no intention of killing the enemy, as this was Backlund. Also, the commotion created from their battle couldn't be suppressed any further. Once it affected the outside world, official angels might descend.

The reason why he had first launched a series of counterattacks before "Teleporting" away was because he wanted to suppress the enemy and prevent her from interfering with his and Saint Tenebrous Kisma's escape. This was a very reasonable strategy.

However, a few seconds ago, in a room on an upper level of the old apartment, Xio had learned of all the changes in the venue through Miss Justice's "mind voice."

Although she was worried and anxious, she didn't panic at all. She followed the plan and jumped down from the window, somersaulting in midair as she pointed at the targeted area.

"Teleportation is prohibited here!"

After doing this, she immediately distanced herself from the apartment to prevent the friendly demigods from being distracted.

With this interference, the Saint of Secrets, Botis, failed to successfully enter the spirit world. A rusty, abnormally heavy door appeared in front of him as it tightly sealed the "path."

To Botis, an illusory door of this level wasn't able to stop him from leaving at all. He could "open" the door once he made some adjustments.

But at this moment, something anomalous had happened over at the female demigod in the purple-patterned black robe!

Silver light appeared in Cattleya's eyes. They connected together like a mysterious giant snake.

This was "Brief Luck," derived from the knowledge she had obtained when analyzing the blood of a Snake of Fate.

Regardless of the terrifying lightning, burning-white spear, or the slash of the Black Knight, none of them hit the target. Cattleya seemed to be standing at the eye of the storm. No matter how dangerous the surroundings were, she was unaffected.

Those attacks and the attempts at control either narrowly passed her by or were canceled out by "friendly" forces. They were unable to achieve the desired effect, and they even helped her weaken the "dark" shackles.

Instantly, Cattleya bowed her back slightly as white and illusory feathers grew out of them. They didn't belong to an angel, but rather, a swan.

The ugly duckling had become a swan.

As for what a swan was, to a Sequence 4 demigod, the answer was obvious. It was an incomplete Mythical Creature form.

And the ugly duckling could also become a swan!

This was a powerful magic that could allow a Mysticologist to reveal their incomplete Mythical Creature form once a day, with each instance lasting ten seconds.

The surface of Cattleya's body immediately cracked open as flesh and blood gathered inside, forming eyeballs with clear blacks and whites.

The countless eyeballs coldly scanned their surroundings, as though they were manifestations of multifarious knowledge. As such, the figure that bore their weight turned into a black blob that was even more abstract in a higher spatial dimension.

Upon seeing the densely packed eyeballs, Saint of Secrets Botis and Saint Tenebrous Kisma felt dizzy. A knowledge storm took form in their minds.

The layer of flesh and blood that enveloped the entire room began to tremble slightly. Some dripped down, while others squirmed intermittently.

At this moment, an unimaginable aura pierced through the barrier formed from flesh and blood, pouring into the first floor of the dilapidated apartment and enveloping every corner of the apartment.

At the same time, Saint of Secrets Botis and Saint Tenebrous Kisma were shocked. Their bodies, souls, and minds were in an uncontrollable state.

This was "Dragon Might" which had undergone a qualitative change —"Mind Deprivation!"

Seizing this opportunity, the "black blob" that was covered in cracks and eyes condensed a spear in front of it.

The spear appeared ancient in style; from the tip to the handle, it was dyed in blobs of blood-red splotches.

It emitted a mighty destructive aura and a bloody feeling, as though it had once hurt a mighty existence.

With a whoosh, the terrifying spear shot out, heading straight for the Botis who stood rooted to the ground.

In the entire room, all the voices and details vanished. Even the "Dragon Might" that filled the room suddenly disappeared, leaving behind only the bloody spear tip and Botis's body, as well as the constantly shrinking distance between them.

Spear of Longinus!

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CHAPTER 1197
MIND STORM

The blood-stained spear that seemed to come from an ancient time that couldn't be traced had absorbed the entire room's presence, stabbing straight into the body of Saint of Secrets Botis.

The brown-haired, firm-bodied Botis's figure faded away, turning into a pair of black double doors.

At the same time, he appeared behind the "door," placing himself in a separate world from the terrifying spear as he looked at it from afar.

In the next moment, the spear that was stained with red blood pierced through the black door and bore into the space where Botis was.

Botis's figure kept retreating, constantly transforming into one illusory door after another. Some of them were made up of two winding stone golems, while others had a fist-sized hole by the gaps of the door. Some were embedded with silver nails, while others were covered in mysterious patterns. One after another, they were layered repeatedly, extending to an infinite number.

Without a sound, the Spear of Longinus tore through the illusory doors without stopping at all. It didn't allow Saint of Secrets Botis to find a chance to escape.

In less than a second, the blood-stained spear that emitted a strong sense of destruction had shattered countless illusory doors. After it suffered a decline in its aura, it finally stabbed into its target's chest.

Countless cracks instantly appeared on Botis's body, as if he was a ceramic object that had fallen to the ground.

With a cracking sound, the Saint of Secrets turned pitch black as he disintegrated into pieces, scattering all over the ground.

This didn't seem like his actual body, but more like his shadow.

This was the "Shadow Substitute" spell he had "Recorded" from a certain Sequence 3 saint under the True Creator.

Of course, without the layers of "doors" weakening the Spear of Longinus, he believed that it was very likely that his shadow together with his body would have shattered together.

After narrowly dodging this strike, Botis endured the dizziness and shock brought about by Cattleya's incomplete Mythical Creature form as he made a gigantic, scaleless silver snake appear in his eyes.

This gigantic snake was so large that it filled Botis's eyes. Its surface was filled with dense patterns and labels formed by one mystical wheel after another.

Its head connected to its tail as it merged with countless illusory rivers, turning into a blurred, surreal, and slowly spinning gear. Around the round gear were all sorts of symbols that represented different futures.

Suddenly, the black fragments that had yet to disappear on the ground flew up one after another and reorganized themselves on the spot, restoring Botis.

The ground that was stained with dark red blood quickly retreated from the numerous illusory doors until it returned to the distorted black blob.

The strong, fearful atmosphere receded like the tide and left the room.

The "black blob" that was covered in cracks and eyeballs squirmed and restored itself, turning back into a purple-patterned black-robed woman with a hood.

Everything returned to the point before "The Ugly Duckling" magic was used.

Reboot of Fate!

This was one of the rewards given to Saint of Secrets Botis for crushing the Abraham family—he was allowed to "Record" the Sequence 1 Beyonder power from the Angel of Fate, Ouroboros.

Of course, there was definitely a huge gap from the original version. It could only reboot reality for three seconds, and it was limited to the space of a tiny room like this. It wasn't even able to affect the entire first floor of the apartment.

The moment "Reboot" ended, the prepared Saint Tenebrous Kisma immediately took action.

The Grazed twisted shadow that stemmed from a Sanguine Count spread open its arms and made a gesture of embracing the crimson moon.

The darkness around Cattleya surged, instantly forming illusory but firm black chains that bound her to her spot.

The flesh and blood that covered the ground, walls and ceiling gathered together rapidly, turning into a knight covered in black full-body armor. He held a heavy greatsword in his hand and looked extremely oppressive.

In the gap of the Black Knight's visor, two dark red beams of light flickered and instantly locked onto the hooded woman beside the pumpkin carriage.

The shadow beneath Cattleya's feet suddenly came alive as it grabbed her ankles. Like a water current that had its water level rising, it gripped her

tightly.

Black Knight, Commandeering Shadows!

Then, the gigantic knight that was almost reaching the ceiling as though he came from mythical legends rushed to a spot not far from his target with a single step. He cleaved down with the heavy, long broadsword.

Elsewhere, a silver illusory book in the eyes of Saint of Secrets Botis flipped rapidly. It then stopped at a single page.

With that, Botis reached out his left hand and grabbed the pumpkin carriage across a distance of twenty to thirty meters. He then grabbed at the mysterious woman in a purple-patterned black robe.

His arm suddenly grew longer, and its surface was black and sticky, as if it was flowing with an evil liquid.

Amidst the liquid, pale skulls and eyes with pronounced blood vessels grew out, including sharp teeth and tongues. All sorts of strange things grew out, causing extreme evil and extreme madness to spread rapidly through the area.

In the room, the ground instantly cracked and the few cockroaches that were still alive collapsed to the ground.

This was an attack from a particular state of Abomination Suah!

Back outside Bayam City, Saint of Secrets Botis had been attracted by Tinder. It appeared as though he only watched from the sidelines for a while before picking up the item and leaving immediately. But in fact, he had been desperately trying to "Record" the powers or states of the high-level existences.

After failing numerous times, due to the frequent blessings of fate, he eventually obtained what he wanted. Of course, during that battle, he only

managed to "Record" one.

Under this evil and pitch-black arm, Cattleya's consciousness was tainted with madness. For a moment, she was unable to respond effectively.

Together with the shackles of darkness restraining her shadow, she could only stand rooted to the ground as she watched Saint Tenebrous Kisma's greatsword slash at her while Saint of Secrets Botis reached out his left hand to grab at her.

At this moment, the flesh and blood walls in the room that separated the interior from the exterior was gone. An invisible and abrupt wind stirred up.

The moment the wind appeared, it grew violent and swept towards the Saint of Secrets's and Saint Tenebrous's hearts.

Manipulator, Mind Storm.

Not only was he not surprised or flustered by the chaotic thoughts, Botis even had the corners of his lips pull up as he smiled.

As the switch for the "Reboot," he naturally remembered that the demigod riding the pumpkin carriage had a helper of the same level hiding outside the apartment somewhere.

The reason why he placed his focus on the enemy on the surface was to lure out the hidden demigod!

In between the two powers of "Reboot of Fate" and the Abomination state, Botis had secretly "hypnotized" himself, allowing himself to naturally divide the burden of Mind Deprivation and the knowledge torrent across most of his Worms of Star. He then left a small number to control his body so as to lock onto the "hidden" enemy.

Previously, the Dragon's Might shock, and the fact that he was unable to discover his target, had convinced Botis that it was a demigod of the

Spectator pathway.

While his mind was in a daze, the thing he branched out rapidly churned and helped Botis locate the source of the attack.

But at this moment, most of the thoughts that resonated among the Worms of Star wasn't him being overloaded with meaningless information as he had imagined.

In his mind, there seemed to be a voice saying thousands of words in a second:

"At the bottom of an abandoned castle in Delaire Forest, there is a pair of bronze double doors. It seals with the corruptive forces underground. The higher the Sequence a Beyonder is when approaching, the easier it is to be affected…

"The cosmos is extremely dangerous. There are unknown existences watching…

"Dark Angel is suspected to be the negative personality dissociated from the ancient sun god…

"…”

What? Botis was taken aback. He felt that these thoughts were dangerous, but he couldn't help but wish to understand more.

Just this moment of stupor made the enemy he had already found disappear once again, escaping his range of attention. As for the Abomination palm that was hurtling towards the pumpkin carriage and the female demigod, it also slowed down.

Similarly, Saint Tenebrous Kisma was also affected by the "Mind Storm" as his actions stiffened for a second.

By the time they recovered, Cattleya had already opened her mouth and spat out a pea.

The pea instantly grew, turning into thick green vines that dragged Cattleya out the door, allowing her to escape the shackles of darkness and regain some freedom of movement.

By the time Saint Tenebrous's heavy greatsword and Saint of Secrets's pitch-black arms landed on her, they only shattered a shadow and did not injure this Mysticologist.

They had shattered Cattleya's "Emperor's New Clothes" magic, something that didn't exist at all, so she naturally wouldn't be injured!

In the next second, the hooded lady in the purple-patterned black robe suddenly turned transparent and turned into a pile of foam.

The bubbles quickly scattered and burst one after another. Nothing was left behind. As for the green vines, they grew into midair and burst into flames, illuminating the surrounding streets.

Everything returned to normal. It was as if the short and intense demigod-level battle had never happened.

Saint of Secrets Botis and Saint Tenebrous Kisma exchanged glances. They weren't surprised by such a development.

Clearly, after the sneak attack failed, the two demigod enemies were at a disadvantage and could no longer achieve their goals. Furthermore, this was Backlund. The longer they delayed, the more dangerous it would be. Hence, they took the opportunity to escape.

In addition, in order to interfere with the tracking, they had deliberately created a huge commotion to attract the authorities of Backlund.

As for the copy of Leymano's Travels and a Sequence 7 or 6 Apprentice Beyonder, they were baits that could be abandoned.

After a slight nod, Saint of Secrets Botis took out a crystal ball from his black robe's concealed pocket. It bloomed with light before it quickly shattered and merged into the void.

He was trying to prevent tracking via mysticism means.

Indeed, he didn't dare to stay any longer. He planned on "Teleporting" away and returning to the Aurora Order headquarters. Then, he would "interrogate" the bait and figure out the truth before deciding what to do next.

A second later, Botis's figure quickly turned transparent and disappeared. Kisma entered the shadows and rapidly left, wiping the traces behind him along the way.

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CHAPTER 1198
FRENZY

The Saint of Secrets, Botis, began to traverse the spirit world the moment he entered, heading straight for the easternmost front of the Sonia Sea—the ruins of the battle of the gods.

At this moment, his thoughts blurred. His body turned and left the spirit world through another place.

By the time Botis received a warning from his spirituality and had regained control of his own thoughts while feeling tense, what he saw was a bare forest with nearly all its leaves scattered. There was no one around, and the crimson moon hung high in the sky.

As a former Traveler and Astrologer, he immediately identified his location and found that he was still in Backlund. However, he had moved from the city to a remote area in the suburbs.

At the same time, he also understood what had happened.

It was unknown when his mind world had been infiltrated with someone else's consciousness. At the critical moment, it affected his thoughts and changed his destination!

That Spectator pathway's demigod! I didn't realize it! Botis's pupils dilated as a silvery-white illusory book appeared.

The book flipped to one of the pages.

Botis immediately raised his hand to grab at his glabella. He grabbed a ball of darkness from the island of consciousness and threw it into his shadow.

His shadow was separated from him as it twisted to a stand, revealing a female silhouette.

Black Knight, Shadow of Depravation!

This was an ability that Botis had "Recorded" from Saint Tenebrous Kisma. It could separate one's depraved thoughts into a shadow and form an uncontrollable independent creature.

Botis used it to erase the consciousness that didn't belong to him, and escape the influence of the Manipulator!

At the same time, this was also Botis's counterattack. As long as the hidden Spectator pathway demigod couldn't quickly resolve this "shadow," the thoughts she had fractured would gradually become independent, turning her half-mad and even causing her to lose control.

Once he was done with the latent mental problems, Botis didn't hesitate to escape the enemy's predetermined battlefield and "Teleport" elsewhere.

However, at this moment, his mind suddenly turned frantic. He felt that the entire environment was making things difficult for him, and his anger could no longer be contained.

As the silver book flipped in front of his eyes, the entire forest collapsed with a loud bang. The black "shadow" almost collapsed into a ball.

After his bout of mania, Botis's mood dropped to a nadir. He couldn't lift his spirits with regards to anything. He felt that he was useless, a burden to others and even the world.

Mental Plague! In the previous battle, Botis had already been infected by "Mental Plague," and it had finally acted up!

The reason why Cattleya first used "The Little Match Girl" magic wasn't only because she wanted to interfere with Botis's "Teleportation," but also because she was helping Miss Justice conceal any traces, allowing her Virtual Persona to infiltrate Botis's mind world without triggering his spiritual intuition. A seed of "Mental Plague" was planted secretly without triggering it.

It was precisely because of this that when the sneak attack failed, Cattleya and Audrey dared to initiate the contingency plan. They retreated on their own accord, allowing Saint of Secrets Botis and Saint Tenebrous Kisma to separate from each other after they were out of danger.

Cattleya's final igniting of the final green vine appeared to create a huge commotion to attract the attention of the official Beyonders, making the enemy abandon their pursuit, but in fact, it was to force the Saint of Secrets to leave as quickly as possible. This way, he didn't have the time to carefully examine and check his condition at a deeper level.

Hence, at the critical moment of his "Teleportation," he had his thoughts changed by Audrey's Virtual Persona. He came directly to the outskirts of Backlund, an uninhabited kill box which the Tarot Club had chosen.

And once he finished off the Manipulator's Virtual Persona, the eruption of "Mental Plague" came right on the heels of that.

In fact, if he had used "Reboot of Fate" earlier, he definitely would've been able to return to a state where there were no latent problems. However, he only decided to use this trump card when he was nearly killed by the Spear of Longinus. And by that time, his mind world had already been infiltrated for far more than three seconds!

He was dispirited and depressed, trying his best to resist his mental illness. It was at this moment that he saw a bunch of surreal yarn balls appear out of the void in front of him.

At the back of the yarn ball, the bright-colored yarn extended into an infinite distance.

Following this line, Cattleya, who was wearing a purple-patterned black robe and a dark-colored hood, walked over from the spirit world and appeared in front of the Saint of Secrets, Botis.

She was unable to track down enemies that had done some level of interference, but she could establish a connection with the predetermined battlefield. She could trace Justice Audrey's Virtual Persona!

The moment she arrived, Cattleya closed her eyes and formed a phantom image that fell towards an invisible coffin.

The already depressed Botis instantly felt extremely exhausted. He couldn't help but close his eyes, wanting to collapse.

Sleeping Beauty!

On the other side, Audrey's "Virtual Persona" which hadn't fully turned independent was like a dark shadow, bringing with it a sense of depravity. She raised her hand and pinched her forehead.

Her pupils silently turned vertical; they were pale gold and cold.

Botis's mind instantly exploded as bubbles of light appeared on the surface of his body. Within the bubbles, rays of starlight condensed into insects with their heads and tails fused into the void.

Psychiatrist, Frenzy!

This could completely trigger the target's emotions and even cause him to lose control.

Botis had already been infected with "Mental Plague" and was in an extremely abnormal state. Following that, he was affected by "Sleeping

Beauty" magic and was in an extremely dispirited mood. "Frenzy" now triggered everything, immediately making it difficult for him to control himself as he showed signs of losing control.

Seizing this opportunity, Cattleya opened her eyes, raised her right hand, and rapidly formed a handful of spinning star sand in her palm.

The forest beneath the night became even darker. The crimson moon disappeared from the sky as stars appeared one after another. They were densely packed and dazzling.

The stars scattered their rays of light, forming a magnificent pillar of light that enveloped the area around Saint of Secrets Botis and his surroundings.

In the midst of the shock, Botis became a little more awake. His figure rapidly turned into a blur as he kept "Blinking," creating more than ten afterimages in the forest.

However, he could not escape the starlight's envelopment, nor could he "Teleport" away.

One by one, the starlight melted and dissipated the different Botis. Finally, there was only one person left genuflecting, propping up his body with one palm as he struggled.

Botis's body was in shambles. His eyes were already dark red, and he appeared to be on the brink of insanity.

When the starlight was in its final moments, he "Blinked" and dodged the follow-up attack of Audrey's Virtual Persona.

Then, he kept "Blinking" and created "doppelgangers" beside Cattleya and Audrey's Virtual Persona.

One of his "doppelgangers" grabbed with his left hand, distorting the area where Audrey's Virtual Persona was located. He concealed it in a bid to

restrain the enemy.

As for his other "doppelganger," he spread open his arms and summoned a thick pillar of light surrounded by holy flames, letting it blast down into the concealed space.

During this process, Botis's other "doppelganger" had secretly removed the concealment of space.

Hence, as soon as the shadow corresponding to Audrey's Virtual Persona was freed from the restriction, it was enveloped by a holy pillar of light, quickly melting away.

In his "Blinking" state, Botis could use Beyonder powers at a speed faster than normal, but he couldn't sustain it for long. This was something that was achieved via using his numerous Worms of Star.

Elsewhere, the Saint of Secrets, Botis, was also attacking Cattleya. He had used various powers, and in the short span of a second or two, he had inundated his target with a barrage of attacks.

This forced Cattleya to constantly use "The Emperor's New Clothes" magic to avoid it. She was momentarily unable to counter-attack and was in grave danger.

A few seconds later, Botis's "Blinking" finally slowed down. The mania in his heart also eased.

At this moment, grayish-white and heavy scales suddenly appeared outside the forest. They were faintly discernible, as if they were forming an extremely oppressive behemoth.

In the dark night where the crimson moon was obscured, a nearly invisible stream of breath swept down from top to bottom, enveloping Botis and Cattleya.

The two demigods felt as though they were struck by lightning as their psyche was torn apart. Their Spirit Bodies seemed to be penetrated.

The breath of a mind dragon!

With his mental state already in a terrible state and having used a couple of his trump cards, Botis's mind went blank. As the flashes flashed before his eyes, his body couldn't help but tremble.

As for Cattleya, she was carrying the Moon Paper Figurine that she had obtained from Fors. This helped her bear the burden of "Psychic Piercing" once!

Although it was unable to completely eliminate the effects of "Mind Dragon Breath," it could help Cattleya recover faster.

This meant an opportunity in a battle at the demigod level!

In just a second or two, Cattleya's eyes returned to normal. As for Audrey who was in her dragon form and hiding in the darkness outside the forest, she cast another "Mind Deprivation" on Botis.

Without any hesitation, Cattleya raised her right hand and condensed the terrifying spear that was stained with fresh blood. She threw it at the Saint of Secrets, Botis.

This time, Botis could no longer dodge or resolve the situation. His chest was pierced through by the Spear of Longinus.

His body stiffened for a moment before it rapidly collapsed, turning into countless dazzling Worms of Star.

Some of these Worms of Star vanished directly, while others devoured each other. Some of them fused into a distant spot, forming a new Botis.

There was no longer any rationality left in his eyes. His body was continuously collapsing, revealing an incomplete and extremely weak Mythical Creature form.

At this moment, an illusory door appeared beside him. It was grayish-blue that had seven brass locks.

The illusory door quickly opened as it spat out a three-layered "jewelry box" embedded with various gems.

The Box of the Great Old Ones which had been exiled had returned.

With a crazed look in his eyes, Botis caught the box, revealing a cruel and bloodthirsty smile as he tried to open it.

The third level!

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CHAPTER 1199
INAUSPICIOUS BOX

Towards the return of Botis's Grade 0 Sealed Artifact or the restoration of its normal condition, The Hermit Cattleya and Justice Audrey had made a preliminary plan. After all, they weren't confident at killing a demigod in such a short period of time.

If not for the fact that Botis had fallen into a trap having suffered the lethal blows of "Mental Plague,""Sleeping Beauty," and "Frenzy" and putting him into a crazy and incoherent state, he actually had many opportunities to "Teleport" away without being stopped.

In that case, Cattleya and Audrey could only wait for Botis to return to a "safe house" and release Fors. Once the Eye of Mystery Prying provided them feedback, they could remotely create an opportunity for Miss Magician to summon the Historical Void projection.

At this moment, facing Botis, who was on the path towards losing control with no way to reverse it and his crazy attempt to fully activate Grade 0 Sealed Artifact, Cattleya and Audrey—one right in the middle of the scene and the other hiding outside the forest—simultaneously took the same action. They took out a translucent dark charm and recited a word in Jotun:

"Star!"

This was a "Teleportation" charm. Following the patterns, labels, and symbols of the "Record" on the Leymano's Travels, Klein had made a charm himself.

Since Sefirah Castle could mobilize the powers of the Marauder pathway, there was no reason not to respond to the pleas of the Apprentice domain!

As for the materials needed for the charms, be it Mysticologist Cattleya or Traveler Fors, the both of them had a certain level of understanding towards it. There was no need for Mr. Fool to teach them.

When the two of them "Teleported" away with the triggering of the charm —having plans to come back after a minute or two to confirm the situation —there was a cruel smile on Botis's face. His eyes were filled with madness as his actions suddenly stiffened.

No matter how hard he tried, he couldn't open the third level of the Box of the Great Old Ones!

It was extremely heavy, as though it was enveloped and suppressed by layers of forces. There was no way to activate it.

This made Botis feel like he was attempting to open a new world, not a box.

In an instant, he sensed something, and the madness in his eyes disappeared. Extreme astonishment and fear arose in him.

Tick tock. Tick tock. Wisps of light slid down from Botis's body. When they touched the ground, they transformed into insects formed from resplendent starlight.

The insects' bodies were bent into a semi-circle, forming a magical glow that resembled illusory doors.

At this moment, his incomplete Mythical Creature form suddenly collapsed and disintegrated in an irresistible manner.

The two eyeballs of his eyes landed on the ground and were stained with dust.

These two eyeballs were frozen with an indescribable look of horror. They were maintained perfectly, completely different from the other parts of his body.

A Sequence 4 Secrets Sorcerer died just like that.

Pa!

The Box of the Great Old Ones, which had a silver-black surface with many gems embedded in it, dropped beside Botis's eyes, just like a jewelry box commonly seen in aristocratic families.

Above the gray fog, in the ancient palace, Klein heaved a sigh of relief as he lowered the Sea God Scepter in his hand in puzzlement.

He was just moments from activating the power of Sefirah Castle and using the level of an angel to conjure "Lightning Storm." He wanted to prevent Botis from opening the third level of the Box of the Great Old Ones, but the Saint of Secrets's mutually destructive counterattack had failed to succeed. He encountered an unexpected failure from the very beginning.

After Xio left the first battlefield, she immediately followed the plan and prayed to Mr. Fool. With this, Klein found an opportunity to enter the world above the gray fog. Through the crimson star corresponding to The Hermit and Justice, he monitored the battle.

As she moved to the second battlefield, Audrey found an opportunity to pray, so that Klein could use her crimson star to directly interfere with the real world.

This was also the reason why Audrey had arrived at her destination later than The Hermit Cattleya.

According to what Arrodes said, the third level of the Box of the Great Old Ones contains something very terrifying. I thought that the True Creator had given it to him in order to create a terrifying disaster at the critical moment,

so as to showcase the true colors of an evil god. Who knew that it couldn't be opened… Klein glanced at the crimson star representing The Magician and discovered that it was covered in a layer of black ash. It seemed to have coagulated, making it impossible for him to see the scene inside to confirm Miss Magician's condition.

This was the first time he had encountered such a situation—evidence of how high a level and odd the Box of the Great Old Ones was.

As for "Sleeping Beauty" magic and the Spear of Longinus that he saw, he came up with some ideas.

After learning of the powers of Mystical Re-enactment at the private gathering, Klein overturned his speculations about the fairy tale magic that Bernadette had.

He had originally believed that the Emperor had specially created the stories for his daughter based on the fairy tales on Earth, or that after Bernadette's father passed away, she had deliberately reenacted the fairy tales he had told her about as a way to express her grief. From the looks of it, the answer likely wasn't this. Some of the fairy tales before the First Epoch might have been "mysterious."

This meant that those fairy tales originated from mysterious incidents that had happened in real life. They were spread among the people and gradually became stories. They were recorded down by writers and further embellished.

This corresponds to the prophecy regarding the time when the stars are right. Mystery and has never left and has always been around. It was just that in the "Earth Era" before the First Epoch, they were suppressed by some kind of power or sealed…

If that's really the case, some of the legends and stories on Earth can be explained from another angle… It's no wonder there's a Spear of Longinus… I wonder if the Chinese fable of the ethereal utopia, Peach

Blossom Spring, is involved in mystery. I'll tell Ma'am Hermit later and see if she can create new magic according to this…

I wonder if Bernadette became a Mysticologist before the Emperor perished. If she did, it's hard to say if these fairy tale magics were created by the Emperor, a Sequence 1 Beyonder of the Mystery Pryer pathway, or by Queen Mystic Bernadette… But no matter what, the Emperor should have discovered that these fairy tales are also mysterious in his later years, and also that he could draw power from them. Well, there's no corresponding diary entry from Bernadette. I can't see the Emperor's reaction and his guesses…

One of the reasons he insisted on going to the moon is to verify certain things.

It's a pity that most of the myths are fake. There's no way to draw on their power. The novels of the Internet era are the same… Klein sighed slightly as he leaned back into his chair and continued paying attention to the battlefield.

In the collapsed forest, The Hermit Cattleya and Justice Audrey faced the abnormal changes suffered by Botis and tacitly gave up injecting their spirituality to use the charms.

Despite maintaining her "Dragon Transformation" state, Audrey was still hiding in the darkness outside the forest, wary of any accidents or official demigods who might have sensed the commotion and come to investigate.

As for The Hermit Cattleya, she was pushed to the spot where Botis had died by the wind. She carefully avoided the Box of the Great Old Ones.

Due to the fact that a Scribe could use many powers, a demigod-level Sealed Artifact would often have extremely negative effects. Apart from the Box of the Great Old Ones, Botis only left behind a black pocket which seemed to be part of his robe.

Also, there was also the gathered Beyonder characteristic, two eyeballs, and about ten Worms of Star. Most of the Worms of Star had been destroyed.

Considering the horror displayed by the Box of the Great Old Ones, as well as the fact that Botis was a high-ranking member of the Aurora Order and could be blessed by a god, Cattleya didn't rashly pick up the items. She was afraid that an accident would happen, causing the situation to develop negatively.

Previously, during the private gatherings, they had communicated with each other on how to handle such situations. That was, if they had the time and opportunity, they would first sacrifice the item to Mr. Fool and then distribute it above the gray fog. After all, many items might bring about unknown dangers if they were to come into contact with items with unknown negative effects. And there was a high probability that Botis had a Grade 0 Sealed Artifact.

Sometimes, merely knowing the existence of a Sealed Artifact of this level was enough to cause a sudden death.

According to what The Star Leonard had said, it was best not to come into contact with such Sealed Artifacts. It was best not to ask, describe, or pry into it. Only a true high-level existence could suppress them.

Without any hesitation, Cattleya took out silver candles and other ritual items from the various hidden pockets of her purple-patterned black robe. She then set up a simple sacrificial ritual.

During this process, she pinched her lips, whistled, and created an invisible servant helper. It took about ten seconds to set up the altar.

After quickly reciting Mr. Fool's honorific name and using spiritual materials to open the Door of Sacrifice and Bestowment, Cattleya heaved a sigh of relief. She got the invisible servant to move the Box of the Great Old Ones, the black pocket, two eyeballs, the gathered Beyonder characteristic, and the nine Worms of Star over to the altar.

With a whoosh, the items flew up and passed through the illusory door.

When Cattleya saw this, she immediately pinched her lower lip with her thumb and index finger, preparing to whistle once again to dispel the invisible servant.

But amidst the whistling, the "servant" remained motionless, as though it had nothing to do with Cattleya.

The Hermit Cattleya's eyelids twitched as she clenched her right hand into a fist and pushed it to her mouth, preparing to use the Horn of Magic.

At that moment, a blazing silvery-white appeared out of nowhere at the altar. Layers of bolts of lightning formed a destructive storm that enveloped the invisible servant in the middle.

All of this quickly calmed down as the mutated servant was completely destroyed.

Cattleya exhaled and lowered her head, sincerely thanking Mr. Fool.

Then, she followed the ritual's ending procedure and packed her belongings. She used the "Snow White" magic, which was closer to a prophecy technique, to clear the scene of its traces.

And at this moment, Audrey had already used the Teleportation charm from before and left the scene.

Cattleya looked around, and considering that Mr. Fool might need something more ritualistic, she took out a card from her pocket and threw it in the middle of the collapsing forest.

The card was half inserted into the soil, revealing the image of an old man holding a glass lamp and staff as he explored alone: The Hermit of the tarot cards.

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CHAPTER 1200
RANDOMNESS

After a while, the space in the collapsed forest suddenly tore apart, revealing an illusory yet mysterious door.

The door opened silently, and a handsome man with black hair and golden eyes walked out. He was dressed in a well-ironed suit, looking mature and elegant.

Before he could examine the scene, he heard a loud boom. He could feel a violent storm blowing towards him, and he saw a middle-aged man with an imposing aura appear in front of him.

The middle-aged man had rather obvious large earlobes. His hair was dark blue and thick, and there seemed to be countless bolts of lightning hidden in his eyes.

He was the cardinal of the Church of the Lord of Storms, archbishop of the Backlund diocese, Deep Blue Officiant Randall Valentinus.

The clergyman in the black robe that was embroidered with storm symbols looked around and cast his gaze at the golden-eyed man. He asked in a thunderous voice, "Celt, what happened here?"

Celt, the golden-eyed man, shook his head.

"I just arrived too."

Just as he said that, a mountain-like nearly transparent Spirit Body appeared in the void and placed a figure in midair.

The figure was dressed in a long black, red-patterned bishop robe. His eyes were deep and he didn't have a beard. He was the person in charge of the Backlund diocese of the Church of Evernight, Anthony Stevenson.

After the gigantic Spirit Body completed its mission, it immediately shrunk and entered Saint Anthony's mouth. At the same time, black long hair covered his face, and a translucent, drifting spirit appeared behind Anthony. It held onto his shoulder, preventing him from falling.

In the next second, a turbulent flow of air rushed over from the Backlund city and pushed a figure towards this area at high speeds.

Soon, the figure came to a stop. It was an old man dressed in a white priest robe and a clergyman's cap. He had a kind and gentle face.

The air that was spewed out from the elder's back vanished as the black tube that was shimmering with metallic light retreated back into his body.

This was the archbishop of the Church of the God of Steam and Machinery's Backlund diocese. He was a member of the Divine Council, Horamick Haydn.

He strangely stopped in midair and looked around.

"Although the battle here isn't too intense, it's definitely at the saint level.

"Also, the remnant polluted aura is simply… simply…”

As they spoke, the four demigods looked down at the middle of the collapsed forest.

There was a tarot card depicting an old man holding a staff and a glass lamp.

The Hermit card!

Randall Valentinus, Celt, Anthony, and Horamick instantly fell silent as no one spoke for a moment.

…

Above the gray fog, in the ancient palace, Klein was frowning as he looked at the Box of the Great Old Ones in front of him.

The moment this Grade 0 Sealed Artifact was sacrificed, the entire Sefirah Castle began to stir, as if it had been brought to boiling point.

A massive amount of power was automatically activated, forming a torrent that appeared like steam as it completely drowned out the Box of the Great Old Ones and wrapped around it tightly.

At this moment, the silver-black jewelry box that was embedded with gems seemed to become an insect in amber. There was no room for any movement.

Previously, Sefirah Castle was triggered when I spied on the true gods or Kings of Angels and when I was injured… This is the first time it has experienced such changes due to an item from external sources… Klein couldn't help but raise his right hand to wipe away the nonexistent sweat.

Frankly speaking, he was still a little afraid. He felt that he had been a little carried away after gaining initial control of Sefirah Castle.

In the past, he didn't dare let a Grade 0 Sealed Artifact enter this place. And this time, because it didn't involve a Uniqueness, and with how he had improved compared to the past, this gave him the thought of making an attempt.

Thankfully, it's under control… In the future, I'll have to tell Ma'am Hermit and the others that they can't pick up anything and sacrifice it to me. I'm not a rag-and-bone man… After muttering a few words, he began inspecting the Box of the Great Old Ones.

He remembered that Miss Magician was still inside the Sealed Artifact, so he planned on figuring out the situation of the Box of the Great Old Ones as soon as possible so as to prevent the bait from dying due to wasting time.

This Sealed Artifact's level is very high. Arrodes's understanding of it is rather limited. I'll still have to do it myself… From the looks of it, as long as I don't attempt to divine what the third level is or attempt to seek out the source of the power, the danger is acceptable or even nonexistent… Klein made a preliminary assessment based on his spiritual intuition.

Immediately following that, he conjured a pen and paper and began doing a "divination."

After an unknown period of time, he finally opened his eyes and muttered silently, The first level can allow the interior space to switch locations with the target's area and miniaturize the corresponding scene, turning objects into toys… This is an ability that can barely be made use of…

The living beings that have been turned into toys must be released within 24 hours. Otherwise, they will be permanently converted. Even their Spirit Bodies will never enjoy an eternal rest…

It's very easy to release them. As long as a specific region is chosen—one so small that it's almost devoid of any living creatures—swapping it with the interior space will do…

There is a limit to the scope of this ability. It reaches its limit with a city the size of Backlund… Why did I use Backlund as an example…

The second level records different scenes. There are the Abyss, cosmos, and all sorts of places. It allows the wielder and the living beings within a certain range to directly move to the target area…

This problem is it's random. A small portion can be designated by the wielder, thus releasing the corresponding location. Most of the time, the chosen location will change, and the destination of the final destination will

be unpredictable… As for when the designated location will be effective and when an anomaly happens, there's no way to know…

Besides, this seems to be something that can't be affected by good luck. Or perhaps, good luck cannot affect those below Sequence 0…

This means that I can't use this Box of the Great Old Ones's Beyonder power to directly transfer the City of Silver out of the Forsaken Land of the Gods. Sigh, if I can, my Miracle Invoker ritual will be very simple… Uh, I'll try and see if making them into toys will work later…

The third level is very dangerous, very, very dangerous. I won't take the risk to pry into its secrets. No, this should be called courting death…

The negative effects of the Box of the Great Old Ones are very simple. It's just that the wielder will randomly vanish, suddenly die, or mutate. If there are no holders, the living beings in the surrounding areas will encounter terrifying matters one after another depending on their distance from it and their sizes. The maximum range is the same as the first level… These Grade 0 Sealed Artifacts can destroy cities wantonly, killing hundreds of thousands or even millions. It's no wonder they are given the highest sealing. One is not to ask, describe, or pry into them.

Where did the entities that vanished go? This seems to have something to do with the scene of the second level…

The reason why the Saint of Secrets dares to move around with this Sealed Artifact is because he had the blessings of the Angel of Fate Ouroboros. He can reduce the negative effects to a minimum, but even so, he didn't dare to hold on to it for too long because the blessings would wear off… It looks like the reason he didn't manage to recover his lucidity ahead of time and find a chance to teleport away had to do with his luck turning bad… It's really hard to kill saints that are valued by a huge organization…

I must say that Ma'am Hermit is considered experienced and clear-headed. She didn't make any rash contact with it. Instead, she created an invisible

servant to hold it. Furthermore, she sacrificed this Grade 0 Sealed Artifact to me in the shortest time possible…

In theory, I can summon a Historical Void projection to hold this item. After all, it doesn't matter if it dies, vanishes, or mutates. However, the usage time cannot be guaranteed, unless I get Will Auceptin's blessing…

The way to seal it is to put it into the spirit world, and that's not enough. It has to be a space that has been distorted and hidden in the spirit world. Then, ordinary water has to be poured into it regularly, allowing the Box of the Great Old Ones to play with microbes every day… With so many living beings, it can last for a very long period of time… With this train of thought, there are still many methods to seal it…

After roughly figuring out the exact situation of the Box of the Great Old Ones, Klein looked at the Grade 0 Sealed Artifact and felt that the third level no longer seemed as dangerous and impossible to open as before.

He vaguely believed that as long as he extended his hand and removed the seal placed onto it by Sefirah Castle, he could easily open the third level of the Box of the Great Old Ones.

…What a strong temptation… Klein retracted his gaze and waved his hand, causing the Box of the Great Old Ones to fly towards the junk pile in the corner.

Regardless of whether it was a Grade 0 Sealed Artifact or not, head over there to be quarantined and get a hold of yourself!

As a terrifying Grade 0 Sealed Artifact, one has to have a number to show its importance. Unfortunately, I don't know how many Grade 0 Sealed Artifacts the seven Churches have obtained. It shouldn't exceed 50, right? Yes, the Box of the Great Old Ones can be temporarily named 0-61. I'll adjust it according to the situation in the future…

If Ma'am Hermit isn't able to create a sealed environment, she can place 0-61 above the gray fog. Once she needs it, she can apply for it. Of course, she must pray to Will in advance for "His" blessings… I wonder what stage I'll have to be before the "King of Yellow and Black who wields good luck" can be genuine in name. There's a portion in Miracle Invoker, and there should be a portion in Attendant of Mysteries… Klein amused himself with his thoughts and finally picked up the Beyonder characteristic left behind by Saint of Secrets Botis.

It looked like a crystal with countless rays of light refracted within it, forming illusory and resplendent doors.

After staring at it for a few seconds, he suddenly threw the Beyonder characteristic into the air.

The power of Sefirah Castle boiled once again. Under the control of Klein, it formed a corporeal semi-translucent wave and struck the crystal hard.

The crystal instantly shattered, splitting into countless tiny dots of light. A pitch-black gas emerged from within before it rapidly melted away, twisting and dispersing inside Sefirah Castle.

Under the law of convergence of Beyonder characteristics, those tiny dots of light slowly gathered together, and in nearly a minute, they reformed into the magnificent and dreamy crystal-like appearance from before, and landed in the palm of Klein's hand.

The contamination inside was cleared.

Inside Sefirah Castle, Klein was equivalent to a Sequence 2 angel. However, he mostly had the power, but not the corresponding level's Beyonder powers. He needed the right supporting item to help him.

After putting down the Secrets Sorcerer's Beyonder characteristic, he cast his gaze at Botis's remaining two eyeballs.

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CHAPTER 1201 PROFESSIONAL

The pupils of Botis's eyes had already turned deep black, and they were frozen in a look of indescribable fear. It made Klein's heart palpitate when he saw it, as though he could feel the intense changes in Botis's emotions before his death.

After a series of inspections, together with "divination," he confirmed that these two eyeballs didn't contain any Beyonder characteristics, but they contained a strong corruptive force and a power that came from an unknown source. It could be used as a medium for curses, and it could directly affect the target. It was a rather dangerous spiritual material with an extremely long "expiry date."

I can't bring it with me for extended periods of time. Otherwise, I might be weakened mentally, have nightmares every day, and suffer a physical mutation… Klein casually summoned a square metal box and placed Botis's two eyeballs into it.

He didn't attempt to purify it, because once the item was shattered and purified, there would be nothing left. It would be too wasteful.

Due to the fact that there was nothing wrong with the Worms of Star and that it was also a material that Klein understood the most, he quickly turned his attention to the black pocket.

The results of "divination" surprised him because it was a so-called "interspatial" object.

The pocket only had the size of an adult man's palm. But in actual fact, it had the size of the two-bedroom apartment that the Moretti family had rented in Tingen in the very beginning. It was big enough to hold many things.

This was made by Botis using the powers of a Secrets Sorcerer. In essence, the pocket wasn't an object but an entrance.

…First, a region in the spirit world is distorted and isolated using "Space Concealment"; then, use the chaos created when the spirit world overlaps with reality. As long as there are proper coordinates, one can directly reach their destination, opening the "door" to that hidden area and entering this pocket space…

This is very similar to the method needed for sealing the Box of the Great Old Ones. However, one door is in the spirit world, while the other is in the real world. This results in a Sealed Artifact or mystical item inside the Interspatial Pocket to also affect the wielder…

From the looks of it, it doesn't seem to be of much use, as it can't eliminate the negative effects… Besides, I'm in the Forsaken Land of the Gods and can't connect to the spirit world. There's no use to having such a pocket…

Also, I have to reinforce the power of "Space Concealment" from time to time. Otherwise, it will gradually lose its effectiveness… It's only suitable for demigods of the Apprentice pathway, or an organization that has demigods of the Apprentice pathway or Sealed Artifacts that provide the relevant support…

The name "Interspatial Pocket" is too lame. I wonder how Botis named this item… Let's call it "Traveler's Bag”…After confirming the degree of danger, Klein conjured a fake hand and placed it into the black pocket.

Pitter-patter! A bunch of gems poured out as the fake hand was retracted and landed on the long, mottled table. The crystal-clear red, blue, green, white, black, and translucent colors instantly filled his eyes.

…I should've predicted this… The corresponding materials of the Apprentice pathway are gems—all the gems… The expression on Klein's face turned spirited as he sighed with a smile. He reached out with his other hand and picked up a few gems to feel the weight and texture.

Apart from these, there were also quite a number of spiritual materials in the Traveler's Bag. Some were commonly used, while others were relatively rare.

The Box of the Great Old Ones, the Secrets Sorcerer's Beyonder characteristic, nine Worms of Star, Botis's eyeballs, Traveler's Bag, and large amounts of gems and materials… This operation can be considered quite a harvest, enough for everyone to split it fairly…

Unfortunately, Botis had the ability to "Record" Beyonder powers and certain states. There's no need for him to bring too many Sealed Artifacts and mystical items with him. That would result in many negative effects… As a demigod, he should have a few good Sealed Artifacts. I wonder if they're hidden somewhere in the spirit world or at the Aurora Order headquarters… It's a pity that Botis's soul had just collapsed as well, preventing me from using spirit channeling on it… Klein shook his head and immediately returned to the real world. He found a hidden spot, put down the lantern, and set up a bestowment ritual.

He wanted to see if he could bring 0-61—the Box of the Great Old Ones—to the Forsaken Land of the Gods.

If he could, he could attempt transforming the entire City of Silver into toys and placing them on the first level of the Sealed Artifact. He could directly send it to the outside world through the sacrificial and bestowment rituals. This way, he could bypass the Giant King's Court and Dark Angel Sasrir, and could ingeniously complete the Miracle Invoker ritual.

After performing a series of tasks, Klein was done with his preparations as he reached out his right hand. He pulled out another himself before his

actual body leaped into the fog of history and hid in the void of a time before the First Epoch.

He was worried that the Box of the Great Old Ones would cause a random death the moment it passed through the sacrificial and bestowment door.

In the fragments of light deep in the grayish-white fog, Klein took four steps counterclockwise and returned above the gray fog, responding to his own prayers.

After the mysterious ancient door of sacrifice and bestowment took form, he slowly opened it. He waved his hand, summoning the Box of the Great Old Ones that was enveloped by layers of forcers, throwing it into the gap behind the illusory door, towards the boundless darkness behind the door.

At that moment, the void's darkness suddenly became corporeal, as though it formed an invisible barrier that blocked the door that had just opened. It floated in midair, unable to move forward.

Klein frowned slightly as he watched this scene. He tried to stir the powers of Sefirah Castle and use the power at the level of an angel to push it forward, but he was unable to get the Box of the Great Old Ones to break the barrier.

…Indeed, the Forsaken Land of the Gods is sealed. It's just that I'm closely related to Sefirah Castle, so I could use it to respond. However, this cannot exceed a certain limit. Klein nodded slightly. He retrieved the Box of the Great Old Ones and threw it onto the junk pile.

Then, he conjured The World Gehrman Sparrow and got the fake person to give the detailed information of the Box of the Great Old Ones to Ma'am Hermit and Miss Justice.

This was to remind them to bring the Box of the Great Old Ones back to the real world within 24 hours, and to release The Magician Fors.

While doing so, Klein had informed Miss Justice to sacrifice some top-grade ice-cream to the Snake of Fate's Blessed before praying for the bestowment of the Box of the Great Old Ones. As for The Hermit Cattleya, she didn't need to make any external requests due to her having "Brief Luck." However, she needed to complete everything within a few minutes and sacrifice the Box of the Great Old Ones above the gray fog once more.

…

Backlund, in the border between East Borough and the bridge area, in an apartment that had been in disrepair for years.

Leonard, who was wearing red gloves and a black coat, was leading his team members to check the scene.

As the reserve force of the Church of Evernight, they were undoubtedly filled with energy at nearly ten at night.

"Captain, there's a serious crack on the walls here. Some of the walls have even been shattered. This apartment might not hold after the hurricane season next summer." The wine-red-haired Cindy came over and reported to Leonard.

Leonard scanned his surroundings with his green eyes and nodded slightly.

"Thankfully, this place is dangerous to begin with, and it has been abandoned for a long period of time. However, it's very strange that even tramps don't live here."

Cindy thought for a moment and said, "Captain, do you mean that there are Beyonders using this apartment, so they're secretly chasing away the tramps who sleep here?"

Another Red Glove, Bob, happened to be checking the bottom of the wall and casually added, "And then, they had an internal strife that developed into a battle. Something was then ignited?"

"That possibility can't be ruled out," Leonard answered in a professional manner. "But have you noticed? Every place in this room has signs of corrosion, and there's a lack of the remnants left behind by tables and chairs that should exist. It looks too empty… This doesn't look like something a Low- or Mid-Sequence Beyonder can create. I suspect that it might involve a higher level of power."

After a series of inspections and discovering many abnormalities, the Red Gloves team under Leonard failed to find any further clues. They could only return to Saint Samuel Cathedral first.

Just as they arrived underground, a bishop came to look for Leonard, asking him to bring two members upstairs for a meeting.

Leonard nodded thoughtfully. Without asking anything, he led Bob and Cindy through a secret passage into Saint Samuel Cathedral.

Following that, they followed the spiral staircase and under the illumination of the crimson moonlight, they arrived in a room with many people. It was equipped with a blackboard.

With just one glance, Leonard realized that there were quite a number of people who had worked with him before. They were from the Mandated Punishers, the Machinery Hivemind, and MI9.

Then, he noticed the three demigods, Horamick Haydn, Randall Valentinus, and Anthony Stevenson, as well as a black-haired, golden-eyed man who was clearly at the same level as them.

Without waiting for Leonard's greeting, Saint Anthony stood up in his red-patterned black robe and said in a deep voice, "There was a high-level battle in the outskirts of Backlund. There was a terrifying contamination present, as well as a tarot card—The Hermit.

"I noticed that you've done some investigations regarding the large number of incidents involving tarot cards. You had also raised a corresponding

theory. Now, please give everyone here a detailed introduction."

“…The Hermit card?" Leonard expressed his true astonishment, but this was mostly because he was tasked with such a mission.

Ahem. He cleared his throat, walked to the blackboard, and turned to face the demigods and Beyonders of the three Churches and the military. He drew a crimson moon on his chest.

After organizing his words, this Red Glove Captain said solemnly, "In the past two to three years, the incident involving tarot cards that really caught our attention was because of Lanevus's death. He was embroiled in a conspiracy that attempted to allow the True Creator's descent, and his body was covered with tarot cards.

"After that, the tarot cards appeared on the Capim case again. However, this time, there was a change in the arrangement of the tarot cards. It emphasized Judgment and The Emperor…

“…Back then, I linked these matters to an organization that suddenly believed in The Fool in Backlund. As you know, The Fool is the starting card of the tarot cards."

This bold guess made several demigods and many other Beyonders nod slightly. They felt that this might indeed be related to some level of mysticism.

Leonard paused before continuing, "And below The Fool, this organization might have quite a number of official members. They use tarot cards as code names, such as Judgment, The Emperor, or The Hermit of this incident…”

As he spoke, Leonard picked up a deck of cards that he used as a demonstration and randomly picked one.

He glanced at it and chuckled.

"Such as… The Star."

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CHAPTER 1202
THE TAROT CLUB

The demigods and Beyonders present nodded at Leonard's demonstration, indicating that they understood what the Red Glove captain meant.

One of the Mandated Punishers raised his arm and took the opportunity to ask a question:

"In other words, whoever left a tarot card behind is the member executing the mission?"

"That should be the case." Leonard did not give a definite answer.

The same Mandated Punisher continued asking, "What do the tarot cards that were scattered all over Lanevus's corpse mean then? There's no specific direction."

Leonard immediately picked up a white chalk and wrote the name Lanevus on the blackboard behind him. Then, he drew a circle.

"I've just said that in the past two to three years, the matter involving tarot cards have really caught our attention because of the Lanevus case. This is very likely the beginning of everything.

"Therefore, without a specific direction, the casually scattered tarot cards might be referring to the whole. This means that the organization that uses the tarot cards as code names has officially stepped onto the stage of history. Heh heh, please forgive me for using poetic words."

"That makes a lot of sense." The few Mandated Punishers were convinced by Leonard.

Leonard looked around and continued, "Let me use the Aurora Order, which everyone is familiar with, as a comparison. We all know that there are twenty-two Oracles in the Aurora Order. Each of them will be in charge of a region's affairs. It's very possible that the organization with the tarot card code names is the same. The members of the likes of Judgment, The Emperor, and The Hermit should have their own factions. They will exert their influence in a particular region."

Upon hearing this, a member of the Machinery Hivemind pondered and said, "However, the three members corresponding to Judgment, The Emperor, and The Hermit have appeared consecutively in Backlund. According to what you just said, does this mean that the organization that uses tarot cards as code names are still lacking in scale, and that the members are all gathered in Loen, or perhaps just in the Backlund region? After all, Backlund's person-in-charge for the Aurora Order is only an Oracle. As for Saint Tenebrous, he's in charge of the entire Loen."

Leonard slowly nodded, indicating that he understood what he meant.

He organized his words and said, "This possibility cannot be ruled out. After all, this is an organization that has only appeared in the past two to three years.

"Of course, there might be other reasons. This organization might not be divided based on location demarcation. Instead, they are determined by whether or not they can handle an area alone. They will also work together depending on overlapping situations, such as the Capim case."

Seeing that the Beyonders of the three Churches and MI9 didn't raise any further questions, Leonard deliberated for a few seconds before saying, "Next up will be all my personal guesses. There are also some problems with it. This might be a direction of investigation for the future.

"The first question, what is the purpose of this organization?

"If they are like the Aurora Order, with the goal to spread the faith of an evil god, then why haven't we discovered people who believe in The Fool? Even if there are, they're all people who are scamming others in the name of The Fool.

"Second question, what do they have in common in the few operations? I haven't been able to find it yet.

"The third question I have is that high-level members who use tarot cards as their code names are not of low Sequences and have their own factions. However, they aren't famous in the Beyonder world at all. This is very abnormal. After all, although the twenty-two Oracles of the Aurora Order hide their identities, they have more or less crossed paths with us. They rose up from Low-Sequence Beyonders to Middle-Sequence Beyonders under our 'watch,' eventually taking over the spot as Oracle when their predecessor dies or advances. They are all already on our lists."

Having said that, Leonard paused and said, "If the organization that uses the tarot cards as its code name is really an organization that believes in The Fool, then there is someone who can answer my third question.

"He's the crazy adventurer, Gehrman Sparrow. Rumor has it that he believes in The Fool."

This name made all the Beyonders from the three Churches and MI9 fall into silence, as though they were quickly recalling the relevant information.

They had long heard that Gehrman Sparrow had a mysterious background. He believed in The Fool, and they had obtained quite a bit of information from him. However, they hadn't made any connections like Leonard to string everything together.

A few seconds later, the archbishop of the Church of Evernight, Saint Anthony, said in a deep voice, “…Gehrman Sparrow seems to be in close

contact with the original Death Consul of Balam. That's an angel who's still active over the land."

This gave the Beyonders who weren't demigods a fright as they instinctively sat up straight.

They all knew about Admiral Hell, but due to the confidential restrictions, they didn't know that the Death Consul represented a Grounded Angel.

“…That Death Consul doesn't seem to belong to any faction of the Numinous Episcopate," said a Beyonder from MI9 hesitantly.

Leonard nodded solemnly.

"Perhaps 'He' is a member of the secret organization that uses the tarot cards as a code name.

"Death card!"

There was another round of silence. All the demigods had to admit that this was possible.

The level of the secret organization that was represented by tarot cards suddenly rose, reaching a level that was equal to the Aurora Order.

"In short, Gehrman Sparrow is a clue." Leonard took a deep breath and slowly said, "Your Graces, ladies and gentlemen, I'm done."

Saint Anthony nodded slightly and stood up. He looked around and said, "Up to now, this secret organization that uses tarot cards as their code names hasn't targeted us yet. It has shown a certain level of friendliness. Now that the war situation is tense, we are severely lacking in manpower, so it's difficult for us to take any major actions. Therefore, I suggest that we try our best to avoid conflict with them and not attempt to eradicate them for the time being.

"Of course, we have to do what we need to do. A secret organization with the existence of a Grounded Angel itself represents danger. If we don't understand it or grasp enough information about it, we won't be able to react in time and stop any possible conspiracies."

Horamick and the other demigods thought for a moment before nodding in agreement.

Anthony Stevens looked around, his gaze landing on Leonard's face.

"This investigation will be led by you. Coordinate it well."

"…” Leonard agreed solemnly.

At this moment, Deep Blue Officiant Randall Valentinus spoke to Leonard impatiently, "Give them a name. We can't keep saying 'secret organization that uses tarot cards as a code name.' It's quite a mouthful.

"What suggestions do you have?"

Leonard considered carefully before saying, "Tarot Club?"

"That works." Randall stood up and said with a thunderous voice, "Let's call it the 'Tarot Club'!"

…

Late at night, in Empress Borough, in the Hall family's villa.

The exclusive dessert chef, Tim, suddenly woke up from his dream and stared at the ceiling in the darkness.

He had just dreamed that he was enjoying an ice-cream and had just eaten it when he woke up.

The more he thought about it, the more intense his cravings became. In the end, he overcame his feelings that it was trouble and got out of bed. Putting on a thick sleeping robe, he walked out of the room and came to a pantry not far away.

As a slightly famous dessert chef in the aristocratic circles, Tim was given special privileges by Earl Hall. He could enter the pantry at any time and use the ingredients here to test his new ideas.

Meanwhile, Tim had repeatedly returned Earl Hall's trust with high-quality desserts.

Of course, he often appeared in the pantry due to mid-night cravings for food, just like now.

After some serious and hard work, Tim used the remains and prepared ingredients to make a few cups of ice-cream and ate half of it.

Then, he patted his stomach, washed the cutlery, and left the pantry in satisfaction.

The remaining few cups of ice-cream were left in the corner, as if they had been completely forgotten.

…

In Cherwood Borough, by the Tussock River, in an uninhabited shallow flat.

Wearing a dark-colored cloak, Audrey first made use of Dream Traversal to arrive nearby before walking over on foot.

She skillfully set up the ritual and prayed to Mr. Fool.

Soon, a silver-black accessory box embedded with many gems tore through the illusory door and landed in front of Audrey.

Audrey tucked a wisp of blonde hair behind her ear and picked up the Box of the Great Old Ones, 0-61, without any delay. She aimed at a few rocks and pulled open the first layer.

Silently, numerous long tables and chairs appeared messily in the area. Several Beyonders that had used various means to conceal their faces appeared. One of them was the hooded Fors.

Their skin quickly changed from that of a toy's to that of a human's, and their eyes began to move.

Fors, who had the highest Sequence, recovered the fastest. Looking around, she was extremely surprised to find that she had unknowingly come to a flat by the side of the river from that apartment.

Furthermore, this change was only limited to her overall area. The situation around her was no different from before.

Where am I… What happened… Fors's gaze landed on the empty altar. After pondering for a second, she seemed to understand something as she asked in surprise, "Has the matter ended?"

"Yes," replied Audrey, who was using her Psychological Invisibility.

It's ended… It's ended… Fors followed up with a confused and dazed question.

"How's the target?"

"He's dead." Audrey was multitasking as she controlled the other six Beyonders. Her answer was very simple.

He's dead… Saint of Secrets Botis has died… I didn't participate in the battle. I didn't summon Gehrman Sparrow's Historical Void projection… Fors's mouth gaped slightly as she felt like she was dreaming.

She only felt that she had been terrified for a second and was in a daze for a moment, and the mission had already been completed…

At this moment, she saw the surrounding Beyonders come to "life," but they didn't show any surprise towards the change in environment. It was as if the gathering had been held here.

They skillfully destroyed the chairs and long tables and threw them into the Tussock River. Then, they left the flats one after another and returned home under the illumination of the street lamps.

…This is a Manipulator… How terrifying… Fors jumped in fright and completely snapped awake.

"Return first." Audrey didn't have time to explain. She turned around and used the altar from before, preparing to sacrifice the Box of the Great Old Ones above the gray fog.

Fors shot a look over, but she didn't ask or say anything. She made her body turn transparent as she vanished from where she was.

Author's Note: The title of this chapter originally should have been "Official Debut," but it was just not serious enough.

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CHAPTER 1203
HARVEST

In the ancient palace above the fog.

Dark red starlight shot up, forming several figures.

Leonard did a casual glance, and his gaze suddenly froze on the silver-black jewelry box placed on the long mottled table.

If he recalled correctly, this was likely a Grade 0 Sealed Artifact, the Box of the Great Old Ones that The World Klein Moretti had specially emphasized during the prior private gathering.

The Saint of Secrets was really in control of this Grade 0 Sealed Artifact? And he even used it? Yet, Ma'am Hermit and Miss Justice succeeded? Leonard's pupils dilated slightly as he nearly couldn't believe his eyes.

As an official Beyonder, a Red Glove captain of the Church of Evernight, he knew Grade 0 Sealed Artifacts very well. He knew that these items could easily destroy a city, causing people to suddenly die without putting up any resistance. When facing them, not only was contact with them impossible, but even understanding them was something that should be reduced if possible.

Leonard originally believed that Ma'am Hermit and Miss Justice would leave the battlefield according to the plan after encountering a Grade 0 Sealed Artifact. They would then think of a way to rescue Miss Magician. To his surprise, they had succeeded, and had even retrieved the Grade 0 Sealed Artifact!

Ma'am Hermit's Mystical Re-enactment has reached such a high level? Did the "Feast of Betrayal" she mentioned really make the Sealed Artifact rebel? Or could it be that Mr. Fool had provided some help? Leonard muttered silently as he glanced at The World Klein Moretti who was seated at the bottom end of the long bronze table. He discovered that his former colleague was rather calm.

Klein surveyed the area and said, "Congratulations, everyone. The hunt this time was very successful.

"All the spoils of war are here."

As he spoke, he raised his right hand, condensing various bits of mysterious knowledge into a pale white luster. He also included a small number of legends that came from the East, such as Peach Blossom Spring, and Lanke's Go Match. He wanted Ma'am Hermit to test if they were mystical or not, and whether there was any real source.

"Ma'am, this is your reward." The World Klein made the pale white light fly towards The Hermit Cattleya. Then, he pointed at the Box of the Great Old Ones, the Secrets Sorcerer's Beyonder characteristic, the Traveler's Luggage, Botis's eyeballs, nine Worms of Star, large amounts of gems and materials on the table. "In addition, you have the right to choose first."

After the battle at the demigod level with the Saint of Secrets, Cattleya finally found the bearing and confidence of a saint. She first received the pale white glow and closed her eyes to digest the mysterious knowledge contained within.

In the Second Epoch, the ancient gods believed that the original Creator, The Oldest One, left some objects behind. Perhaps it was a "kingdom" formed from a portion of "His" body or something that "He" created…

There are nine of these that contain the various sefirot. They are the Chaos Sea, Sefirah Castle, River of Eternal Darkness, Knowledge Moor,

Tenebrous World, Brood Hive, Nation of Disorder, City of Calamity, and the Key of Light…

The ancient sun god came from a place known as Chernobyl…

The Marauder pathway's Sequence 0 is called Error…

Emperor Roselle's fairytales might have originated from something that happened before…

…

As the mysticism knowledge resonated in her, Cattleya couldn't help but open her eyes and look at The World Gehrman Sparrow.

There were too many things inside that shocked her, making her realize that she had opened the door to a whole new world!

I never thought of Mr. Fool's origins in the past. Now, I can vaguely grasp it… A thought flashed through Cattleya's mind as she had a guess.

She immediately controlled herself. She didn't want to think too much, nor did she dare to think too deeply about it.

She was afraid that she would come up with an answer that was enough to make her lose control.

This is one of the nine sefirot. Mr. Fool's goal is to gather all the sefirot and attempt to recover…

Raising her right hand, she nudged her heavy glasses on her nose bridge. Cattleya forced herself to focus her attention on the small "tales" and decided to return to the real world to completely digest the potion before she attempted to create magic with them, allowing her to draw on their power using Mystical Re-enactment.

Of course, she also believed that not every one of them would succeed. She believed that a portion of those stories were purely fabricated. After all, this was a gift from Mr. World. There was no guarantee that they would be effective. After all, out of the many fairytales and ancient legends that Emperor Roselle recounted to Queen Mystic back then, only a few of them truly produced magic.

She took a few seconds to compose herself and cast her gaze to the middle of the long mottled table, preparing to choose her spoil of war.

Without a doubt, the most eye-catching item was the Box of the Great Old Ones labeled "0-61." The silver-black jewelry box embedded with many gems completely overshadowed all the other items.

Cattleya wasn't too unfamiliar with Grade 0 Sealed Artifacts, because Queen Mystic had more than one. It was also because of this reason that the Queen's Element Dawn was able to compete with the ancient organization, Moses Ascetic Order, that had been born in the early Fourth Epoch.

The gap between an angel and a saint was not something the magic of a powerful fairy tale could make up for.

To become a truly powerful figure, one had to advance to Sequence 2 or possess a Grade 0 Sealed Artifact. It wasn't that Cattleya didn't have any desire for the Box of the Great Old Ones, but when she thought of the hint that The World Gehrman Sparrow had received from Mr. Fool, the terrifying negative effects, the third level's extreme danger, and most of the Beyonder powers that she couldn't control, she felt a sense of horror.

Although she had "Brief Luck," she still lacked the ability to seal the Box of the Great Old Ones so far.

After a series of intense struggles, The Hermit Cattleya pointed at the dreamy crystal and said, "I want the Secrets Sorcerer's Beyonder characteristic."

If they could find a suitable High-Sequence Artisan, it could be transformed into a rather good Sealed Artifact, one that had barely acceptable negative effects. Queen Mystic Bernadette happened to have the resources to do so, but the commission might not necessarily succeed.

In the end, even if there's only "Teleportation," that will be enough. However, it's obvious that a Secrets Sorcerer wouldn't only be able to grasp Teleportation… Even if the negative effects are excessive, I can get Queen Mystic to shatter and try again, or I could sell it to Miss Magician… Yes, she said that her teacher would prepare the ingredients for her… Following that, Cattleya nodded at The World Gehrman Sparrow to confirm her choice.

Choosing the Secrets Sorcerer's Beyonder characteristic? Upon hearing Ma'am Hermit's reply, a scene appeared in Klein's mind.

Wearing a purple-patterned black robe, the lady wearing a dark-colored hood relied on "Blink" to leave behind many doppelgangers. Then, they would all ignite a match at the same time.

…The Little Match Girl will turn into countless witches selling matchsticks… This is a horrifying fairytale… The World Klein couldn't help but twitch the corners of his mouth as he tersely acknowledged.

"Alright, it's your right."

He then cast his gaze at Miss Magician.

"It's your turn to choose."

"I-I didn't do anything…" Fors said guiltily.

Klein scoffed and said, "You successfully acted as bait."

"…" Fors didn't know what expression she should use to respond, but she heard Mr. Star seemingly laugh.

She slowly took a deep breath and cast her gaze at the spoils of war on the long bronze table.

Frankly speaking, she wanted to choose the Box of the Great Old Ones because it was an item that her teacher's family had snatched away.

She didn't want to use it herself; she wanted to return it to her teacher directly.

However, considering that she was only bait, Fors felt that she was not qualified to take an item of this level.

Grade 0 Sealed Artifacts were extremely rare, precious, and dangerous. She had already gained a deep impression of them with Mr. Star's introduction. She knew that the value of the Box of the Great Old Ones was definitely not something a saint's Beyonder characteristic could compare with.

With this in mind, she chose under The World Gehrman Sparrow's watch. Fors finally gave up the impulse and pointed at the pair of eyeballs.

"I'll take them."

She wanted to bring the pair of eyes to her teacher and tell him that Botis was dead. It was an end to all the hatred.

In addition to such a value of the item, Botis's eye could be made into a powerful hex item or be used as a medium for a curse. It was considered a pretty good item.

Klein nodded slightly and did not persuade her. He only pointed at the gems, materials, and the Worms of Star and said calmly, "You also paid the price of a Moon Paper Figurine, you can choose something to make up for it."

"Alright." Fors reflexively agreed.

As the Apprentice pathway needed gems for several charms and rituals and could still be appreciated normally, Fors took a portion of the gems and waited for the bestowment ceremony to obtain them.

With that, Klein shifted his gaze and said to Miss Judgment, "It's your turn."

Xio also knew that she had not contributed much, and she knew that she had no ability to withstand the negative effects of the Box of the Great Old Ones, so she didn't even take a look at 0-61 and pointed to the black pocket.

"I'll choose Traveler's Bag."

This way, she could carry heavy weapons with her and might even be able to pull out a cannon at a critical moment.

As for the problem of strengthening the hidden space after a period of time, she had also considered it. After all, she could still use it for about a year for the time being. In the future, she could rent a Sealed Artifact from Ma'am Hermit to maintain it. Furthermore, at that time, Fors might have already become a Secrets Sorcerer.

The World Klein nodded and looked at The Star Leonard.

"It's your turn."

Leonard did not stand on ceremony. He scanned the area and tapped a few times.

"Three Worms of Star, twenty gems, and those ingredients."

This feels like I'm paying "protection fees" to the official organizations… After lampooning his dear poet, Klein turned to Miss Justice and said, "The mission was very successful and I'm very satisfied. Although you have already received your payment, you can still choose a little more."

Audrey could decipher the sincerity of Mr. World's words. Without any excuses, she chose a Worm of Star and a third of the spiritual materials.

At this point, as the mission's commissioner, The World Gehrman Sparrow had obtained five Worms of Star, a Grade 0 Sealed Artifact, a third of the spiritual materials, and nearly thirty high-quality gems.

He smiled and looked at Fors.

"Remember to tell your teacher about this. Just say that this is a gesture of my goodwill. And I want to make a deal with him."

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CHAPTER 1204
PUTTING LIFE AND DEATH ASIDE

Fors wasn't surprised by Mr. World's request. She nervously replied, "Al-alright.

"What kind of deal is it exactly?"

During this period of time, she had communicated with her teacher, Dorian Gray Abraham, several times. Under Miss Justice's guidance, she had laid quite a lot of foundation for the impending request.

The World Klein laughed hoarsely.

"You don't have to tell him what I want for now. Just lay out my chips for him and see if he's interested."

"Your bargaining chip is still the promise to break the Abraham family's curse?" Fors cautiously sought confirmation.

Klein nodded and pointed at 0-61 on the long mottled table.

"It can also be this Box of the Great Old Ones."

An item used to exchange for a Grade 0 Sealed Artifact can't be simple… Be it Justice Audrey or The Hermit Cattleya, both of them suddenly had such a realization.

However, Fors paid more attention to the promise of breaking the curse. This was because she had experienced it herself and knew how tragic her

teacher's family was.

She replied solemnly without hesitation, "Alright."

…

Backlund, West Borough, in the basement of a house.

Saint Tenebrous, who was hidden in the shadows, suddenly grew out of the darkness.

He turned his head as if he was listening to something. The muscles on his cheeks began to twitch. It wasn't just one chunk of flesh, but bits. Not only were they not connected to each other, but they were also interfering with each other. It looked extremely odd.

In seconds, Kisma wore an extremely painful expression as his skin tore apart, as flesh and blood beneath squirmed, mixed with a deep black.

With a thud, he fell to the ground and prostrated himself before the altar, vomiting out large amounts of organs and shimmering light.

Saint Tenebrous's head was pressed tightly against the ground as he muttered crazily, "Botis actually died…

"A Secrets Sorcerer who wields a Grade 0 Sealed Artifact died just like that…

"There's a tarot card, The Hermit…

"The two enemies that attacked were saints. One was a Mysticologist, while the other was a Manipulator…

"The organization that believes in The Fool and uses tarot cards as their codenames…

"Gehrman Sparrow… Azik Eggers…

"…”

After an uncontrollable murmur, Saint Tenebrous Kisma cried, feeling both vexed and pained.

"I repent, I repent, I repent…”

…

A few days later, in an apartment's room in Pritz Harbor.

The disguised Dorian Gray Abraham had received a letter from Fors through many hands.

He examined it carefully and confirmed that there were no issues. After confirming that there were no abnormal signs, he took out the letter with the help of a letter knife.

The beginning of the letter was the usual greeting. Following that, Fors directly wrote:

“…We have already killed Saint of Secrets Botis, and obtained the items on his person…”

"…” Dorian had originally planned on scanning through the letter quickly, but he ended up stuck on this sentence. He read it a few times and forgot to continue reading.

Dorian knew how strong and powerful Botis was. He also knew very well how terrifying a Secrets Sorcerer was.

But now, the new student he had been teaching for over a year had told him in a very calm tone that Botis had already been taken care of.

In an instant, the only things that echoed in Dorian's mind were thoughts of: "impossible," "a lie," and "a conspiracy." He suspected that Fors had already been controlled by the Aurora Order.

In any major faction, Sequence 4 Beyonders were the absolute upper echelons and extremely important members. How could they be so easily killed!

Dorian's throat bobbed up and down as he forcefully focused and continued reading the contents of the letter.

"…We have obtained the Box of the Great Old Ones. I believe you aren't unfamiliar with it…"

After reading another line, Dorian's eyelids twitched a few times. He felt that the letter in his hand was as heavy as a boulder.

Of course, he wasn't unfamiliar with the Box of the Great Old Ones. This was a Grade 0 Sealed Artifact of the Abraham family, proof that they had once been glorious.

…The one that was killed was Botis who possessed the Box of the Great Old Ones… Dorian's shock kept rising. He felt that things had gone beyond his imagination. On the other hand, he felt that there was a possibility that it wasn't impossible. Perhaps the one who really killed Botis was actually the Box of the Great Old Ones.

He knew very well how dangerous that Grade 0 Sealed Artifact was!

At the same time, he finally noticed a word: "We."

This was the first time Fors had indicated that she had companions and partners.

Of course, Dorian had already guessed it, but he hadn't called her out.

Indeed… Dorian sighed and eagerly read the rest.

“…I have a friend who wants to show you his goodwill by pushing for this operation against Botis. He said that he wants to make a deal with you, and is willing to use the Box of the Great Old Ones or a promise to remove the Abraham family's curse in exchange. He wonders if you are interested. He doesn't know where you are, and I won't tell him. You can totally refuse…”

A promise to remove the curse? Dorian skipped over the Box of the Great Old Ones and ruminated on the extremely important part of the sentence.

After the first few letters, he had fully understood the true nature of the family's curse. It was both a sorrowful and helpless matter—a glimmer of hope that was brewed out of the pain.

Before this, who would have thought that the person who caused the descendants of the Abraham family to lose control would be their ancestor's cry for help?

This was like a cruel joke from fate.

Dorian didn't know if Mr. Door knew the consequences of "His" actions, nor did he know how to describe his complicated feelings. However, he couldn't help but start searching for a way to make Mr. Door return and completely remove the family curse.

This was a path with very slim hope, but for the Abraham family, it was enough, because a light had finally appeared in the darkness.

After an unknown period of time, Dorian folded the letter and smiled bitterly to himself.

"Goodwill… Such goodwill is frightening…”

After he muttered to himself, he fell into silence again. His expression was gloomy and his heart seemed to be struggling.

Gong!

The sound of the wall clock rang punctually, snapping Dorian out of his daze.

His expression gradually became solemn, and he finally made a decision.

After making up his mind, Dorian felt much more relaxed. He even smiled.

He first burned Fors's letter before packing his bag and heading out to the steam locomotive station in Pritz Harbor.

He was going to Southville, but not to hide, but to make some preparations.

He planned on handing all his family's items and potion formulas to one of the family members who was staying there before returning to Pritz Harbor. With his identity as Dorian Gray, he would head to Backlund to meet his student, Fors, and the powerhouse who had shown his goodwill.

When the time came, he would consume a type of medicine in advance to allow himself to suffer a powerful curse that rooted itself in his Spirit Body. He would have to regularly consume another type of medicine to maintain his life. This way, even if he was controlled and unable to commit suicide, he would quickly die because he had no chance to take the medicine. With his Spirit Body dissipating, he wouldn't leak any key information.

For this "journey," Dorian had put life and death aside.

He was willing to sacrifice his life for that slim hope.

…

North Borough in Backlund, beneath Saint Samuel Cathedral.

Leonard, who had just had a discussion with the members of the Mandated Punishers, the Machinery Hivemind, and MI9, returned to his office and sat

down.

At that moment, the slightly-aged voice of Pallez Zoroast resounded in his mind:

"They've finally found the exact location of the Jacob family's treasure trove and are about to enter."

"Ah?" Leonard was momentarily stunned, unable to react.

Previously, at the gathering of the Hermits of Fate, he had sold the news of the Jacob family's treasure trove. As no one knew what was inside, no one was willing to offer a high price. And Leonard's main goal was not to trade, so he had only exchanged it for some rare spirits.

He immediately lowered his voice and said, "Old Man, how do you know that?"

"Heh, it's a given that I sent out my avatar to monitor the area," Pallez Zoroast replied unhappily. "Are you underestimating an angel from the Marauder pathway?"

Leonard laughed dryly.

"Old Man, you've recovered quite well. You even have excess characteristics for an avatar."

"I'm already at the level of a Sequence 2." Pallez Zoroast scoffed. "Next, don't go out. Just stay inside the cathedral to prevent any accidents from happening."

"Are you worried that a trap lies within the treasure?" Leonard asked thoughtfully.

"How can a treasure left behind by a Marauder angel not have a trap?" Pallez Zoroast said with a scoff. "I can't predict what will happen, but staying

underground in the cathedral is definitely safe."

Leonard nodded and suppressed his voice.

"Let's hope everything goes smoothly. Old Man, you promised me that if you can successfully obtain a Sequence 2 Beyonder characteristic, you will steal a Grade 1 Sealed Artifact from the items they obtained for me."

It wasn't that he was concerned about whether he reaped anything out of it, but rather, it was to ease his sudden anxiety.

"Weren't you against 'stealing'?" After a mocking remark, Pallez fell silent, as if "He" was focused on monitoring the situation at the Jacob family's treasure trove.

About an hour later, "He" heaved a sigh of relief in Leonard's mind.

"Although there were many traps and accidents, they eventually reached the predetermined target. Heh heh, I only took that characteristic and a Sealed Artifact. The rest will be their payment.

"Don't be in a hurry to leave this place. Wait until I absorb that characteristic before leaving. When that happens, there won't be any problems."

Leonard immediately relaxed and leaned back, crossing his legs as he read the newspaper leisurely.

In the evening, Pallez Zoroast finally spoke again.

"It's done."

"His" voice contained plenty of emotions, but because it was too complicated, Leonard was unable to tell.

Seeing that nothing had happened and that Old Man might still need to digest, Leonard stood up and rubbed his temples. He left Saint Samuel

Cathedral and returned to 7 Pinster Street.

As he passed through the porch, he suddenly saw a person sitting on the sofa.

The man was wearing a classic black robe and a pointed hat. He placed his right leg over his left and was leisurely reading a newspaper.

As if sensing Leonard's arrival, that person raised his head and adjusted the monocle on his right eye, revealing a teasing smile.

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